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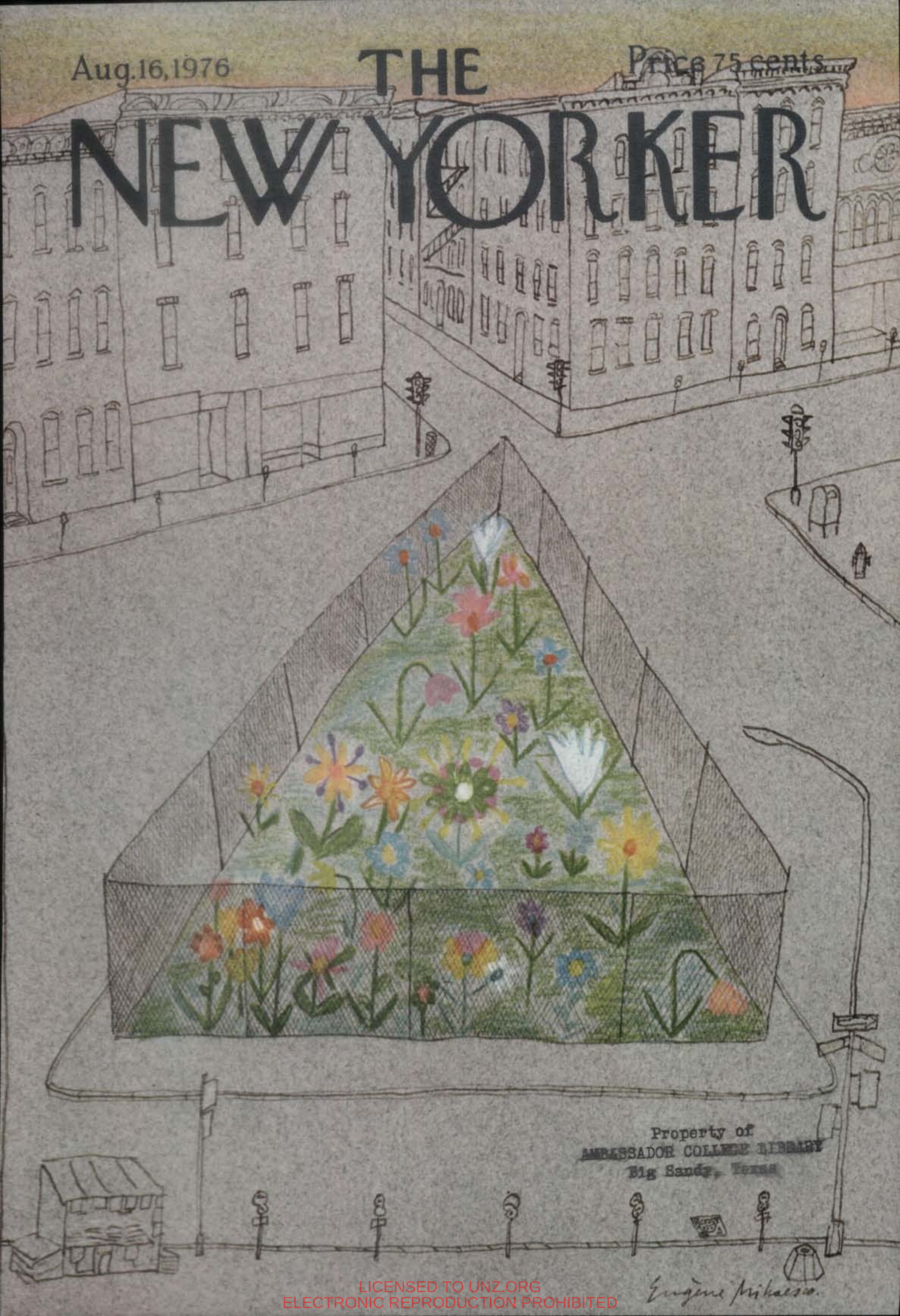

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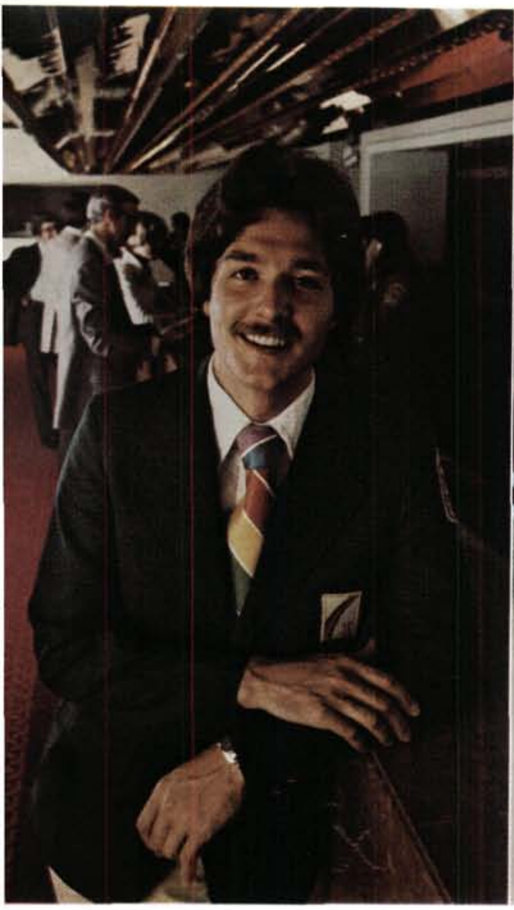

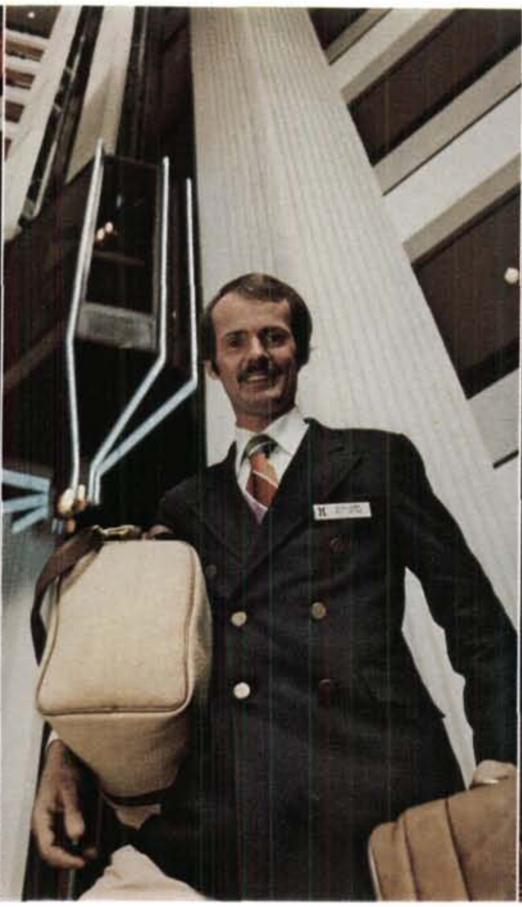

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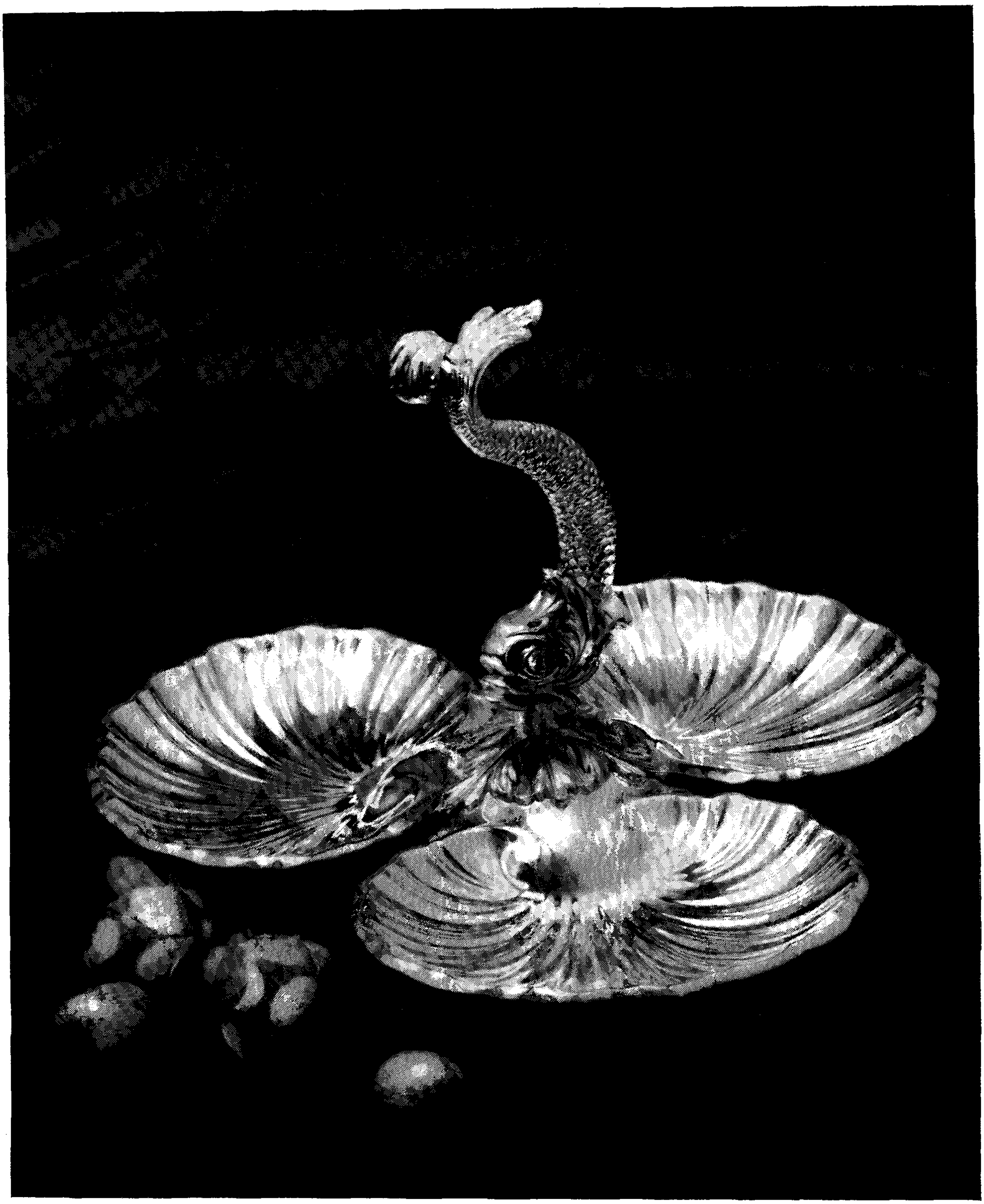

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
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THE THEATRE

PLAYS AND MUSICALS

Bubbling Brown Sugar—A joyful, if rather simpleminded, Cook's Tour of Harlem in its golden age between the wars. The cast is lively and gifted, and the old songs are enchanting. (ANTA Theatre, 245 W. 52nd St. 246-6270. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 2:30.)

California Suite—Neil Simon making jokes in his wonted fashion. The setting is the Beverly Hills Hotel, where the staff is admonished not to recognize celebrities, nearly always to the celebrities' distress. The pleasing cast includes Tammy Grimes, George Grizzard, Jack Weston, and Barbara Barrie. (Eugene O'Neill, 230 W. 49th St. 246-0218. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

For Colored Girls Who Have Considered Suicide: When the Rainbow Is Enuf—The marvellous poems and prose of an American writer, Ntozake Shange, are spoken and danced to by seven remarkably gifted young black women. The result is an evening of great beauty, humor, and dramatic strength, for which the director, Oz Scott, must be given high credit. Choreography by Paula Moss, who, along with the author, appears on the stage. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 677-6350. Nightly, except Mondays, at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

Guys and Dolls—A fairy tale out of Damon Runyon, with wonderful songs by Frank Loesser. The show works just as well with an all-black cast as it would with any other color, but in 1976 all-black seems a very old-fashioned stunt. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. 247-7992. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Wednesday, Aug. 18, at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

My Fair Lady—A well-nigh perfect revival of the well-nigh perfect musical. See it in this decade if you can. (St. James, 246 W. 44th St. 695-5858. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Pal Joey—A sad little revival of the Rodgers-Hart-O'Hara musical-comedy classic. Of the cast, only Joan Copeland survives with honor. The director is Theodore Mann. (Circle in the Square, Broadway at 50th St. 581-0720. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, Aug. 29.)

The Runner Stumbles—A nun and a priest fall in love, and since the time is long ago and the place is rural Michigan, there is much sadness for all. A commendable play by Milan Stitt, with Stephen Joyce and Nancy Donohue. (Little Theatre, 240 W. 44th St. 221-6425. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Sexual Perversity in Chicago and **Duck Variations**—David Mamet's pair of truly funny comedies, each of them with an undercurrent of sadness. They had a short run Off Off Broadway last November. The first deals, in scenes as brief as blackouts, with the fragile affair between a couple of innocents who are all but shredded by their former homosexual partners. The second is, strictly speaking, a poem in the guise of the desultory, meandering conversation of two old Jewish men pottering around a park bench. Mr. Mamet is a deft, original playwright who cherishes words (even rude words), and who cherishes character even more. Albert Takazauckas directed the capable cast. (Cherry Lane, 38 Commerce St. 989-2020. Wednesdays and Thursdays at 8; Fridays and Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 8.)

Streamers—This play, set in an Army barracks in Virginia in 1965, completes David Rabe's trilogy on the Vietnam war. Though not quite up to Mr. Rabe's "Pavlo Hummel," on the same theme, it is very strong. The production, under Mike Nichols' direction, is excellent, with especially good performances by Peter Evans and Terry Alexander. There is considerable onstage bloodshed. (Newhouse, 150 W. 65th St. 362-7616. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2.)

The Threepenny Opera—A marvellous production of the Brecht-Weill classic, based on a new translation by Ralph Manheim and John Willett. Raul Julia is a superb Captain Macheath, and Ellen Greene is a passionate, dangerous Jenny. Richard Foreman, as director, has been faithful to Brecht and to himself. (Vivian Beaumont, 150 W. 65th St. 362-7616. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Tuscaloosa's Calling Me . . . But I'm Not Going!—This little revue—tuneful, witty, and refreshing—is a delightful celebration of New York City in its hours of travail. Hank Beebe wrote the score, Bill Heyer wrote the lyrics, and Mr. Heyer, Mr. Beebe, and Sam Dann wrote the sketches. Paul Kreppel, Patti Perkins, and Chip Zien are the entire and entirely satisfactory cast. (Westside, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3. After Sunday, Sept. 5, no performances until Tuesday, Oct. 5, when the show will reopen on Broadway, at the Helen Hayes.)

Vanities—In three acts, three Southern high-school girl cheerleaders change from all but identical "best friends" (1963) into quite different and incompatible New Yorkers (1974), in this amusing and gently ironic comedy by Jack Heifner. Garland Wright directed the attractive performance. (Downstairs at the Westside Theatre, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.)

Very Good Eddie—A saucy little musical, which was the bee's knees in 1915. The music is by Jerome Kern, and some of the lyrics are by P. G. Wodehouse. (Booth, 222 W. 45th St. 246-5969. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8.

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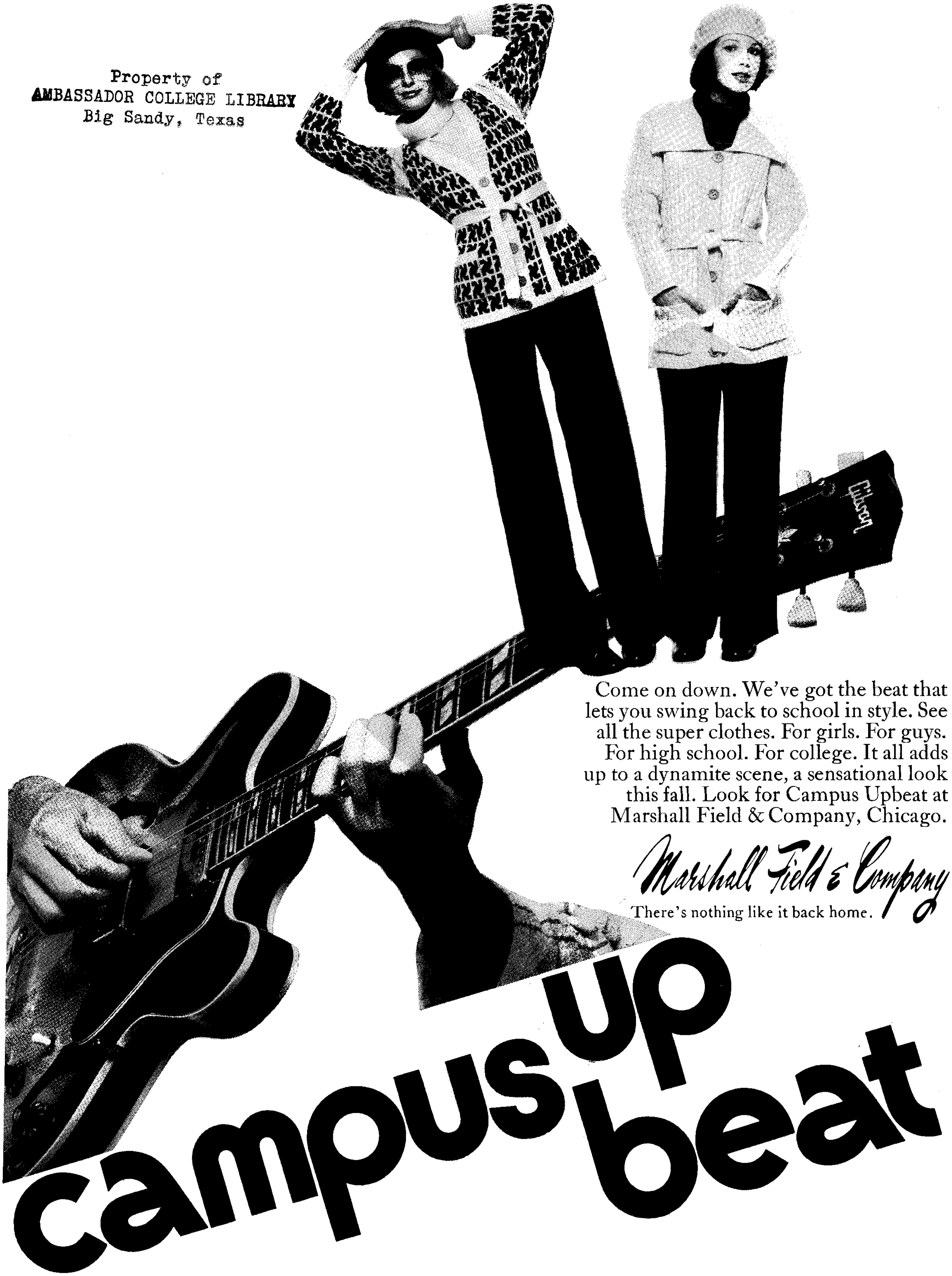

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

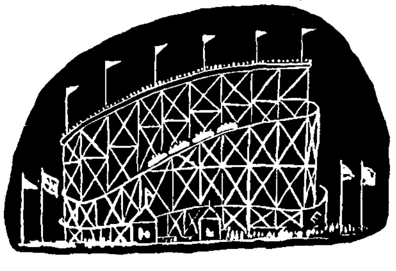
Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Women Behind Bars—A revival of the Tom Eyen comedy. (Truck and Warehouse Theatre, 79 E. 4th St. 777-0140. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8; Fridays and Saturdays at 8 and 10:30; and Sundays at 8.)

Long Runs—**BOY MEETS BOY:** As described. This musical, with the indicated twist, is a foolish takeoff on foolish musicals of the thirties. Bill Solly wrote the agreeable songs, and Donald Ward and Mr. Solly did the book. (Actors Playhouse, 100 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. 242-9657. Mondays and Wednesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **CHICAGO:** An unpleasant musical about dreary people, but with stunning performances by Gwen Verdon and Jerry Orbach. (46th Street Theatre, 226 W. 46th St. 246-4271. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **A CHORUS LINE:** A group of young dancers audition for a handful of chorus jobs in a show not yet in rehearsal, and by the time the evening is over we know everything about all of them. A brilliant, innovative musical, conceived, choreographed, and directed by Michael Bennett. (Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. 246-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **EQUUS:** A psychological whodunit by Peter Shaffer. With Anthony Perkins, Keith McDermott, Marian Seldes, and Page Johnson. The director is John Dexter. (Plymouth, 236 W. 45th St. 246-9156. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **THE FANTASTICKS:** 6,785 performances so far. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **GODSPELL:** A musical adaptation of the book of Matthew, and once a numbing prologue is over, it becomes a joyful celebration of theatre itself. Songs by Stephen Schwartz. (Broadhurst, 235 W. 44th St. 246-6699. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **GREASE:** A musical (score, book, and lyrics by Jim Jacobs and Warren Casey) that parodies, by faithful imitation, the songs and dances of the nineteen-fifties. The young cast performs capably and with spirit. (Royale, 242 W. 45th St. 245-5760. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **THE MAGIC SHOW:** A wretched musical, but the magic tricks by Doug Henning make up for it all. (Cort, 138 W. 48th St. 489-6392. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2.) . . . **ME AND BESSIE:** Linda Hopkins is not Bessie Smith, by a good margin, but now and then she relaxes ("T'aint Nobody's Bizness If I Do," "Kitchen Man"), and Bessie shines through. Howlett Smith leads the fine onstage band. (Edison, 240 W. 47th St. 757-7164. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, Saturdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **PIPPIN:** A great big show that ably conceals a tiny little musical. (Imperial, 249 W. 45th St. 265-2412. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **SAME TIME, NEXT YEAR:** A slick and sentimental comedy about happy marriages and a single twenty-five-year-long, happy adultery, practiced annually. With Sandy Dennis and Ted Bessell. (Brooks Atkinson, 256 W. 47th St. 245-3430. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **SHENANDOAH:** Hokum, though John Cullum sings bravely and well. (Alvin, 250 W. 52nd St. 757-8646. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **THE WIZ:** An elaborate and mostly successful version of "The Wizard of Oz," with an all-black cast of great talent. Directed by Geoffrey Holder, who also did the costumes. (Majestic, 245 W. 44th St. 246-0730. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

MISCELLANY

Ice Show—"Holiday on Ice," with Peggy Fleming, Dianne de Leeuw, and Jill Shipstad. Opens Wednesday, Aug. 18, and will run through Sunday, Aug. 29. (Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts. 564-4400. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Thursday, Aug. 19, at 2, and Sundays at 1 and 5.)



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DANCE

Nikolais Dance Theatre—Final performances of the engagement—Wednesday, Aug. 11, and Friday, Aug. 13, at 8, and Sunday, Aug. 15, at 5: "Temple," duet from "Somniloquy," triple duet from "Grotto," "Tensile Involvement from Masks, Props and Mobiles," and "Styx." . . . ¶ Thursday, Aug. 12, at 8, and Saturday, Aug. 14, at 8:30: "The Tribe" and "Scenario." . . . ¶ Saturday, Aug. 14, at 5, and Sunday, Aug. 15, at 8:30: "Triad," "Noumenon from Masks, Props and Mobiles," trio from "Vaudeville of the Elements," group dance from "Sanctum," and "Foreplay." (Beacon Theatre, Broadway at 74th St. 874-1718.)

Alvin Ailey City Center Dance Theatre—A two-week engagement—The Duke Ellington Orchestra, led by Mercer Ellington, is playing for the company the first week (through Sunday), which is being devoted to all-Ellington programs, with Mikhail Baryshnikov and Judith Jamison appearing on Wednesday, and members of the American Ballet Theatre as guests on Friday and Saturday evenings. The second week, the Ellington Orchestra will play one number at each performance. Wednesday, Aug. 11, at 8 (a benefit performance; for tickets, call 924-2970): "Pas de Duke," "Night Creature," and "Caravan." . . . ¶ Thursday, Aug. 12, at 8: "The Mooche," "The Road of the Phoebe Snow," and "Liberian Suite." . . . ¶ Friday, Aug. 13, at 8: "Three Black Kings" (première), "The River," "Reflections in D," "Night Creature," and "Caravan." . . . ¶ Saturday, Aug. 14, at 2: "New Orleans Junction," "Forty," "Reflections in D," "Black, Brown and Beige," and "The Mooche." . . . ¶ Saturday, Aug. 14, at 8: "The Mooche," "The Road of the Phoebe Snow," and "The River." . . . ¶ Sunday, Aug. 15, at 1: "Afro-Eurasian Eclipse," "Still Life," "Echoes in Blue," "Reflections in D," and "Liberian Suite." . . . ¶ Sunday, Aug. 15, at 7: "Deep South Suite," "Three Black Kings," "The Mooche," and "Caravan." . . . ¶ Tuesday, Aug. 17, at 8: "Black, Brown and Beige," "Streams," "Cry," and "Revelations." . . . ¶ Wednesday, Aug. 18, at 8: "Blues Suite," "The Mooche," and "Revelations." . . . ¶ Thursday, Aug. 19, at 8: "Streams," "Love Songs," "Blues Suite," and "Caravan." . . . ¶ Friday, Aug. 20, at 8: "Blues Suite," "Cry," "Rainbow 'Round My Shoulder," and "The Mooche." . . . ¶ Saturday, Aug. 21, at 2: "Games," "Streams," "Love Songs," and "Caravan." . . . ¶ Saturday, Aug. 21, at 8: "Blues Suite," "Cry," "Rainbow 'Round My Shoulder," and "The Mooche." (New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center. TR 7-4727. Through Sunday, Aug. 22.)

NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing, in which bold-face type is used to pick out a few of the more notable performers in town.)

Ali's Alley, 77 Greene St., between Spring and Broome Sts. (226-9042)—An unpretentious night club converted from a ground-floor loft in the cast-iron district. The neat rows of red-clothed tables, the purely functional carpeting (which takes the edge off the room's formerly harsh acoustics), the simple bar—in fact, everything in the place—were designed and constructed by the proprietor, **RASHIED ALI**, and his wife, Patricia. The main work left for Ali in his club is the music. Ali, who was John Coltrane's drummer during the final, most exploratory period of Coltrane's career, in the sixties, now leads his own unrestrained quintet. He performs with bassist Benny Wilson, either Don Pullen or Charles Eubanks on piano, Marvin Blackman on tenor sax, James Vass on alto, and blues singer Royal Blue; Thursdays through Sundays, from about ten. Soul food.

Bar None, 167 E. 33rd St. (684-3223)—A sort of thirties chophouse, and worthwhile. The pianist **DARDANELLE** is at work from seven until midnight, Tuesdays through Saturdays. Her playing is genteel Tatum, but her singing is pure, effortless, and delightful.

Boomer's, 340 Bleecker St., at Christopher St. (243-0245)—Simple, pleasant surroundings, collard greens and ribs on the menu, and well-amplified mainstream and, occasionally, out-there jazz on the bandstand. Trumpeter Tex Allen heads up a sextet on Wednesday, Aug. 11. Thursday through Saturday, Aug. 12-14, the New York Jazz Quartet—its membership usually includes pianist **ROLAND HANNA**, bassist **RON CARTER**, saxophonist **FRANK WESS**, and drummer **BEN RILEY**—will take over the bandstand. Monday through Wednesday, Aug. 16-18, bassist Walter Booker will head a quartet, and beginning Thursday, Aug. 19, the George Adams quartet will arrive. Music from nine-forty-five to three. Closed Sundays.

Bottom Line, 15 W. 4th St., at Mercer St. (228-6300)—On Wednesday, Aug. 11, José Feliciano alternates with comedienne Elayne Boosler. Thursday through Sunday, Aug. 12-15, vibraharpist Bobby Hutcherson will trade sets with flutist **YUSEF LATEEF**, who works with a straight-ahead hard-jazz and, occasionally, frolicsome rhythm-and-blues combo. On Monday and Tuesday, Aug. 16-17, British folk-rock singer Ian Matthews will bring in his band. On Wednesday, Aug. 18, the Flying Burrito Brothers will be onstage. Shows at eight-thirty and eleven-thirty Sundays through Thursdays, and at nine and midnight Fridays and Saturdays. Dinner.

Bradley's, 70 University Pl., at 11th St. (228-6440)—A neighborhood bar with dark pine panelling, good musicians, and patrons who like to talk. Pianist **TOMMY FLANAGAN** and bassist **WILBUR LITTLE** work together through the din Mondays through Saturdays. The Sunday pianist is **BARRY HARRIS**. Music from ten most nights; from nine-thirty on Sundays. Dinner.

Carlyle Hotel, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (RH 4-1600)—**DWIKE MITCHELL** has taken over in the Bemelmans Bar from Marian McPartland for the rest of the summer. Mitchell is an overwhelming pianist out of Art Tatum by way of Bill Evans. Marian McPartland sometimes had trouble taming the talkers who congregate here. Mitchell drives right through them. Music from nine to one, except Sundays.

C.B.G.B. & O.M.F.U.G., 315 Bowery, at Bleecker St. (982-4052)—This mid-sixties-seedy, neo-Bowery bar—the name stands for *Country, Bluegrass, Blues and Other Music for Uplifting Gourmandizers*—is currently presenting, through Sunday, Aug. 29, some seventy-five (in all) primitive, undiscovered rock bands with names like the Miamis, the Inflictors, and the Dictators, which play very loud, short, punchy, occasionally out-of-tune, decade-old rock and roll. This ongoing event is called the C.B.G.B. Underground Rock Festival, and it features five bands an evening. Music most nights from nine-thirty.

Cookery, 21 University Pl., at 8th St. (OR 4-4450)—Two years ago, **HELEN HUMES**, who was a Basie vocalist from 1938 to 1942, came out of semiretirement and was booked into the then new, spiffy, uptown version of the now defunct Half Note. For a few nights of her engagement, she swayed, smiled, bubbled, and gestured classically to about eleven people—eleven enchanted people, to be sure. By now, Miss Humes and her strong comeback are well known, and it's gratifying to see her swaying, smiling, bubbling, and gesturing classically to so many. No one, in fact, has done better at diverting the diners here, where the music, waitressing, eating, and coming and going are all carried out on the same floor level. Miss Humes is aided by pi-

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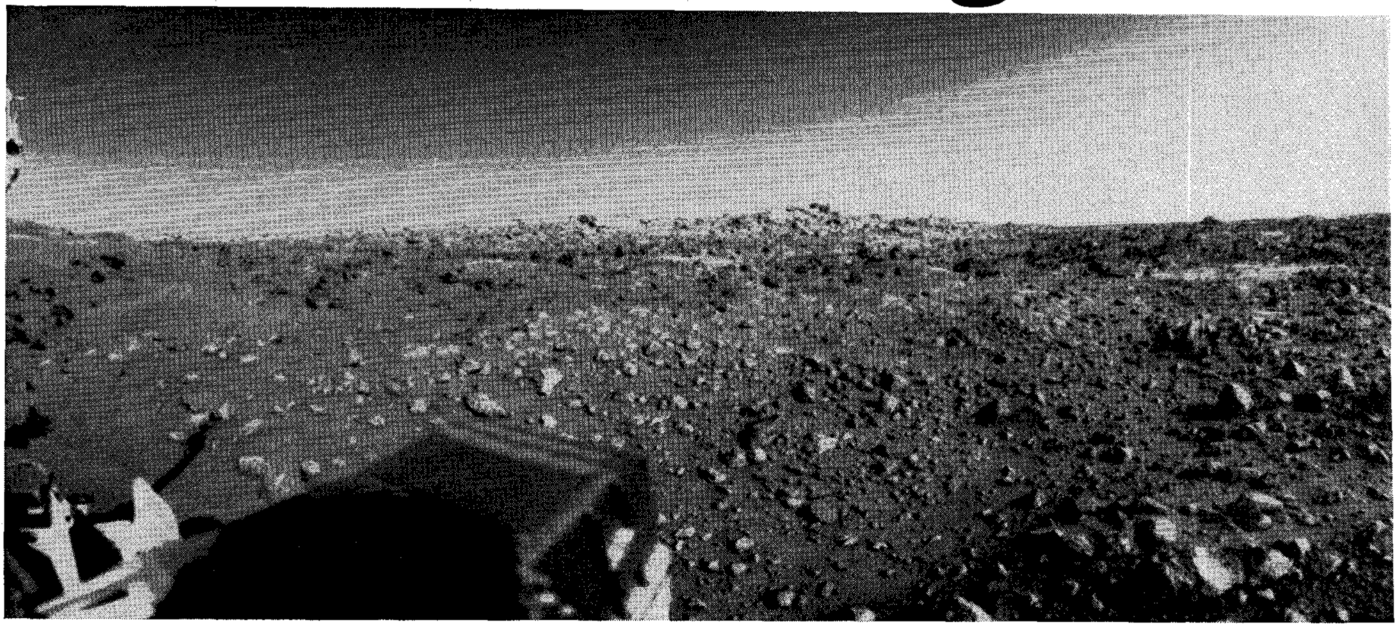
Viking lands. 5:12:07 a.m., P.D.T., July 20, 1976: a new age of discovery begins.



In an achievement unequalled in space exploration history, America has made the first successful landing on Mars.

We have begun now to get answers to questions man has been asking for centuries. Is there life on another planet? Is our existence a precious quirk of the universe? Or is it commonplace?

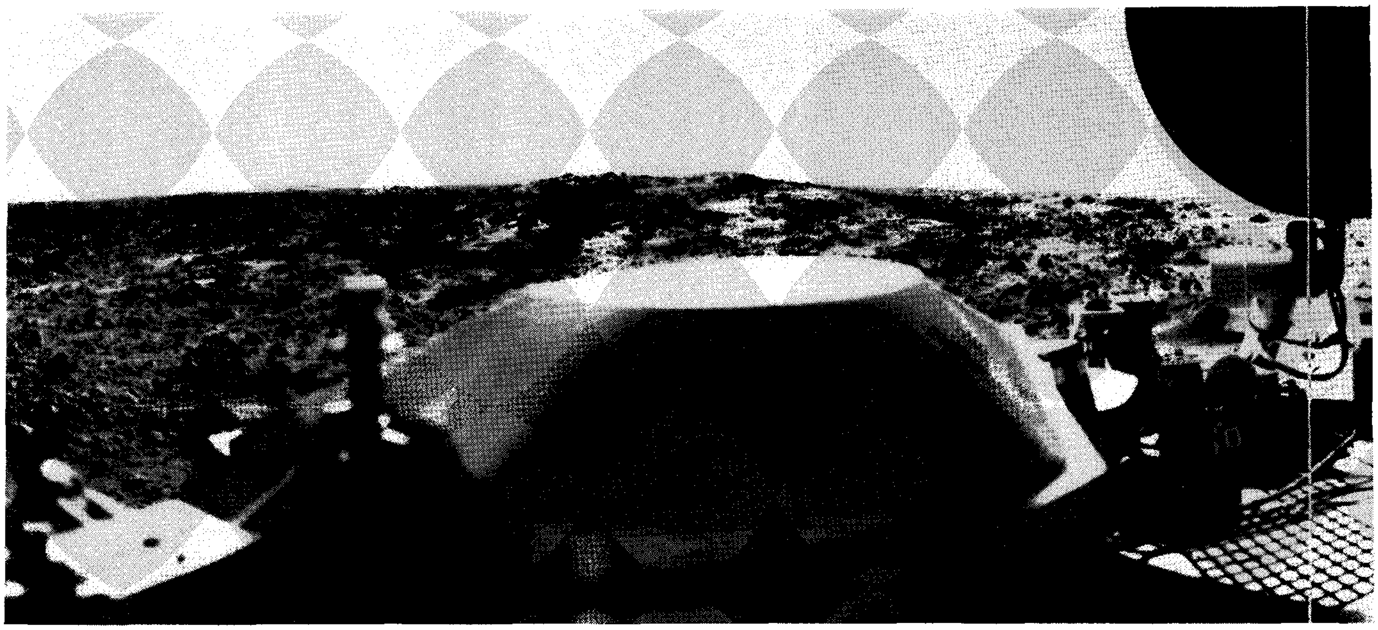
The Viking lander is a package of exquisite scientific equipment that has told us, within its first hours on Mars, more about that planet than we have ever known before.

Martin Marietta is the principal industrial contractor for the National Aeronautics and Space Administration on Project Viking, and is proud to be among the many outstanding organizations and individuals who have brought us all to this moment.

We stand on the threshold of a new understanding of ourselves and the universe.

The prospects are exhilarating.

MARTIN MARIETTA



The Mars Exploration is under the direction of James S. Martin, Jr., Viking Project Manager, of NASA's Langley Research Center. A. Thomas Young, also of NASA Langley, is the Mission Director of the Viking Flight Team.

Orbiter development was directed by Henry W. Norris of Jet Propulsion Laboratories. Lander development was directed by Walter O. Lowrie of Martin Marietta Aerospace. The Science Steering Committee is chaired by Dr. Gerald A. Soffen of the Langley Research Center. Other principal individuals and organizations in the outstanding team of engineering, technical and scientific experts are:

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Viking Program Management
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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			11	12	13	14
15	16	17	18	19	20	21

anist Jerry Wiggins and bassist Major Holley Mondays through Saturdays. On Sundays, boogie-wooglist **SAMMY PRICE** cuts loose. Music from eight to one. Dining.

Eddie Condon's, 144 W. 54th St. (265-8277)—Herbie Hall, Vic Dickenson, Ed Polcer, Jim Andrews, Connie Kay, and Red Balaban (who owns the place) are the traditionalists who usually make up the house band. On Tuesday, Aug. 17, tenor saxophonist Scott Hamilton will sit in with the regulars. Red Richards plays piano most nights from eight-thirty; the sextet begins alternating with him after nine-thirty. On Sunday, Aug. 15, Soprano Summit, a quintet co-piloted by soprano saxophonists **KENNY DAVERN** and **BOB WILBER**, will perform from eight. Dinner.

Gregory's, 1149 First Ave., at 63rd St. (371-2220)—An attractive haunt, short on space but not on music: Mondays and Tuesdays from ten to three, vibraharpist **WARREN CHIASSON** is usually here, working with guitarist **CHUCK WAYNE** and bassist **JACK SIX**. On Sunday, Aug. 15, Chiasson will collaborate with bassist **WILBUR LITTLE** and pianist Joanne Brackeen from five to nine. Wednesdays through Sundays from ten to three, **BROOKS KERR**, a twenty-four-year-old stride pianist and Ellingtoniac, **SONNY GREER**, the ageless drummer who was with Ellington for some thirty years, and **RUSSELL PROCOPE**, who joined the Ellington reed section in 1945, goad each other and come up with delightful swing numbers. And, Mondays through Saturdays from six to nine, trumpeter Gene Roland, guitarist Jim Watkins, and bassist Morris Edwards get together on the tiny bandstand.

Hopper's, 452 Sixth Ave., at 11th St. (260-0250)—Don't be put off by the brown tweed carpet, the high ceilings and chandeliers, and the neatly uniformed staff. This really is a Village jazz club. Right now, singer **JOE WILLIAMS** is on hand, backed by pianist **ELLIS LARKINS** and a trio. Williams' best work ("Every Day" and "The Comeback," for example) materialized during his six stunning bluesy years as vocalist with Count Basie, Freddie Green, Frank Foster, and the rest of the Basie band of the fifties. Since then, he has settled in Las Vegas ("I wouldn't leave it for Heaven—it's home, folks") and has become a pop singer—but a rather special and exciting one. Sometimes, after he dispenses with the likes of "If I Were a Bell" or "What's New?," he gets down to business and slips his unsuspecting audience a gutsy, sweat-inducing "Roll 'Em, Pete." Mondays through Thursdays at nine-thirty and eleven, and Fridays and Saturdays at nine-thirty, eleven, and twelve-thirty. Closed Sundays.

Jimmy Ryan's, 154 W. 54th St. (CO 5-9505)—**ROY ELDRIDGE** upholds tradition with help from the other resident blowers—Johnny Morris on piano, Eddie Locke on drums, Clarence Hutchenrider on reeds, Ted Sturgis on bass, and Bobby Pratt on trombone. On Mondays, Max Kaminsky leads the group. Music weeknights from nine-thirty to three. On Sundays, Kaminsky directs another group of musical archivists from eight until two.

Michael's Pub, 211 E. 55th St. (758-2272)—Trumpeter Billy Butterfield fronts a quintet that includes pianist Hank Jones, bassist Milt Hinton, tenor saxophonist Scott Hamilton, and drummer Ronnie Cole; through Saturday, Aug. 14. Music Tuesdays through Saturdays from nine-fifteen to one. On Mondays, from nine-thirty to midnight, Woody Allen comes and goes, talking of Lorenzo Tio. Dinner and supper. Closed Sundays.

Mikell's, 760 Columbus Ave., at 97th St. (864-8832)—An often crowded upper West Side jazz-and-soul café. Local groups—aspiring and established ones—gather on the canopied bandstand from about ten until three. Dinner.

Other End, 149 Bleecker St. (673-7030)—Son of the Bitter End. Ronee Blakley, the country-chic singer and pianist who appeared in the movie "Nashville," performs opposite Greezy Wheels, a country-rock band from Austin, Texas; through Sunday, Aug. 15. On Wednesday, Aug. 18, R. & B. organist **JIMMY MC GRIFF** will come in with his band. Shows most nights at nine and eleven-thirty; on Fridays and Saturdays at nine and midnight. Snacks.

Reno Sweeney, 126 W. 13th St. (691-0900)—Perhaps the nicest cabaret on the scene. Martha Schlamme and Alvin Epstein finish up their evenings of Brecht and Weill songs on Saturday, Aug. 14. On Tuesday, Aug. 17, singer Novella Nelson, who has a substantial following in these quarters, will begin doing her stylized and dramatic interpretations. Shows Tuesdays through Saturdays at nine and midnight. Mondays are showcases for new talent. Dining.

Storyville, 41 E. 58th St. (755-1640)—George Wein, the producer of the Newport Jazz Festival, is testing out a new policy. To wit: the music in the club changes from night to night, and passing musicians are welcome to sit in. The club does not advertise its particular lineups, but one can find out who will be playing on a given night by calling the above number. Music from nine to two. Closed Sundays.

Stryker's, 103 W. 86th St., at Columbus Ave. (874-8754)—Various small jazz groups play Tuesdays through Fridays in this dark, attractive little bar. The chattering is held to a minimum, the amplification is loud enough to attract the attention of the patrons, and the music policy is rather an ambitious one for a place this size. Music from nine-thirty. Closed Saturdays through Mondays.

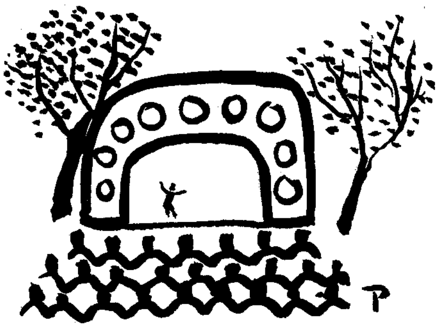
Sweet Basil, 88 Seventh Ave. S., at Bleecker St. (242-1785)—Pianist Mike Nock's trio is here through Sunday, Aug. 15. On Wednesday, Aug. 18, pianist **MIKE LONGO** and bassist Bob Cranshaw will take over. Mondays and Tuesdays are given over to a trio led by **JACK WILKINS**, probably the most exciting young guitarist in town. Wilkins never seems to let up, even when he's comping behind another player's solo, and he is able to play clearly, cleanly, and, most important, musically at a breakneck pace. The hours are from nine Sundays through Thursdays, and from ten on Fridays and Saturdays. Dinner.

Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. (475-5120)—The music has been moved downstairs in this Village landmark, which draws both tourists and knowledgeable jazz partisans. Saxophonist Stanley Turrentine leads his quartet through Sunday, Aug. 15; on Tuesday, Aug. 17, drummer **ART BLAKEY** and his latest **JAZZ MESSENGERS** will steam up the place opposite the very fine saxophonist **SONNY STITT**. Music from ten. Closed Mondays.

Village Vanguard, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (989-9011)—Pianist **BILL EVANS** works with bassist **EDDIE GOMEZ** and drummer **ELIOT ZIGMUND** through Sunday, Aug. 15. On Tuesday, Aug. 17, the **HEATH BROTHERS, JIMMY, PERCY,** and **ALBERT**—reeds, bass, and drums, respectively—along with pianist **STANLEY COWELL**, descend the murky staircase. On Mondays, pianist, composer, and sage **GIL EVANS** leads his youthful, up-to-date, and rousing big band. Music from ten.

West Boondock, 114 Tenth Ave., at 17th St. (924-9723)—A hanging tetrahedron made of plastic straws and pipe cleaners, stained-glass windows, and nicely constructed jazz by piano-bass duos help this restaurant sustain the interest its kitchen formerly aroused. Music from eight to two.

West End Café, 2911 Broadway, at 113th St. (666-8750)—Visiting musical professors have their say on the subject of thirties and forties jazz every night of the week in this beer-and-burger café, Columbia's off-campus music-appreciation classroom. On Mondays and Tuesdays, Franc Williams leads a quartet that features **EDDIE DURHAM**, a trombonist and one of the very first electric jazz guitarists. On Wednesdays, **JO JONES**, who takes his drum solos while sitting rigidly straight and smiling directly and placidly at the audience the whole time, is very much in charge of a quartet. Thursdays and Fridays, a bop quintet stalks the forties. Saturdays and Sundays are most often claimed by two tenor saxophonists—**BUDDY TATE** and Paul Quinichette, who still plays with a Lester Young complex—and a rhythm section. The music starts at nine. All this and student food at student prices.



Willy's, 7 W. 8th St. (260-0400)—An often sparsely populated music room except on Tuesdays, when, after ten-thirty, seventeen musicians led by Ron Roullier gather together. Wednesdays through Saturdays, saxophonist **CHARLES MC PHERSON** will be here with his quartet. On Sundays, **JAKI BYARD** works out with bassist Nabil Totah. Music from nine-thirty. Dinner.

JAZZ/FOLK/ROCK CONCERTS, PERSONAL APPEARANCES, ETC.

Elton John—Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts. 564-4400. Wednesday through Friday, Aug. 11-13, and Sunday through Tuesday, Aug. 15-17, at 8.

Neil Diamond—West Side Tennis Club, Forest Hills. Friday through Sunday, Aug. 13-15, at 8. For tickets, call 541-7290.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Mondays through Fridays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES

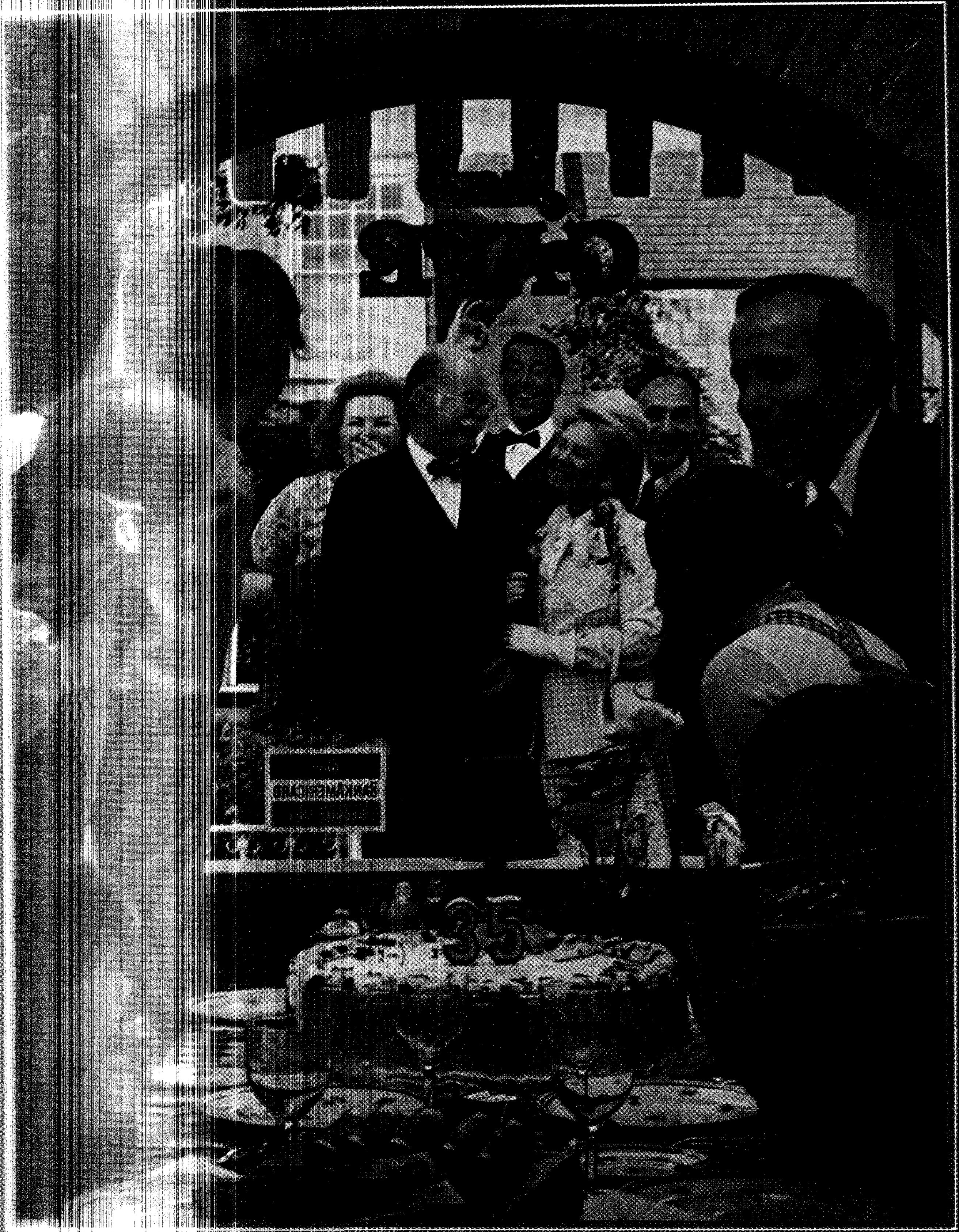
Karel Appel—A selection of abstract paintings from the years 1950-62, along with some examples of his collages. Through Sept. 18. (Gimpel, 1040 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

Cecily Firestein—More than thirty rubbings on hemp paper, taken from the decorative surfaces of churches, hotels, manhole covers, and other shards of this city's civilization. Through Aug. 27. (Phoenix, 939 Madison Ave., at 74th St.)

Paul Georges—Large social-protest works, several of them in an allegorical manner. Through Sept. 3. (Fischbach, 29 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Michael Todd—Three welded-steel sculptures through which it is possible to walk. Through Sept. 4. (Hammarskjöld Plaza Sculpture Garden, Second Ave. at 47th St.)

Group Shows—At the **ACQUAVELLA**, 18 E. 79th St.: Paintings and sculptures in diverse styles by American and European artists, among them Robert Motherwell, Paul Klee, and Anthony Caro. Through Sept. 3. . . . **CASTELLI**, 420 West Broadway: Paintings and sculptures by Donald Judd, Richard Serra, Frank Stella, and others. Through Sept. 8. . . . **DINTENFASS**, 50 W. 57th St.: Works by the gallery regulars being shown in the summer exhibition here include a slat-legged ten-foot wooden Dutch boy (he has a paintbrush in his hand), by William King; some street scenes full of Robert Gwathmey's angular, sinewy black people; and one or two of Philip Evergood's Love-Thy-Neighbor homilies in gouache or oil. Through Aug. 27. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **ESMAN**, 29 W. 57th St.: An exhibit of paintings, drawings, and other works, all of them small, by William Fares, Michael Vessa, and Nina Yankowitz, among others. Through Friday, Aug. 13. . . . **FINDLAY**, 984 Madison Ave., at 77th St.: Paintings by contemporary American and European artists mostly (Ida Kohlmeyer and Maurice Brianchon, for instance), together with several small-scale bronzes by Henry Moore. Through Friday, Aug. 20. . . . **GRAHAM**, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St.: Odd little porcelain reliefs, with sketchy figures outlined in color, by Alexa Grace; free-form collages made of strips of torn paper assembled and painted to depict rocky canyons by Anne Elliott; and small, striking landscapes (like condensed Vlamincks), done in several mediums, by Phyllis Yampolsky are among the works on exhibition in this summer show. Through Friday, Aug. 13. . . . **HAMMER**, 51 E. 57th St.: "Impressions of New York City" begins (chronologically, at least) with a view of the Plaza, circa 1905, by A. C. Goodwin; moves on through striking vistas of the metropolis by Marin, Guy Pène



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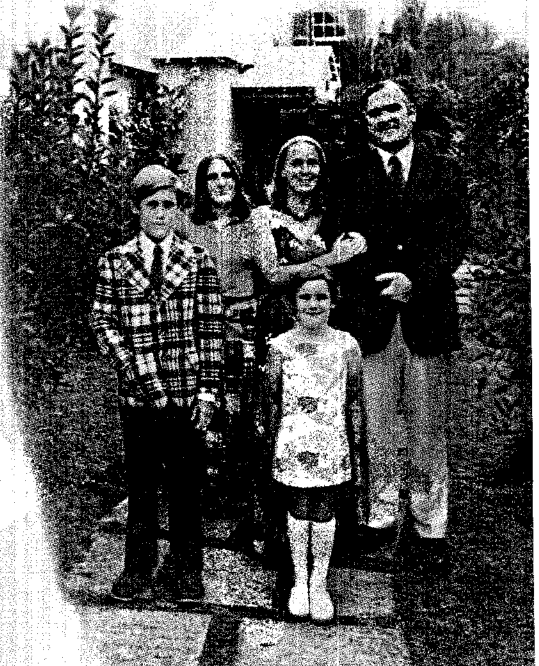

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

du Bois, Reginald Marsh, Sheeler, a handful of the Ashcan school, and so on; and winds up with a sidewalk-crowd study by Yan Hsia that is a 1976 Photo-Realist echo of Duchamp's "Nude Descending a Staircase." Through Wednesday, Aug. 18. . . . **KENNEDY**, 40 W. 57th St.: Paintings and drawings by twentieth-century American realists and social realists, among them Edward Hopper, Winslow Homer, and Abraham Rattner. Through Sept. 11. (Closes for a two-week vacation Friday, Aug. 20.). . . **LARCADA**, 23 E. 67th St.: In the summer exhibition here are a large four-panel study of a dinner table crowded with white china on white napery (one of the white bowls contains a clutch of white eggs) by Kaffe Fassett; one of Peter Miller's quilt-like oils made up of her own hex symbols; and a surrealist sort of work by Gordon Russell depicting a rickety wagon perched on the tip end of an equally rickety masonry structure. Rockwell Kent and Leonid are also among the artists represented. Through Sept. 3. (Tuesdays through Fridays, 11 to 4.). . . **PACE**, 32 E. 57th St.: A selection of works by gallery artists includes sculptures by Louise Nevelson and Guy Dill and paintings by Lee Krasner and Jack Youngerman. Through Sept. 24.

PHOTOGRAPHY

GERTRUDE KÄSEBIER (1852-1934) **AND CLARENCE H. WHITE** (1871-1925)—Photogravures, along with vintage photographs, by two of the founding members of the Photo-Secession. Through Sept. 18. (Helios, 18 E. 67th St. Closed Mondays, and for two weeks after Friday, Aug. 20.)

NICHOLAS NIXON—Pictures taken with a view camera, including a score of high-vantage-point photographs of Boston. Through Oct. 5. (Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St. Daily, except Wednesdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9.)

GROUP SHOWS—At **ASIA HOUSE**, 112 E. 64th St.: More than a hundred photographs that were taken in India, primarily by British photographers, between 1840 and 1910. The exhibit includes a series of studio portraits of maharajas and of British military officers, a group of Samuel Bourne landscapes of the Himalayas, as well as photographs recording leisure activities of Britons in place. Through Aug. 29. (Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 11 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.). . . **INTERNATIONAL CENTER OF PHOTOGRAPHY**, 1130 Fifth Ave., at 94th St.: Several exhibits are on view through Sept. 12, notably one of photographs (dating from 1845) of well-known American women. Some of the contemporary photographers are Jill Krementz, Richard Avedon, and Arnold Newman. Another exhibit features about forty-five works by Henri Cartier-Bresson. (Closed Mondays; open Saturdays and Sundays.). . . **SEAGRAM BUILDING**, fourth floor, 375 Park Ave., at 52nd St.: An exhibit of twenty-six photographs (interiors, mostly) documenting the rise (and, in some respects, fall) of the county courthouse in the United States. Through Aug. 27. . . . **WITKIN**, 41 E. 57th St.: Fifty prints by Imogen Cunningham (1883-1976) covering just about all her working career. / Frederick H. Evans, P. H. Emerson, Julia Margaret Cameron, and other nineteenth-century British photographers. Through Sept. 4. (Closed Mondays; open Saturdays.)

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

METROPOLITAN MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—A show of ninety drawings (landscapes, genre scenes, and portraits) by Europeans, among them Rembrandt, Delacroix, and Gainsborough, from the Robert Lehman collection, many of which have not previously been on view. Through Oct. 3. . . . ¶ "American Ephemera" is a display of posters, valentines, advertisements, and other items (all dated before 1935) from the museum's print collections. Through Sunday, Aug. 15. . . . ¶ A small show of Chinese landscape paintings dating from the eleventh century through the eighteenth. Through Sept. 7. . . . ¶ Forty-one Chinese paintings from the Arthur M. Sackler collection, these dating from the fourteenth century through the twentieth. Through Sept. 7. . . . ¶ Portraits of, and clothing worn by, ten American women—Isadora Duncan, Josephine Baker, and Irene Langhorne Gibson among them—who were noted for their innovation and elegance in dress. Through Aug. 29. (Tuesdays, 10 to 8:45; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 4:45; Sundays, 11 to 4:45.)

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 11 W. 53rd St.—More than eighty paintings as well as a group of drawings are included in a retrospective exhibition of the Surrealist André Masson. Through Tuesday, Aug. 17. . . . ¶ Five taxicabs, new in design, built by two American and three European car manufacturers to specifications developed by the museum. Also a 1968 London cab. Through Sept. 7. . . . ¶ A small group of recently acquired drawings by David Smith, Morris Kantor, and Lee Krasner. Through Sept. 12. . . . ¶ Photographs by Nicholas Nixon. Through Oct. 5. (Daily, except Wednesdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9.). . . **NOTE:** The museum's sculpture garden, 8 W. 54th St., is open, free, Fridays through Sundays, 6 to 10. Informal concerts Fridays and Saturdays at 8.

GUGGENHEIM MUSEUM, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—Twenty-five of the abstract sculptures and reliefs of Jean Arp, assembled to mark the tenth anniversary of his death. Through Aug. 22. . . . ¶ A full-scale exhibition of the museum's collection of early-twentieth-century European paintings. Chronologically arranged, the show includes works by Cézanne, Mondrian, Klee, and Miró. Through Oct. 3. (Tuesdays, 11 to 8, with no admission charge from 5 to 8; Wednesdays through Sundays, 11 to 5.)

WHITNEY MUSEUM, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—A vast historical survey of American sculpture of the past two hundred years, beginning with primitive weathervanes, figureheads, and other naïve works. A really big show, occupying all three floors, which will last through the summer. (Tuesdays, 11 to 10, with no admission charge after 6; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6.)

BROOKLYN MUSEUM, Eastern Parkway—A show of watercolors and pastels (late eighteenth century to the present) by American artists, including Homer, Sargent, Burchfield, Avery, and O'Keeffe. Through Sept. 19. (Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.)

AMERICAN MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY, Central Park W. at 79th St.—The recently opened Hall of Minerals and Gems, occupying one-third of an acre in space, has on display such nonpareils as a diamond necklace made up of about five hundred diamonds to the order of King George III in 1776, the Star of India sapphire, the deLong Star ruby, and the Patricia emerald. (Weekdays, 10 to 4:45; Sundays, 11 to 5.)

MUSEUM OF CONTEMPORARY CRAFTS, 29 W. 53rd St.—A show of objects by Americans who work in wood, fibre, metal, glass, and ceramics. A painted freestanding ceramic sculpture depicting a house, tree, and sky by Robert Arneson, and a wall hanging incorporating bluejeans, workshirt, granny glasses, and other apparel of today and yesterday, by Alma Lesch, are among the pieces on view. Through Sept. 19. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, 1 to 6.)

MUSIC

MOSTLY MOZART FESTIVAL—A nine-week season of orchestral, chamber-music, and recital programs—Wednesday, Aug. 11, and Friday and Saturday, Aug. 13-14: Christoph Eschenbach conducting the Mostly Mozart Festival Orchestra and acting as piano soloist in an all-Mozart program. . . . ¶ Thursday, Aug. 12: The Tokyo String Quartet, with Anton Kuerti, piano, and Gervase De Peyer, clarinet. . . . ¶ Sunday, Aug. 15: A recital by Mr. Eschenbach. . . . ¶ Monday, Aug. 16; Wednesday, Aug. 18; and Friday and Saturday, Aug. 20-21: Leonard Slatkin conducting the orchestra, with Rudolf Firkusny, piano. . . . ¶ Tuesday, Aug. 17, and Thursday, Aug. 19: The Cleveland Quartet, with Mr. Firkusny and with Samuel Rhodes, viola. (Alice Tully Hall. 362-1911. Evenings at 8; through Saturday, Aug. 28.)

IN THE COUNTRY

BERKSHIRE FESTIVAL—Friday, Aug. 13, at 7: A piano recital by Earl Wild. . . . ¶ Friday, Aug. 13, at 9: Arthur Fiedler conducting the Boston Symphony in an all-Gershwin program, with Mr. Wild. . . . ¶ Saturday, Aug. 14, at 8:30: Seiji Ozawa directing a varied program, with Phyllis Bryn-Julson, soprano, and the Tanglewood Choir. . . . ¶ Sunday,

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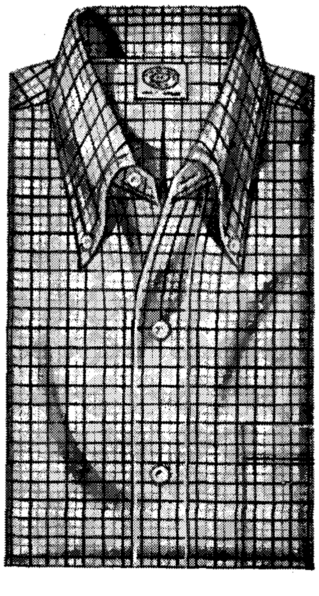

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Aug. 15, at 2:30: Seiji Ozawa conducting a Rochberg-Brahms program, with Isaac Stern, violin. . . . ¶ Thursday, Aug. 19, at 2:30: The annual "Tanglewood-on-Parade" program, including offerings by the student departments of the Berkshire Music Center and a concert (at 8:30) by the Boston Symphony, the Berkshire Music Center Orchestra, and the Boston University Young Artists Orchestra, conducted by Seiji Ozawa. (A benefit for the Music Center.). . . ¶ Friday, Aug. 20, at 7: The Boston Symphony Chamber Players, with André Previn, piano. . . . ¶ Friday, Aug. 20, at 9: André Previn conducting the Boston Symphony in a Haydn-Holst program. . . . ¶ Saturday, Aug. 21, at 8:30: Seiji Ozawa directing a performance of Berlioz' dramatic symphony "Roméo et Juliette," with Jan DeGaetani, *mezzo*-soprano; Jean Dupouy, tenor; Paul Plishka, bass-baritone; and the New England Conservatory Chorus. . . . ¶ Sunday, Aug. 22, at 2:30: André Previn conducting an all-Prokofieff program, with Horacio Gutierrez, piano. (Tanglewood, Lenox, Mass. Through Sunday, Aug. 29. For information about tickets, call 541-7290, in New York.)

SARATOGA PERFORMING ARTS CENTER—The Philadelphia Orchestra in a three-week season that ends on Saturday, Aug. 21—Wednesday, Aug. 11, at 8:15: Edo de Waart conducting, with Ruth Welting, soprano. . . . ¶ Thursday, Aug. 12, at 8:15: Stanislaw Skrowaczewski conducting, with Susan Starr, piano. . . . ¶ Friday, Aug. 13, at 8:15: James DePreist conducting, with Gina Bachauer, piano. . . . ¶ Saturday, Aug. 14, at 8:15: Arthur Fiedler conducting, with Stanley Hummel, piano. . . . [NOTE: Special concerts will be given by Janis Ian on Sunday, Aug. 15, at 7, by Kris Kristofferson and Rita Coolidge on Monday, Aug. 16, at 8:15, and by Chuck Mangione on Tuesday, Aug. 17, at 8:15.] . . . ¶ Wednesday, Aug. 18, at 8:15: John Pritchard directing, with Donald Bell, bass-baritone, and the Saratoga-Potsdam Chorus. . . . ¶ Thursday, Aug. 19, at 8:15: Eve Queler conducting, with Miriam Fried, violin. . . . ¶ Friday, Aug. 20, at 8:15: *Eugene Ormandy conducting, with Byron* Janis, piano. . . . ¶ Saturday, Aug. 21, at 8:15: Eugene Ormandy directing, with the Saratoga-Potsdam Chorus. (Saratoga Springs. Through Sunday, Sept. 5. For information about tickets, call 541-7290, in New York.)

CARAMOOR FESTIVAL—Final performances of the season—Saturday, Aug. 14, at 8:30: Eugene Fodor, violin. . . . ¶ Sunday, Aug. 15, at 5:30: The Orpheus Chamber Ensemble. . . . ¶ Saturday, Aug. 21, at 8:30: Francisco Aybar, piano. . . . ¶ Sunday, Aug. 22, at 5:30: The Beaux Arts Trio. (Katonah, N.Y. For information about tickets, call 914 232-4206.)

JACOB'S PILLOW DANCE FESTIVAL—Final performances of the season of ballet and modern and ethnic dancing. Through Saturday, Aug. 14: Teodoro and Isabel Morca, William Carter, and Gisela in a program of Spanish dance, and *the Claude Kipnis Mime Theatre*. . . . ¶ Tuesday through Saturday, Aug. 17-21: Dennis Wayne and Lawrence Rhodes, Jo-Ann Bruggemann and Bob Bowyer, and the Jacob's Pillow Dancers. (Lee, Mass. Tuesdays at 7:30 and Wednesdays, Fridays, and Saturdays at 8:40. Matinées Thursdays and Saturdays at 3. For information about tickets, call 541-7290, in New York.)

SPORTS

BASEBALL—**METS** at Shea Stadium: Vs. San Diego, Wednesday, Aug. 11, at 8:05, and Thursday, Aug. 12, at 2:05. . . . ¶ Cincinnati, Friday, Aug. 13, at 8:05; Saturday, Aug. 14, at 2:15; and Sunday, Aug. 15, at 2:05. . . . **YANKEES** at Yankee Stadium: Vs. Texas, Monday through Wednesday, Aug. 16-18, at 8. . . . ¶ California, Friday and Saturday, Aug. 20-21, at 8.

PROFESSIONAL FOOTBALL—Jets vs. Oakland Raiders, in an exhibition game. (Yankee Stadium. Friday, Aug. 13, at 8.)

RACING—At **SARATOGA:** Weekdays at 1:30; through Saturday, Aug. 28. The Bernard Baruch Handicap, Friday, Aug. 13; the Alabama, Saturday, Aug. 14; and the Travers, Saturday, Aug. 21. . . . **MONMOUTH PARK**, Oceanport, N.J.: Weekdays at 2; through Saturday, Nov. 13. The Sapling, Saturday, Aug. 14, and the Amory L. Haskell Handicap, Saturday, Aug. 21. (A special train leaves Penn Station for the track Saturdays at 12:05.). . . **ATLANTIC CITY**, Mays Landing, N.J.: Weeknights, except Thursdays, at 7:15; through Saturday, Oct. 2. The Longport Handicap, Friday, Aug. 20.

TENNIS—World Team Tennis: Sets vs. Phoenix, Friday, Aug. 13, at 8. . . . Sets vs. Indiana, Saturday, Aug. 14, at 8. (Nassau Coliseum, Hempstead Turnpike, Uniondale, L.I. For information about tickets, call 581-6622.). . . ¶ Tennis Week Open. (Orange Lawn Tennis Club, South Orange, N.J. Starting Saturday, Aug. 21.)

TROTTING—At **YONKERS RACEWAY:** Weeknights at 8; through Saturday, Oct. 16. . . . **SARATOGA RACEWAY**, Saratoga Springs: Weeknights at 8:15; through Saturday, Nov. 13.

ET ALIA

REPUBLICAN NATIONAL CONVENTION—Opens at the Kemper Arena, in Kansas City, Monday, Aug. 16, at 10:30 A.M. The keynote address, by Senator Howard H. Baker, Jr., of Tennessee, will be delivered that evening.

THE GREAT OUTDOORS

(If the weather looks doubtful, call the New York Parks Department, 472-1003, for news. The same number may be called for information about all free entertainment in the city.)

NEW YORK SHAKESPEARE FESTIVAL—Free performances of **MEASURE FOR MEASURE**, with Meryl Streep, Lenny Baker, Sam Waterston, and John Cazale. The second of two plays by the company. (Delacorte Theatre, Central Park near W. 81st St. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Closes Sunday, Aug. 29. For information about tickets, call 535-5630.)

NEW YORK PHILHARMONIC—Concerts in various city parks. Thomas Schippers is conducting the second in a series of three peripatetic programs: **MARINE PARK**, Brooklyn, Wednesday, Aug. 11, at 8:30. . . . **CROCHERON PARK**, Bayside, Thursday, Aug. 12, at 8:30. . . . **VAN CORTLANDT PARK**, Bronx, Saturday, Aug. 14, at 8:30. . . . ¶ Erich Leinsdorf (with Stanley Drucker, clarinet) will conduct the final program: **CENTRAL PARK'S SHEEP MEADOW**, Tuesday, Aug. 17, at 8:30. . . . **CLOVE LAKES PARK**, Staten Island, Wednesday, Aug. 18, at 8:30. . . . **CUNNINGHAM PARK**, Queens, Thursday, Aug. 19, at *8:30. . . .* ***VAN CORTLANDT PARK**, Bronx, Saturday*, Aug. 21, at 8:30.

DAMROSCH PARK, Lincoln Center—Richard Franko Goldman and Ainslee Cox conducting the Goldman Band in the last in this summer's series of Guggenheim Concerts. (Wednesday, Aug. 11; Friday, Aug. 13; and Sunday, Aug. 15, all at 8.)

CENTRAL PARK MALL—Vincent La Selva directing the New York Grand Opera Company in a performance of Verdi's "La Traviata," with Norma French, soprano, and Theodore Lambrinos, baritone. The last in a series of productions. (Thursday, Aug. 12, at 8.)

WASHINGTON SQUARE PARK—Henry Schuman conducting the Festival Band in the last in a series of concerts of American music, this one with Robert White, tenor, and Gerard Schwarz, trumpet. (Monday, Aug. 16, at 8. In the event of rain, the concert will take place in the Eisner and Lubin Auditorium, Loeb Student Center, Washington Sq. S. and LaGuardia Pl.)

WOLLMAN RINK—The Schaefer beer people's summer upheaval. Wednesday, Aug. 11, at 6:30: Robert Klein and the Movies. . . . ¶ Friday, Aug. 13, at 6: Burning Spear. . . . ¶ Saturday, Aug. 14, at 6:30: The Outlaws and the Cate Brothers. . . . ¶ Monday, Aug. 16, at 6: Eddie Palmieri, Hector Lavoe and his orchestra, and Pete Rodriguez. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Aug. 18, at 6:30: Bonnie Raitt and Muddy Waters. . . . ¶ Friday, Aug. 20, at 6: Arlo Guthrie. . . . ¶ Saturday, Aug. 21, at 6:30: Chuck Mangione and his quartet, with Esther Satterfield. (Through Saturday, Sept. 11. For information about tickets, call 249-8870.)

JONES BEACH THEATRE—A *revival of* **SHOWBOAT**, with Robert Peterson, Barbara Meister, Max Showalter, and Beth Fowler, is this summer's production. (Nightly at 8:30. Closes Sunday, Sept. 5. For tickets, call 516 221-1000.)

WALKING TOUR—"The World of Edith Wharton and George Templeton Strong," a conducted tour sponsored by the Museum of the City of New York. Sunday, Aug. 15, starting at the Little Church Around the Corner, 1 E. 29th St., at 2:30.

PERSEID METEOR SHOWERS—The annual display of meteors, for the benefit of nocturnal-sky watchers and shooting-star wishers. The best nights for watching are Wednesday and Thursday, Aug. 11-12, after midnight, when, if the weather is at all coöperative, as many as fifty meteors an hour may be visible.

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

EAST SIDE

ART, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
Through Aug. 17: "Murder by Death."
From Aug. 18: To be announced.

ST. MARKS CINEMA, 2nd Ave. at 8th. (777-1955)
Through Aug. 17: "The Sailor Who Fell from Grace with the Sea" and "Farewell, My Lovely."
From Aug. 18: "All the President's Men" and another feature, to be announced.

12TH ST. CINEMA, 2nd Ave. at 12th. (254-4188)
Through Aug. 17: "Lifeguard" and "Murder on the Orient Express."
From Aug. 18: To be announced.

CINEMA VILLAGE, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)
Through Aug. 17: "Tunnelvision."
From Aug. 18: To be announced.

GRAMERCY, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
Through Aug. 17: "All the President's Men."
From Aug. 18: "Murder by Death."

KIPS BAY, 2nd Ave. at 31st. (684-2290)
Through Aug. 12: "Sword in the Stone" and "Gus."
From Aug. 13: "Bedknobs and Broomsticks."

MURRAY HILL, 160 E. 34th. (685-7652)
"The Man Who Fell to Earth."

34TH ST. EAST, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
"Silent Movie."

EASTSIDE CINEMA, 3rd Ave. at 55th. (755-3020)
Through Aug. 17: "Tunnelvision."
From Aug. 18: "Murder by Death."

TRANS-LUX EAST, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (PL 9-2262)
"Logan's Run."

FINE ARTS, 130 E. 58th. (755-6030)
"The Clockmaker."

PLAZA, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
"The Man Who Fell to Earth."

BARONET, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
"Murder by Death."

CORONET, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
"Obsession."

D. W. GRIFFITH, 235 E. 59th. (759-4630)
"The Return of the Tall Blond Man with One Black Shoe."

CINEMA I, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-6022)
Aug. 11: Theatre closed.
From Aug. 12: "The Ritz."

CINEMA II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-0774)
"Silent Movie."

FIRST AVENUE CINEMA, 1st Ave. at 61st. (688-0143)
Through Aug. 17: "All the President's Men."
From Aug. 18: "Murder by Death."

COLUMBIA I, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)
Through Aug. 17: "The Outlaw Josey Wales."
From Aug. 18: "Ode to Billy Joe."

COLUMBIA II, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-2720)
Through Aug. 17: "Robin and Marian" and "The Black Bird."
From Aug. 18: "Harry and Walter Go to New York."

BEEKMAN, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)
"Face to Face."

68TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
"My Friends."

LOEWS TOWER EAST, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (879-1313)
"Let's Talk About Men."

72ND STREET EAST, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-9304)
Through Aug. 17: "The Big Bus."
From Aug. 18: "All the President's Men."

TRANS-LUX 85TH ST., Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
Through Aug. 17: "Lifeguard" and "Murder on the Orient Express."
From Aug. 18: "Harry and Walter Go to New York."

U. A. EAST, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)
Through Aug. 17: "The Outlaw Josey Wales."
From Aug. 18: "Ode to Billy Joe."

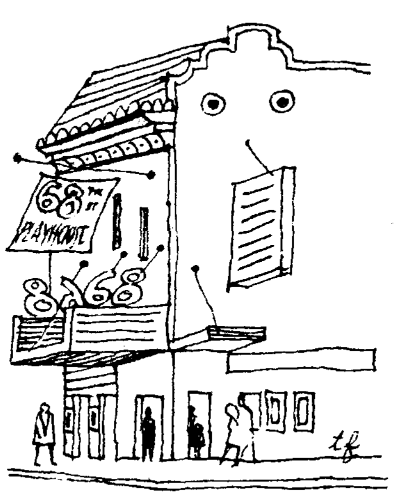
LOEWS ORPHEUM, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (289-4607)
"Drum."

LOEWS CINÉ, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (427-1332)
Through Aug. 17: "Survive!"
From Aug. 18: To be announced.

86TH ST. EAST, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
Through Aug. 12: "Squirm" and "The Devil Within Her."
From Aug. 13: "Futureworld."

R.K.O. 86TH ST. TWIN I, Lexington at 86th. (289-8900)
"The Bingo Long Traveling All-Stars & Motor Kings."

THE MOVIE HOUSES



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THE FILMS PLAYING THE REGULAR MOVIE HOUSES ARE DESCRIBED IN BRIEF IN THE SECTION BELOW

R.K.O. 86TH ST. TWIN 2, Lexington at 86th. (289-8932)
Through Aug. 12: "Sword in the Stone" and "Gus."
From Aug. 13: "Bedknobs and Broomsticks."

WEST SIDE

WAVERLY, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (929-8037)
"Face to Face."

8TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 52 W. 8th. (674-6515)
"The Omen."

GREENWICH, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
"Logan's Run."

QUAD CINEMA, 34 W. 13th. (255-8800)
Theatre 1: "Seven Beauties" and "Swept Away."
Theatre 2: "Alpha Beta."
Theatre 3: Through Aug. 12: "Grand Illusion" and "Rules of the Game." Aug. 13-14: "Alexander Nevsky" and "Potemkin." Aug. 15-17: "The Blood of a Poet," "Un Chien Andalou," "Lot in Sodom," and "The Cabinet of Dr. Caligari." Aug. 18-19: "Street Scene" and "Winterset."
Theatre 4: "The Clockmaker."

GUILD, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)
"That's Entertainment, Part 2."

MUSIC HALL, 6th Ave. at 50th. (757-3100)
"Swashbuckler."

ZIEGFELD, 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)
"The Return of a Man Called Horse."

FESTIVAL, 6 W. 57th. (581-2323)
Through Aug. 12: "Sword in the Stone" and "Gus."
From Aug. 13: "Bedknobs and Broomsticks."

PLAYBOY, 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)
Through Aug. 17: "One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest" and "Thunderbolt and Lightfoot."
From Aug. 18: "All the President's Men."

LITTLE CARNEGIE, 146 W. 57th. (246-5123)
Through Aug. 14: "Murder by Death."
From Aug. 15: "Lovers and Other Relatives."

PARIS, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)
"Cousin, Cousine."

PARAMOUNT, B'way at 61st. (247-5070)
"Silent Movie."

CINEMA STUDIO, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)
Through Aug. 17: "All the President's Men."
From Aug. 18: "Murder by Death."

EMBASSY 72ND ST., B'way at 72nd. (SC 4-6745)
Through Aug. 17: "That's Entertainment, Part 2" and "Love and Death."
From Aug. 18: To be announced.

LOEWS 83RD TRIPLEX, B'way at 83rd. (877-3190)
Theatre 1: Through Aug. 12: "Sword in the Stone" and "Gus." From Aug. 13: "Bedknobs and Broomsticks."
Theatre 2: Through Aug. 17: "The Outlaw Josey Wales." From Aug. 18: "Ode to Billy Joe."
Theatre 3: Through Aug. 17: "Tunnelvision" and "Son of Blob." From Aug. 18: "Harry and Walter Go to New York."

SYMPHONY, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-6600)
Through Aug. 17: "Logan's Run."
From Aug. 18: "Gator."

THALIA, B'way at 95th. (222-3370)
Through Aug. 17: "Alpha Beta."
From Aug. 18 (tentative): "The Clockmaker."

OLYMPIA, B'way at 107th. (865-8128)
Through Aug. 17: "The Sailor Who Fell from Grace with the Sea" and "The Ruling Class."
From Aug. 18: "All the President's Men."

REVIVAL HOUSES

(These theatres are showing revivals exclusively, and for abbreviated runs. For reasons of space, or lack of it, only the films marked with a dagger are described in our "In Brief" section, further along.)

BLEECKER ST. CINEMA, 144 Bleecker St. (674-2560)
Aug. 11: "Heat" (1972), directed by Paul Morrissey, with Sylvia Miles and Joe Dallesandro; and "Trash" (1970), directed by Paul Morrissey, with Joe Dallesandro and Holly Woodlawn.
Aug. 12: "Ulysses" (1967), directed by Joseph Strick, with Milo O'Shea, Barbara Jefford, and Maurice Roeves; and "Women in Love" (1970), directed by Ken Russell, with Glenda Jackson, Alan Bates, and Oliver Reed.
Aug. 13: "Rules of the Game" (†) and "Grand Illusion." (†)
Aug. 14: "The Magician" (1958), in Swedish, directed by Ingmar Bergman, with Ingrid Thulin and Max von Sydow; and "The Seventh Seal" (1956), in Swedish, directed by Ingmar Bergman, with Max von Sydow.
Aug. 15: "Scenes from a Marriage" (1974), in Swedish, directed by Ingmar Bergman, with Liv Ullmann and Erland Josephson.
Aug. 16: "My Night at Maud's" (†) and "Chloé in the Afternoon." (†)
Aug. 17: "Dr. Strangelove" (1964), directed by Stanley Kubrick, with Peter Sellers, George C. Scott, and Sterling Hayden; and "Kind Hearts and Coronets" (1950), directed by Robert Hamer, with Alec Guinness, Valerie Hobson, and Dennis Price.
Aug. 18: "The Silence" (1964), in Swedish, directed by Ingmar Bergman, with Ingrid Thulin and Gunnel Lindblom; and "Winter Light." (†)
Aug. 19: "Frankenstein" (†) and "The Bride of Frankenstein." (†)

CARNEGIE HALL CINEMA, 7th Ave. at 57th. (757-2131)
Aug. 11: "The Horse Soldiers" (1959), directed by John Ford, with John Wayne and William Holden; and "Two Rode Together" (1961), directed by John Ford, with James Stewart and Richard Widmark.
Aug. 12: "Pierrot le Fou" (1965), in French, directed by Jean-Luc Godard, with Jean-Paul Belmondo and Anna Karina; and "Johnny Guitar" (1954), directed by Nicholas Ray, with Joan Crawford, Sterling Hayden, Mercedes McCambridge, and Ernest Borgnine.
Aug. 13: "Limelight" (1952), directed by Charlie Chaplin, with Mr. Chaplin and Claire Bloom; and "Sunset Boulevard" (1950), directed by Billy Wilder, with Gloria Swanson, William Holden, and Erich von Stroheim.
Aug. 14: "Applause" (†); and "All About Eve" (1950), directed by Joseph L. Mankiewicz, with Bette Davis, Anne Baxter, Hugh Marlowe, Celeste Holm, and Thelma Ritter.
Aug. 15: The Boy Friend" (†) and "At Long Last Love." (†)
Aug. 16: "The Stranger" (†); and "The Damned" (1969), directed by Luchino Visconti, with Dirk Bogarde, Ingrid Thulin, and Helmut Berger.
Aug. 17: "The Story of Adèle H." (1975), in French, directed by François Truffaut, with Isabelle Adjani; and "A Woman Under the Influence" (1974), directed by John Cassavetes, with Peter Falk and Gena Rowlands.
Aug. 18: "The Man Who Shot Liberty Val-

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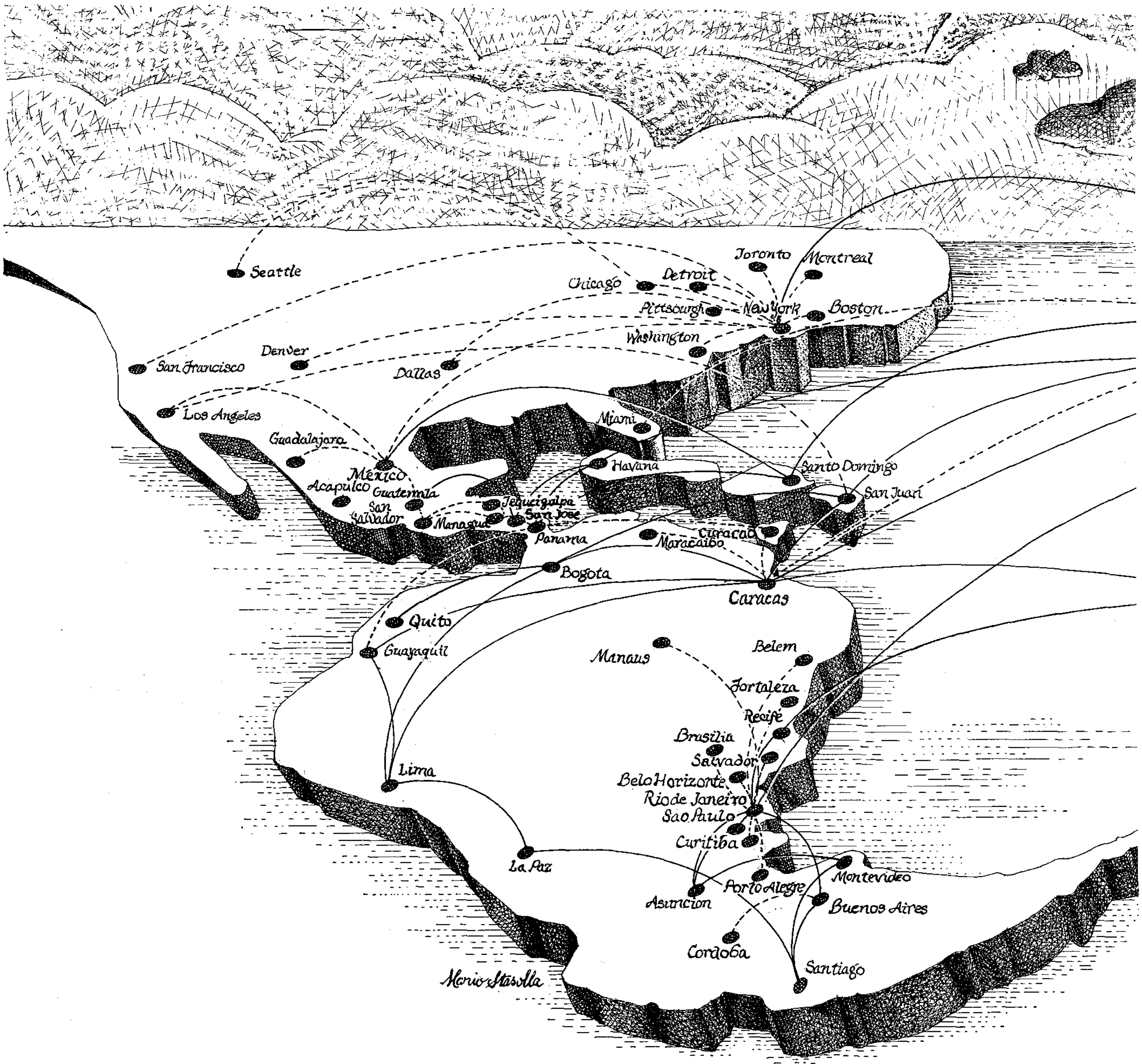
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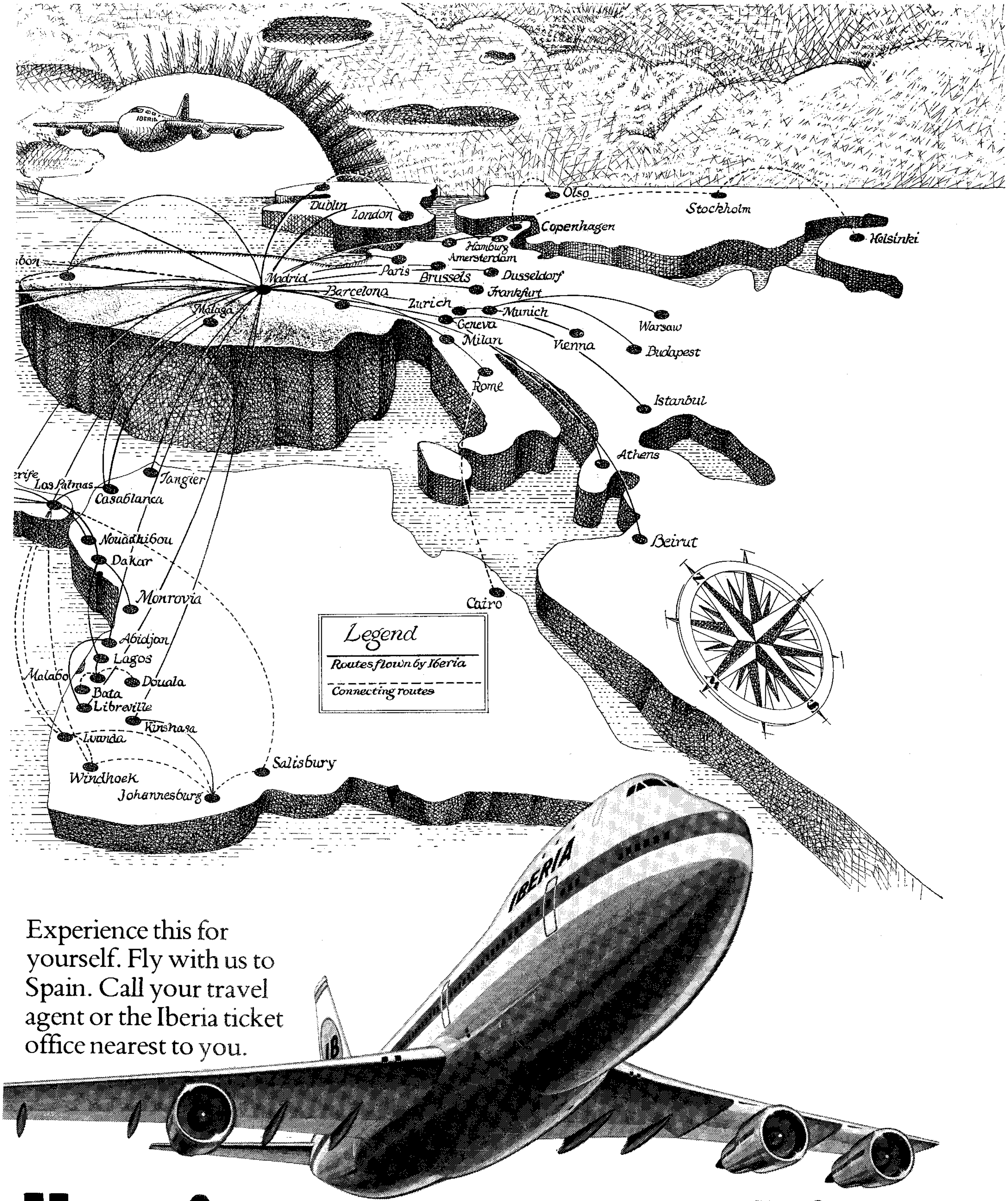
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ance" (†) and "Cheyenne Autumn." (†)

Aug. 19: "On the Waterfront" (1954), directed by Elia Kazan, with Marlon Brando, Lee J. Cobb, Eva Marie Saint, Karl Malden, and Rod Steiger; and "The Harder They Fall." (†)

Elgin, 8th Ave. at 19th. (675-0935)

Aug. 11: "Sanjuro" (1963), in Japanese, directed by Akira Kurosawa, with Toshiro Mifune; and "Band of Assassins" (1970), in Japanese, directed by Tadashi Sawashima, with Toshiro Mifune.

Aug. 12: "King of Hearts" (1967), in French and English, directed by Philippe de Broca, with Alan Bates; and "They Might Be Giants" (1971), directed by Anthony Harvey, with George C. Scott and Joanne Woodward.

Aug. 13: "Love and Death" (†); "Sleeper" (1973), directed by Woody Allen, with Mr. Allen and Diane Keaton; and "Take the Money and Run" (1969), directed by, and with, Woody Allen.

Aug. 14: "Play It Again, Sam" (†); "The Producers" (1968), directed by Mel Brooks, with Zero Mostel, Dick Shawn, and Gene Wilder; and "The Twelve Chairs" (1970), directed by Mel Brooks, with Frank Langella, Dom DeLuise, and Ron Moody.

Aug. 15: "And Now for Something Completely Different" (1972), selected skits from the BBC-TV series "Monty Python's Flying Circus"; and "Yellow Submarine." (†)

Aug. 16: "I Vitelloni" (†); and "Nights of Cabiria" (1957), in Italian, directed by Federico Fellini, with Giulietta Masina.

Aug. 17: "The Battle of Algiers" (1965), in French and Arabic, directed by Gillo Pontecorvo; and "Where There's Smoke" (1975), in French, directed by André Cayatte, with Annie Girardot, Mireille Darc, and Bernard Fresson.

Aug. 18: "Sword of Vengeance" (1973), in Japanese, directed by Kenji Misumi; and "Zatoichi at Large" (1973), in Japanese, directed by Kazuo Mori.

Aug. 19: "I Love You, Alice B. Toklas!" (†) and "King of Hearts."

New Yorker, B'way at 88th. (TR 4-9189)

Through Aug. 12: "Umberto D." (1952), in Italian, directed by Vittorio De Sica; and "Miracle in Milan" (1951), in Italian, directed by Vittorio De Sica, with Francesco Golissano, Brumella Bovo, Paolo Stoppa, and Emma Gramatica.

Aug. 13-14: "The Magician" (1958), in Swedish, directed by Ingmar Bergman, with Ingrid Thulin and Max von Sydow; and "The Virgin Spring" (1960), in Swedish, directed by Ingmar Bergman, with Max von Sydow.

Aug. 15-17: "The Red Shoes" (1948), directed by Michael Powell and Emeric Pressburger, with Moira Shearer and Léonide Massine; and "Summertime" (1955), directed by David Lean, with Katharine Hepburn and Rossano Brazzi.

Aug. 18-19: "The Cabinet of Dr. Caligari" (†) and "Dead of Night." (†)

Regency, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)

Through Aug. 14: "The Maltese Falcon" (1941), directed by John Huston, with Mary Astor, Humphrey Bogart, Sydney Greenstreet, Elisha Cook, Jr., and Peter Lorre; and "Dark Passage" (1947), directed by Delmar Daves, with Humphrey Bogart, Lauren Bacall, and Agnes Moorehead.

Aug. 15-17: "The Fountainhead" (†) and "Marked Woman." (†)

From Aug. 18: "The Letter" (†) and "The Sea Hawk." (†)

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)

Aug. 11: "The Magic Flute" (1975), in Swedish, directed by Ingmar Bergman; and "The Story of Adèle H." (1975), in French, directed by François Truffaut, with Isabelle Adjani.

Aug. 12: "Day for Night" (1973), in French, directed by François Truffaut, with Jacqueline Bisset, Jean-Pierre Aumont, Jean-Pierre Léaud, and Valentina Cortese; and "The Discreet Charm of the Bourgeoisie" (1972), in French, directed by Luis Buñuel, with Fernando Rey, Stéphane Audran, and Delphine Seyrig.

Aug. 13: "Alice Doesn't Live Here Anymore" (1975), directed by Martin Scorsese, with Ellen Burstyn, Kris Kristofferson, and Alfred Lutter; and "Mean Streets" (1973), directed by Martin Scorsese, with Robert De Niro and Harvey Keitel.

Aug. 14: "Love and Death" (†); and "Sleeper" (1973), directed by Woody Allen, with Mr. Allen and Diane Keaton.

Aug. 15: "The Long Goodbye" (1973), directed by Robert Altman, with Elliott Gould, Nina van Pallandt, Sterling Hayden, and Mark Rydell; and "Heavy Traffic" (1973), directed by Ralph Bakshi.

Aug. 16: "Nashville" (1975), directed by Robert Altman, with Ronee Blakley, Lily Tomlin, Barbara Harris, and Henry Gibson; and "California Split" (1974), directed by Robert Altman, with George Segal and Elliott Gould.

Aug. 17: "Stolen Kisses" (†); and "The Wild Child" (1970), in French, directed by, and with, François Truffaut.

Aug. 18: "Barry Lyndon" (1975), directed by Stanley Kubrick, with Ryan O'Neal and Marisa Berenson; and "Elvira Madigan." (†)

Aug. 19: "American Graffiti" (1973), directed by George Lucas, with Richard Dreyfuss and Ronny Howard; and "Little Big Man." (†)

Theatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St. Marks Pl. (254-7400)

Through Aug. 12: "The Outlaw" (1947), directed by Howard Hawks, with Jane Russell, Jack Buetel, Walter Huston, and Thomas Mitchell; and "The Front Page" (1931), directed by Lewis Milestone, with Adolphe Menjou, Pat O'Brien, Mary Brian, and Edward Everett Horton.

Aug. 13-14: "The Stranger" (1946), directed by Orson Welles, with Mr. Welles, Edward G. Robinson, and Loretta Young; and "Touch of Evil" (1958), directed by Orson Welles, with Mr. Welles, Charlton Heston, and Janet Leigh.

Aug. 15-16: "State Fair" (†) and "My Gal Sal." (†)

Aug. 17: "Remember the Day" (†) and "Four Frightened People." (†)

From Aug. 18: "Swing High, Swing Low" (†) and "They Knew What They Wanted." (†)

FILM LIBRARIES, ETC

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St. (956-7078)—Aug. 12 at 2:30: "The Ex-Mrs. Bradford" (1936), directed by Stephen Roberts, with Jean Arthur, William Powell, and James Gleason. . . . ¶ Aug. 12 at 6: "The Whole Town's Talking" (1935), directed by John Ford, with Edward G. Robinson, Jean Arthur, and Wallace Ford. . . . ¶ Aug. 12 at 8:30 and Aug. 13 at 2:30: "Mr. Dynamite" (1935), directed by Alan Crosland, with Edmund Lowe and Jean Dixon; and "Beg, Borrow, or Steal" (1937), directed by William Thiele, with Frank Morgan. . . . ¶ Aug. 13 at 6: "The Ex-Mrs. Bradford." . . . ¶ Aug. 14 at noon: "Sing, Baby, Sing" (1936), directed by Sidney Lanfield, with Alice Faye, Adolphe Menjou, and the Ritz Brothers. . . . ¶ Aug. 14 at 2:30: "Libeled Lady" (1936), directed by Jack Conway, with Jean Harlow, William Powell, Myrna Loy, and Spencer Tracy. . . . ¶ Aug. 14 at 5: "Two for Tonight" (1935), directed by Frank Tuttle, with Joan Bennett, Bing Crosby, and Mary Boland; and "Three Married Men" (1936), directed by Eddie Buzzell, with Lynne Overman, William Frawley, and Roscoe Karns. . . . ¶ Aug. 15 at noon: "Easy Living" (1937), directed by Mitchell Leisen, with Jean Arthur, Ray Milland, and Edward Arnold. . . . ¶ Aug. 15 at 2:30: "It's Love I'm After" (1937), directed by Archie Mayo, with Bette Davis, Leslie Howard, and Olivia de Havilland. . . . ¶ Aug. 15 at 5: "Homunculus" (1916)—Chapter 4, "The Revenge of Homunculus"—a German film, directed by Otto Rippart, German inter-titles; "Patria" (1916), excerpts, directed by Leopold and Theodore Wharton, James Gordon, and George Lessey, with Irene Castle; and "The Gray Rats" (1917)—Chapters 2 and 4—an Italian film, directed by Emilio Ghione, some English and some flash inter-titles. . . . ¶ Aug. 16 at noon: "It's Love I'm After." . . . ¶ Aug. 16 at 2:30: "Two for Tonight" and "Three Married Men." . . . ¶ Aug. 16 at 6: "True Confession" (1937), directed by Wesley Ruggles, with Carole Lombard, John Barrymore, and Fred MacMurray. . . . ¶ Aug. 17 at noon: "The Awful Truth" (1937), directed by Leo McCarey, with Irene Dunne, Cary Grant, and Ralph Bellamy. . . . ¶ Aug. 17 at 2:30: "True Confession." . . . ¶ Aug. 17 at 6 and Aug. 19 at 2:30: "Super Sleuth" (1937), directed by Ben Stoloff, with Jack Oakie and Ann Sothern; and "Blondes at Work" (1938), directed by Frank McDonald, with Glenda Farrell and Barton MacLane. . . . ¶ Aug. 19 at 6: "Spring Madness" (1938), directed by S. Sylvan Simon, with Maureen O'Sullivan, Lew Ayres, Burgess Meredith, and Ruth Hussey. . . . ¶ Aug. 19 at 8:30: "Hold That Co-Ed" (1938), directed by George Marshall, with John Barrymore, George Murphy, Joan Davis, and Jack Haley. (A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the museum after 11 on the day of the showing. Tickets for the showings at 8:30 will not be accepted before 8.)

IN BRIEF

SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS.
THE DATE OF REVIEW IN THESE PAGES IS GIVEN FOR FILMS LESS THAN TWO YEARS OLD.

Alexander Nevsky (1938)—Eisenstein's ponderously surging epic has a famous score by Prokofieff and a stunning battle on ice. The plot has something to do with the thirteenth-century invasion of Russia by the German knights; needless to say, the Russians drive the invaders out. The propaganda isn't Communist but nationalist: the medieval story was used to warn Hitler to stay out. With Nikolai Cherkassov as Prince Nevsky. In Russian. (Quad Cinema; Aug. 13-14.)

All the President's Men—Alan J. Pakula's film of the famous book by Carl Bernstein and Bob Woodward about the uncovering of the Watergate coverup. Woodward is played by Robert Redford, one of our best actors; Bernstein is played by Dustin Hoffman with edgy intelligence. The film is good on newspapers' nervous verve, though it has its share of clichés about the working press. (Reviewed in our issue of 4/12/76.) (Gramercy, First Avenue Cinema, and Cinema Studio; through Aug. 17. . . . ¶ St. Marks Cinema, 72nd Street East, Playboy, and Olympia; starting Aug. 18.)

Alpha Beta—Rachel Roberts and Albert Finney in a fine film by Anthony Page, taken from E. A. Whitehead's play about an English suburban marriage. Finney, as Mr. Elliot, is unable to stop himself from uttering scabrous barbs; Miss Roberts, as Mrs. Elliot, is unable to abandon the moroseness that she knows will irritate him. Over the years, this couple, who yearn to be well matched, are turning each other into a philanderer and a scold. Small rows, puny victories. The director makes us see their ambitions for a better life, their vast hopes, their unwitting villainies and small vanities. A first-rate film, thrillingly acted, beautifully written: the knife is on the bone every time. (8/9/76) (Quad Cinema. . . . ¶ Thalia; through Aug. 17.)

Applause (1929)—Helen Morgan, Joan Peers, Henry Wadsworth, and Dorothy Cumming in a revolutionary talkie about burlesque by Rouben Mamoulian. The talk is trite but the techniques aren't. Made in Paramount's New York studios. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Aug. 14.)

At Long Last Love (1975)—Peter Bogdanovich's stillborn musical comedy—a relentlessly vapid pastiche of thirties Art Deco romantic-mixup movies. With Burt Reynolds as a bored millionaire playboy, Cybill Shepherd as a spoiled heiress, Eileen Brennan as a comic Irish maid, John Hillerman as an unflappable valet, Duilio Del Prete as a debonair gambler, and sixteen Cole Porter songs. Performed as they are here, they sound smug, though Madeline Kahn, as a Broadway songstress nudging her thighs together while she sings "Find Me a Primitive Man," is fairly funny. (3/24/75) (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Aug. 15.)

Bedknobs and Broomsticks (1971)—Angela Lansbury as an apprentice witch, in a mixture of wizardry and ineptitude from the Disney studios; the picture is as uncertain of itself as the title indicates. Moderately enjoyable, though there are moments of patriotic sentimentality circa "Mrs. Miniver." (Kips Bay, R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 2, Festival, and Loews 83rd Triplex; starting Aug. 13.)

The Big Bus—A comedy, with Stockard Channing and Joe Bologna, directed by James Frawley. (72nd Street East; through Aug. 17.)

The Bingo Long Traveling All-Stars & Motor Kings—With Billy Dee Williams, James Earl Jones, and Richard Pryor; directed by John Badham. (R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 1.)

The Black Bird—George Segal is engagingly peppy as Sam Spade, Jr., in this attempted takeoff on "The Maltese Falcon," and there are scattered good jokes, but it's a dumb comedy, with an insecure tone. David Giler wrote and directed; with Stéphane Audran. (1/19/76) (Columbia II; through Aug. 17.)

The Blood of a Poet (1930)—Jean Cocteau's enigmatic account of a poet's dreams and ecstasies and obsession with the unknown. Composed in four illogical, timeless sequences that happen in the instant that a chimney topples. Almost twenty years later, in his "Orpheus," Cocteau orchestrated the themes set down in this first film. It may seem somewhat static and autoerotic while one sees it, but it is peculiarly suggestive, and it has been enormously influential. In French. (Quad Cinema; Aug. 15-17.)

The Boy Friend (1971)—Ken Russell turned the Sandy Wilson show into an anti-musical and destroyed most of the pleasure the audience might have had. The glittering, joyless numbers keep coming at you; you never get any relief from Russell's supposed virtuosity. Twiggy sings adequately (though not well enough for the load of singing she's asked to carry), and she dances rather better, but Russell doesn't develop her possibilities, and she remains an appealing blank. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Aug. 15.)

The Bride of Frankenstein (1935)—James Whale, Universal's prewar master of horror pictures, made this Frankenstein sequel when the studio realized that killing off the Monster had been an act of commercial lunacy. Risking forgetfulness on the public's part, they blandly restored the destroyed money-spinner to life. The sequel is actually better than the original. Elsa Lanchester's hair is dressed in the manner of a rather distraught daughter of Pharaoh, and Ernest Thesiger is a wonderfully eccentric scientist. Universal objected at the time that Boris Karloff was becoming too human, with his crusty jokes and his addiction to smoking. That may be part of our time's pleasure in the piece. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Aug. 19.)

The Cabinet of Dr. Caligari (1919)—The sets are used expressionistically to convey the angular, warped world that a madman sees. This famous (silent) nightmare film stars Werner Krauss as the mountebank doctor, and tall, thin, young Conrad Veidt as the somnambulist in his cabinet. Directed by Robert Wiene. (Quad Cinema; Aug. 15-17. . . . ¶ New Yorker; Aug. 18-19.)

Cheyenne Autumn (1964)—A great big (159 minutes) John Ford epic that failed. The intended subject was the tragic destruction—from without and from within—of the Cheyenne Nation, but what one sees is tacky, broad, and obvious. The cast includes Richard Widmark, James Stewart (as Wyatt Earp), Edward G. Robinson (as the Secretary of the Interior), Carroll Baker (as a Quaker schoolteacher!), Sal Mineo, Dolores Del Rio, Ricardo Montalban, Gilbert Roland, Karl Malden, Arthur Kennedy, Victor Jory, John Carradine, and many other well-known performers—none of them at their best. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Aug. 18.)

Un Chien Andalou (1928)—Even without the famous shock image of the sliced eye, Luis Buñuel's and Salvador Dali's short silent film has the hallucinatory and incendiary effect they sought. Some of the images have great poetic force, and at times they have an erotic humor that one has difficulty explaining, even to oneself. With Pierre Batcheff as the cyclist, Dali as the priest, and Buñuel as the man with the razor. (Quad Cinema; Aug. 15-17.)

Chloé in the Afternoon (1972)—Will the squeamish, married hero (Bernard Verley) break down and go to bed with bohemian Chloé (Zouzou), or won't he? The author-director, Eric Rohmer, a specialist in the eroticism of nonsexual affairs, is a lapidary craftsman who works on a very small scale. This movie is, in its way, just about perfect, but it's minor, and so polished that it practically evaporates a half hour after it's over. In French. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Aug. 16.)

The Clockmaker—Bertrand Tavernier's remarkable first film, from a Simenon novel. Philippe Noiret plays—beyond praise—a clockmaker in Lyons. He speaks of the matters of life as meticulously as if he were inspecting them through his watchmaker's glass. It is therefore all the more terrible for him that his young grownup son has committed chaos by murdering a right-wing informant. His son is not even political-minded; he simply feels suffocated by the existing rules. A splendid, sober film, full of the sort of silent pondering that characterizes the clockmaker. Among quietly powerful and growingly important directors, Tavernier is one of the best we have. In French. (8/9/76) (Fine Arts, and Quad Cinema. . . . ¶ Thalia; starting Aug. 18, tentative.)

Cousin, Cousine—A very good film, by Jean-Charles Tacchella, about muddled and ironically sensual family gatherings, full of Rabelaisian cheer. Finely acted by people whom the director has helped to embody a mixture of the droll and the fragile. In French. (8/2/76) (Paris.)

Dead of Night (1946)—Civilized five-part movie about the supernatural, with several classic episodes. The most celebrated: Michael Redgrave as a schizophrenic ventriloquist tormented by his dummy (directed by Cavalcanti); Googie Withers and Ralph Michael in the story of a mirror that reflects a crime of an earlier century (directed by Robert Hamer). Redgrave's overpowering performance—a small work of art—lifts the movie above the elegant, sophisticated entertainment it aspired to be. (New Yorker; Aug. 18-19.)

The Devil Within Her—One of the current films that yield to a belief in Satanism, perhaps as an inheritance of the anti-rationalism of the nineteen-sixties. Joan Collins plays a woman who gives birth to a colossal baby, whose size worries even her benign obstetrician (Donald Pleasence). She has been cursed in advance by a dwarf. It is not only dwarfs who have the right to complain about the silly bigotry of this film. (7/19/76) (86th St. East; through Aug. 12.)

Drum—With Warren Oates, Isela Vega, and Ken Norton; directed by Steve Carver. (Loews Orpheum.)

Elvira Madigan (1967)—Thommy Berggren gives a skillful, sensitive performance as the handsome young cavalry officer who falls fatally in love with a circus girl (Pia Degermark, so exquisitely fresh that she doesn't need to act) in Bo Widerberg's lushly beautiful movie about romantic insanity. The lovers, who live only for each other, cut themselves off from society, and prefer to die rather than risk growing apart. In Swedish. (Sutton; Aug. 18.)

Face to Face—Ingmar Bergman's relentless chronicle of the edging toward breakdown of a woman psychiatrist (Liv Ullmann). The film is a marvellously vivid and thoughtful—and, surprisingly, witty—record of an unhappy mind's oscillation between ease and agitation. In Swedish. (4/5/76) (Beekman, and Waverly.)

Farewell, My Lovely (1975)—And goodbye to this gorged latest remake of Raymond Chandler, too. With Robert Mitchum and Charlotte Rampling, directed by Dick Richards. (9/1/75) (St. Marks Cinema; through Aug. 17.)

The Fountainhead (1949)—So outrageously, preposterously, extravagantly awful that it's a classic among bad movies. With Gary Cooper, Patricia Neal, and Raymond Massey. (Regency; Aug. 15-17.)

Four Frightened People (1933)—Cecil B. De Mille's last throw of the dice before he plunged back into his career with the Deity. The scared four, lost on a Malay jungle island, are a shy chemist (Herbert Marshall); a schoolteacher in specs (Claudette Colbert), who naturally turns out to be a beauty when she takes them off; a battle-axe version of Marie Stopes (Mary Boland), who tells cannibal husbands that they are selfish, erotic beasts for having so many children; and a bombastic newspaper correspondent (William Gargan), who keeps telling baffled savages that he'll write a story about them if they don't stop this instant. Patronizing, and funny only to patronizing patrons of camp. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Aug. 17.)

Frankenstein (1931)—Probably the most famous of all horror films, and one of the best. It was not the first version of the Mary Shelley novel (there had been a "Frankenstein" as early as 1910), but this version, directed by James Whale, with Boris Karloff as the sad, lumbering Monster and Colin Clive as the high-strung, tormented Baron Frankenstein, caught the imagination of a large public—and has held it for four decades. With Mae Clarke, John Boles, Edward Van Sloan, and Dwight Frye, as the Monster's first victim. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Aug. 19.)

Futureworld—With Peter Fonda, Blythe Danner, and Arthur Hill; directed by Richard T. Heffron. (86th St. East; starting Aug. 13.)

Gator—Directed by and with Burt Reynolds. (Symphony; starting Aug. 18.)

Grand Illusion (1937)—The subtle barriers of class among a group of prisoners and their captors during the First World War. With Erich von Stroheim, Jean Gabin, Pierre Fresnay, and Marcel Dalio. Jean Renoir directed this great elegy for the death of the old European aristocracy, and it is one of the true masterpieces of the screen. In French. (Quad Cinema; through Aug. 12. . . . ¶ Bleecker St. Cinema; Aug. 13.)

Gus—From the Disney studios, with Edward Asner, Don Knotts, and Gary Grimes, directed by Vincent McEveety. (Kips Bay, R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 2, Festival, and Loews 83rd Triplex; through Aug. 12.)

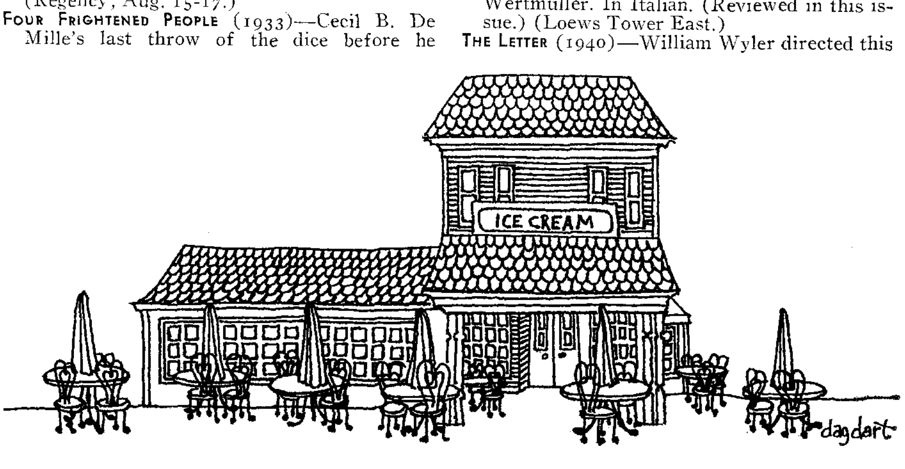
The Harder They Fall (1956)—Directed by Mark Robson. Humphrey Bogart is an unemployed sportswriter who belies his nature by joining a racketeer (played by Rod Steiger) in promoting a witless seven-foot Argentinian who can't fight at all. It's hard to tell whether the character Bogey plays is more disgusted by the puppet's ineptitude at boxing, or by the Rod Steiger character's morals, or by his own participation in it all: no one on screen ever expressed such a scorching lack of affection for himself as Bogey did. The movie is to be seen, though the script (by Philip Yordan, from a Budd Schulberg novel) is pretty on-the-nose stuff, and the direction is foursquare. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Aug. 19.)

Harry and Walter Go to New York—A turn-of-the-century comedy, with James Caan, Michael Caine, Elliott Gould, and Diane Keaton. Directed by Mark Rydell. (Columbia II, Trans-Lux 85th St., and Loews 83rd Triplex; starting Aug. 18.)

I Love You, Alice B. Toklas! (1968)—A giddy, slapdash, entertainingly inconsequential comedy, written by Paul Mazursky and Larry Tucker, and starring Peter Sellers as a Los Angeles Jewish lawyer who turns hippie. With Joyce Van Patten as his anxious fiancée. Directed by Hy Averback. (Elgin; Aug. 19.)

Let's Talk About Men (1965)—A quartet of stories, with Nino Manfredi. Directed by Lina Wertmüller. In Italian. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Loews Tower East.)

The Letter (1940)—William Wyler directed this



Somerset Maugham melodrama, which was originally a Broadway vehicle for Katharine Cornell and here becomes a pretty great playground for Bette Davis. She plays the freezingly proper-looking wife of a rubber-plantation owner. Though she has a lover, and though she murders him, nothing can impeach that formidable, furious air of rectitude. Quite a study in pharisaical women. (Regency; starting Aug. 18.)

LIFEGUARD—With Sam Elliott, Anne Archer, and Stephen Young; directed by Daniel Petrie. (12th St. Cinema, and Trans-Lux 85th St.; through Aug. 17.)

LITTLE BIG MAN (1970)—The exhilarating Thomas Berger novel, brought to the screen by Arthur Penn. A hip epic, with an amiable first hour. Then the massacres and messages take over. With Dustin Hoffman as the only white survivor of Custer's Last Stand. (Sutton; Aug. 19.)

LOGAN'S RUN—A sci-fi fable, directed by Michael Anderson, which says that three centuries from now we shall be dwelling under opaque, hermetically sealed domes set down in the midst of devastation. Peter Ustinov plays the only visible outside citizen, an old man living in the Capitol, surrounded by the refuse of the past. (7/5/76) (Trans-Lux East, and Greenwich. . . . ¶ Symphony; through Aug. 17.)

LOT IN SODOM (1933)—This avant-garde effort (by Dr. John S. Watson and Melville Webber) certainly didn't point movies in any direction that sensible people wanted to follow, but it keeps coming back, so perhaps it has attained some sort of classic status. It's a symbolic interpretation of the Biblical story, with bodies writhing and swaying in poetic debauchery. (Quad Cinema; Aug. 15-17.)

LOVE AND DEATH (1975)—Woody Allen's imperially funny picture is set in the land of "War and Peace" and "Crime and Punishment." Mr. Allen, who both wrote and directed this beautiful picture (photographed by Ghislain Cloquet), plays a nineteenth-century aristocrat of radical leanings. The love of his life is his remote cousin Sonja (Diane Keaton), who shares his habit of falling into talk of the epistemological when what they would both rather fall into is bed. (6/16/75) (Embassy 72nd St.; through Aug. 17. . . . ¶ Elgin; Aug. 13. . . . ¶ Sutton; Aug. 14.)

THE MAN WHO FELL TO EARTH—Nicolas Roeg directs a rather chilly, beautifully composed sci-fi picture about a cat-eyed man (David Bowie) who comes to earth from another planet in search of water for his drought-ridden world. Rip Torn is good as a burned-out professor of chemistry. (6/7/76) (Murray Hill, and Plaza.)

THE MAN WHO SHOT LIBERTY VALANCE (1962)—The reputation of this John Ford Western is undeservedly high: it's a heavy-spirited piece of nostalgia. John Wayne is in his flamboyant element, but James Stewart is too old for the title role as an idealistic young Eastern lawyer who is robbed on the way West, goes to work in the town of Shinbone as a dishwasher, and learns about Western life. Opposite him, Vera Miles is as proficient and colorless as always. There's not much of the outdoors; the action takes place mainly in Shinbone, and even a stagecoach robbery was filmed on a sound stage. With Lee Marvin as the villainous Liberty Valance, Edmond O'Brien as the newspaper editor, and Andy Devine, John Carradine, Woody Strode, and Strother Martin. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Aug. 18.)

MARKED WOMAN (1937)—Bette Davis as a nightclub hostess in a story about protection, made by Lloyd Bacon. Davis has a fine scene of pegged-down fury on behalf of a fellow-hostess; she is always a sort of conduit to the most savage and primal emotions of women, and in this baddish film she has some big Hollywood/Ancient Greek emotions. Humphrey Bogart plays the man of probity, as an assistant district attorney. (Regency; Aug. 15-17.)

MURDER BY DEATH—A thriller thronged with the world's most famous detectives, written by Neil Simon, directed by Robert Moore. A funny night of a hundred stars, with Truman Capote as the host, a carefully spoken blind butler played by Alec Guinness, and Maggie Smith, never more limp-wristed or full of sophisticated common sense. Estelle Winwood plays the nurse of a Miss Marbles, but the nurse is the one in the wheelchair. (6/28/76) (Baronet. . . . ¶ Little Carnegie; through Aug. 14. . . . ¶ Art; through Aug. 17. . . . ¶ Gramercy, Eastside Cinema, First Avenue Cinema, and Cinema Studio; starting Aug. 18.)

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MURDER ON THE ORIENT EXPRESS (1974)—This all-star version of an Agatha Christie antiquity is utterly inoffensive, and maybe it hardly matters that it isn't very good. Vanessa Redgrave, Rachel Roberts, and Ingrid Bergman are standouts in a cast that includes John Gielgud, Lauren Bacall, Wendy Hiller, Sean Connery, and Albert Finney as Hercule Poirot. Sidney Lumet directed. (12/9/74) (12th St. Cinema, and Trans-Lux 85th St.; through Aug. 17.)

MY FRIENDS—An Italian film about friendship, which is one of the things that Italians are as good at as they are bad at—thank the Lord—military prowess. The film is a salute to male camaraderie, bravery in mufti, benevolence to friends' failings. Philippe Noiret plays one of the quartet of friends—a poached-egg-eyed crime reporter. The film was conceived by Pietro Germi, fully planned by him, and directed by him for a week before his death, in December, 1974. It was completed with great affection by Mario Monicelli. In Italian. (7/26/76) (68th St. Playhouse.)

MY GAL SAL (1942)—A composer named Paul Dresser (he had a distinguished brother, Theodore, who spelled the family name "Dreiser") wrote some songs, including "On the Banks of the Wabash" and the title one. In this big, drawn-out, lachrymose musical bio, set in the nineties, he is impersonated by Victor Mature, and his beloved is Rita Hayworth. Dresser's songs are supplemented by some nondescript numbers by Leo Robin and Ralph Rainger. The cast includes Phil Silvers, James Gleason, and Carole Landis. Irving Cummings directed. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Aug. 15-16.)

MY NIGHT AT MAUD'S (1970)—A fine film by Eric Rohmer, terrifically intelligent, quizzically sexy, with three droll grownups talking about—for once, in films—things that grownups do actually talk about. Rohmer has a better understanding than anyone else around of the way people listen. With Jean-Louis Trintignant. In French. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Aug. 16.)

OBSESSION—An *hommage* to Hitchcock, made by Brian De Palma, enfeebled by echolalia. The inspiring original is Hitchcock's "Vertigo," in which James Stewart is an ex-dick confused over whether Kim Novak is a suicide (as he thought) or is beguilingly alive in a new identity. The ambiguity is a fake, and we know it. This is the difference between Hitchcock and De Palma. De Palma declines to give us the information that Hitchcock respects as necessary to audiences. "Obsession," which believes in mystery rather than in Hitchcock's surprises, is about a rich New Orleans businessman called Courtland (Cliff Robertson), who suffers the kidnapping of his wife (Geneviève Bujold) and his nine-year-old daughter (Wanda Blackman). Years later, gray-haired, he falls in love, in Italy, with a girl restoring a Daddi in the Italian church where he first fell in love with his wife. The girl is played, of course, by Geneviève Bujold. Is she restoring a Daddi? Pun? Because she is his daughter? Or is she his mysteriously renascent wife? Or is she a hallucination? The question leaves us cold, because it lacks Hitchcock's scrupulous matter-of-factness. The most interesting part of this picture is the relationship between Courtland, as a jumped-up Southerner, and his old South partner, Robert La Salle, played by John Lithgow. (8/2/76) (Coronet.)

ODE TO BILLY JOE—With Robby Benson and Glynnis O'Connor, directed by Max Baer. (Columbia I, U. A. East, and Loews 83rd Triplex; starting Aug. 18.)

THE OMEN—Directed by Richard Donner, starring a very sonorous and vapid Gregory Peck, who is married to Lee Remick (in a good performance). The plot involves the replacing of her stillborn baby with an orphan who turns out to be the child of Satan. The cult of Satanism may be the "Jaws" of next year. (7/5/76) (8th St. Playhouse.)

ONE FLEW OVER THE CUCKOO'S NEST—Smashingly effective version of Ken Kesey's novel about a rebel outcast (Jack Nicholson) who is locked in a hospital for the insane. Louise Fletcher is Nurse Ratched, and Will Sampson is Chief Broom. Miloš Forman's intelligent, tentative direction lacks the excitement of movie art, but the story and the acting make the film emotionally powerful. (12/1/75) (Playboy; through Aug. 17.)

THE OUTLAW JOSEY WALES—Directed by, and with, Clint Eastwood. (Columbia I, U. A. East, and Loews 83rd Triplex; through Aug. 17.)

PLAY IT AGAIN, SAM (1972)—Woody Allen incarnating the spirit of Neurotic Love in a funny picture made from his own Broadway hit. Allen plays a Bogart nut, and most of the film is about hapless girl-chasing. Herbert Ross directs in a style of suitably loose-limbed laconicism. (Elgin; Aug. 14.)

POTEMKIN (1925)—In 1950, an international panel of critics voted this Eisenstein film "the greatest film of the past fifty years." The subject is the 1905 mutiny of the sailors of the battleship Potemkin and the massacre of the people who sympathized with them. Eisenstein made the subject exciting by rhythmic editing—"montage." Silent, with added musical sound track. (Quad Cinema; Aug. 13-14.)

REMEMBER THE DAY (1941)—Claudette Colbert, wearing glasses and walking with a stoop, is the elderly schoolteacher who attends a banquet honoring a former pupil, now a candidate for the Presidency (John Shepperd, otherwise known as Shepperd Strudwick). Then we swing back to the days when the candidate was a child in her schoolroom and she was a young beauty, in love with the gym director (John Payne), who went off to war and was killed. No doubt Tess Slesinger and her husband, Frank Davis, who worked on the script along with Allan Scott, hoped for a sensitive treatment of a working woman's life, but the film came out swathed in reverential sentiment. It's fairly awful—your basic fantasy about an unmarried schoolteacher's romantic youth. Henry King directed; with Anne Revere, Frieda Inescort, Chick Chandler, George Chandler, and the child actress Ann Todd. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Aug. 17.)

THE RETURN OF A MAN CALLED HORSE—With Richard Harris, directed by Irvin Kershner. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Ziegfeld.)

THE RETURN OF THE TALL BLOND MAN WITH ONE BLACK SHOE—With Pierre Richard, directed by Yves Robert. In French. (D. W. Griffith.)

THE RITZ—Based on the Terrence McNally comedy, with Jack Weston, Rita Moreno, Jerry Stiller, and F. Murray Abraham. Directed by Richard Lester. (Cinema I; starting Aug. 12.)

ROBIN AND MARIAN—Sean Connery and Audrey Hepburn are wittily matched, and their dark-brown eyes are full of life, but the picture's revisionist approach to legends results in a series of trivializing attitudes and whimsical poses. The line between tragic horror and joking make-believe has got smudged; the film is so sententious that it's difficult to gauge when to laugh and when to be appalled. Richard Lester directed from James Goldman's script; with Robert Shaw, Nicol Williamson, and Richard Harris. (3/22/76) (Columbia II; through Aug. 17.)

RULES OF THE GAME (1939)—Jean Renoir's legendary butchered and then restored masterpiece: a farce about a large houseparty, gathered for a hunt, where the servants and the masters begin to chase and shoot each other. Perhaps the most influential of all French films, and one of the most richly entertaining. In French. (Quad Cinema; through Aug. 12. . . . ¶ Bleecker St. Cinema; Aug. 13.)

THE RULING CLASS (1972)—Peter Medak directs Peter Barnes' play about the English class system, with a very funnily played Mr. Magoo-shaped butler (Arthur Lowe), who is a member of the Communist Party but slavishly accepts the cruel oddities of a noble family living in a hideous eighteen-thirties castle. Peter O'Toole gives an interesting, romantic performance as a paranoid schizophrenic who thinks he's Christ and inherits the earldom in the teeth of most of the family. The film lays it on a bit thick all the way through, and deals in archetypes, but it makes a couple of ideological points. (Olympia; through Aug. 17.)

The Sailor Who Fell from Grace with the Sea—From the late Yukio Mishima's book. Sarah Miles plays a beautiful young widow cursed with an angelic-faced son who is a member of a club of sadistic schoolboys. The boys not only cut up a cat alive but calmly murder the sailor—Kris Kristofferson—whom the boy's mother means to marry, because they feel that his decision to become a landlubber husband has broken his sacred compact with the sea. This very Japanese and violent idea of a religious pact has been transferred to, of all places, Dartmouth, in Devon, with its tea shops and benign, mannerly colonels. (*4/26/76*) (St. Marks Cinema, and Olympia; through Aug. 17.)

The Sea Hawk (1940)—Errol Flynn, playing a hero based on Sir Francis Drake, in a rousing swashbuckler directed by Michael Curtiz. The Spaniards talk peculiar slang, considering that the year is 1585, but Flora Robson's Queen Elizabeth is a vigorous shrewdie. The cast includes Brenda Marshall, Claude Rains, Gilbert Roland, Henry Daniell, Alan Hale, Una O'Connor, and Donald Crisp. (Regency; starting Aug. 18.)

Seven Beauties—Lina Wertmüller's Everyman jamboree, full of garbled ideas, cruelty, moist wistfulness, pious moralizing, and appeals to coarse prejudices. With Giancarlo Giannini. In Italian. (*2/16/76*) (Quad Cinema.)

Silent Movie—Mel Brooks's intermittently very funny film, in which Mel Brooks (as Mel Funn), Dom DeLuise (as Dom Bell), and Marty Feldman (as Marty Eggs) try to beat a readily identifiable conglomerate called Engulf & Devour by making a silent movie—this is 1976. Much joy for children, but the humor is a bit burly, and one misses Madeline Kahn. (*7/12/76*) (34th St. East, Cinema II, and Paramount.)

Son of Blob (1972)—With Robert Walker, directed by Larry Hagman. (Loews 83rd Triplex; through Aug. 17.)

Squirm—With Don Scardino and Patricia Pearcy, directed by Jeff Lieberman. (86th St. East; through Aug. 12.)

State Fair (1945)—The Rodgers & Hammerstein musical version, filmed in 1945. Cheerful is probably the word for it—if you're in the mood for cheerful. The story (from Phil Stong's novel) has lost the folk humor it had in the 1933 version featuring Will Rogers, and the Americana has been poured on. Everything is too clean and bright and smily; it all reeks of manufacture, especially Charles Winninger. The principal actors trying to fake their way through are Fay Bainter, Jeanne Crain, Dana Andrews, Dick Haymes, and Vivian Blaine. Walter Lang directed. The score includes "It Might As Well Be Spring" and "It's a Grand Night for Singing." It would have been a better musical if the lyricist hadn't been fond of words like "grand." (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Aug. 15-16.)

Stolen Kisses (1968)—François Truffaut's first romantic comedy, and reasonably pleasant. With Jean-Pierre Léaud, Delphine Seyrig, and Claude Jade, and Michel Lonsdale as a man who hires detectives to find out why nobody likes him. In French. (Sutton; Aug. 17.)

The Stranger (1967)—The movie version follows the Camus novel without being able to encompass it, but it is an intelligent try, beautifully acted and well worth seeing. Marcello Mastroianni and Anna Karina play the leads, and Luchino Visconti directed. In French. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Aug. 16.)

Street Scene (1931)—Samuel Goldwyn, who had a high regard for dramatists, produced this remarkably faithful version of Elmer Rice's famous play, with eight members of the original Broadway cast, including the lovely and gifted young Sylvia Sidney, and Beulah Bondi as the venomous old harpy. David Landau plays the man who murders his wife (Estelle Taylor). The intelligent direction is by King Vidor. (Quad Cinema; Aug. 18-19.)

Survive!—A Mexican film (in English) based on the survival of the Uruguayan soccer team that crashed in the Andes in 1972. (Loews Ciné; through Aug. 17.)

Swashbuckler—With Robert Shaw, James Earl Jones, Peter Boyle, Geneviève Bujold, Beau Bridges, and Geoffrey Holder; directed by James Goldstone. (Music Hall.)

Swept Away—Lina Wertmüller's Marxist story of a wealthy, industry-upheld bitch on a yacht who finds herself marooned in a state of heavily erotic political masochism. Her partner is the very sailor whom she has been abusing for marine inefficiency and the wearing of stinking T-shirts. In Italian. (*9/22/75*) (Quad Cinema.)

Swing High, Swing Low (1937)—A screwball comedy that tries to be effervescent and is merely overactive. Carole Lombard, Fred MacMurray, Jean Dixon, and Charles Butterworth look giddy and buzz around in bars in Panama and night clubs in New York. Mitchell Leisen directed. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; starting Aug. 18.)

The Sword in the Stone (1963)—A Walt Disney full-length cartoon. (Kips Bay, R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 2, Festival, and Loews 83rd Triplex; through Aug. 12.)

That's Entertainment, Part 2—Gene Kelly and Fred Astaire narrate a sequence of clips from the M-G-M vaults, which are presumably up to providing us with "That's Entertainment, Part 2002." There are some splendid things here, full of genuine fun and conviviality, though the narration is of the A = A sort. Highly recommended for children, and adults are likely to be entranced by the comedic beauty of some of the clips. (*5/24/76*) (Guild. . . . ¶ Embassy 72nd St.; through Aug. 17.)

They Knew What They Wanted (1940)—The Sidney Howard play was highly regarded in 1924, and Hollywood was drawn to this adulterous drama of the waitress who agrees to marry Tony Patucci, an Italian grape grower in the Napa Valley, and then, in spite of herself, is seduced by the bridegroom's hired man. It was filmed in 1928 with Pola Negri and in 1930 with Vilma Banky. In this version, Carole Lombard sucks in her gorgeous cheeks and tries to look as if she's desperate to escape a life of poverty and drudgery, while Charles Laughton, as the good-hearted Tony, waves his arms ebulliently and laughs with so much Latin gusto that even Anthony Quinn might be stunned. Lombard and Laughton work at their roles seriously, but who wants to see her in dowdy clothes thinking earthy thoughts, and who wants to see him being saintly? Garson Kanin—inexplicably—directed; with William Gargan as the hired hand, Frank Fay, and Harry Carey. Everybody involved seems to be working against the grain. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; starting Aug. 18.)

Thunderbolt and Lightfoot (1974)—Clint Eastwood, Jeff Bridges, George Kennedy, and Geoffrey Lewis as a quartet of thieves. Written and directed by Michael Cimino. (Playboy; through Aug. 17.)

Tunnelvision—With Chevy Chase and Phil Proctor, directed by Brad Swirnoff and Neil Israel. (Cinema Village, Eastside Cinema, and Loews 83rd Triplex; through Aug. 17.)

I Vitelloni (1953)—Fellini made this warm observation of overgrown Italian loafers. The warmth doesn't prevent his view from being accurately acid about these adolescents pushing thirty who sponge off their parents and (all but one) lack the stomach to quit their aimless provincial lives. Fellini, as usual, wonderfully touches melancholy with farce. In Italian. (Elgin; Aug. 16.)

Winter Light (1963)—Ingmar Bergman directs with simplicity and assurance a bleak tale of a minister (Gunnar Björnstrand) who feels abandoned by God and who, in turn, abandons his fellow-men. With Ingrid Thulin. In Swedish. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Aug. 18.)

Winterset (1936)—Maxwell Anderson's most famous verse drama—a blend of "Romeo and Juliet" and the Sacco-Vanzetti case—was widely held to be the supremely eloquent last word on the unconquerable soul of man. Burgess Meredith, who mastered the cadences for Broadway, made his first screen appearance as Mio, giving fine voice and excellent interpretation to the soaring banalities that one might—in a romantic mood—mistake for poetry. Even with Anderson's poetics slightly trimmed by the adapter, Anthony Veiller, the play is still in a grand manner that just won't do on the screen. But there are fine moments in the performances, and there's something childishly touching in the florid dramatic effects. With Edward Ellis as Judge Gaunt, Margo as Miriamne, Eduardo Ciannelli as Trock Estrella, Stanley Ridges as Shadow, Maurice Moscovitch as Esdras, Paul Guilfoyle as Garth Esdras. It's a clue to Anderson's popularity at the time that the actors are forever identified with the characters they played here. Directed by Alfred Santell. (Quad Cinema; Aug. 18-19.)

Yellow Submarine (1968)—Pop heroes (cartoon versions of the Beatles) in a carefree, inventive Pop Art animated feature. (Elgin; Aug. 15.)

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THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

NOW and then, the troubles of our inflationary times can be reduced to comprehensible dimensions. The price of a cardboard container of coffee at the stand in the lobby of our building has gone up from a quarter to thirty cents. The reason, the man in charge explains, is that he is using a larger container. But the new container leaks, losing, we estimate, about one-sixth of its contents before they can be consumed.

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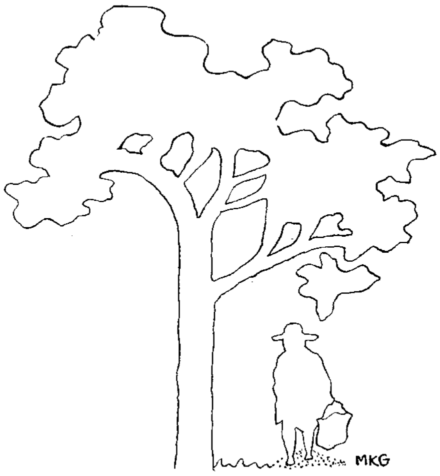
The Morning After

LETTER from a friend in Montreal scrawled on the back of a decathlon score sheet:

The morning after the Olympic closing ceremonies, a Russian I met here urged me to go out to the Soviet pavilion at Man and His World (née Expo 67) and bone up on the next big bash—the XXII Olympiad, Moscow, 1980. "In the USSR Sports Belong to the People," proclaimed a sign outside the building. People belong to sports there, too, I gathered from various statistics-spewing exhibits inside: there are more than fifty million persons in two hundred thousand physical-culture and sports collectives; two hundred and fifty thousand coaches have diplomas or advanced degrees, and there are twenty-three higher institutes of physical culture to educate still more; the Central Lenin Stadium, in Moscow, covers three hundred and seventy-one acres and has a hundred and forty sports facilities; etc. Indeed, Moscow alone already boasts (the word seems appropriate) seventy stadiums, a thousand three hundred gymnasium halls, twenty-six swimming pools, a hundred and ten soccer fields, etc. And a new Olympic velodrome is at present under construction. It looks as though the Russians had the 1980 situation well in hand.

Much of the pavilion's interior wall space was devoted to submissions in a competition that was held to choose the design of the official emblem for the 1980 Games. The winner, selected from twenty-six thousand entries, which were sent in by eighty-five hundred painters and designers, from places as far off as Great Britain and Mali (none, evidently, from the U.S.A.), consists of the traditional five interlocked Olympic rings surmounted by a rising tower of five parallel red lines—symbolizing racing lanes, an attendant told me—which, in turn, is surmounted by a red star. There were blown-up photographs on all sides: of the gymnast Olga Korbut ("Hair Braids That Shook the World," said a caption), of World Chess (non-Olympic sport) Champion Anatoly Karpov, of "Cuba's No. 1 Ice-Hockey Player"—Fidel himself, on a rink, holding a hockey stick. Three odd aspects to this picture: Premier Castro is all dressed up in a fancy military uniform, he doesn't have a cigar, and he forgot to put his skates on. Posted on another wall was an announcement of a photography contest now in progress, its theme being "The Way Canadians See Soviet Sport and Culture." Enormous gap between first and second prizes: first prize is a free trip to the U.S.S.R., and second prize is a one-year subscription to the magazine *Visit To The U. S. S. R.*



On a couple of tables in the pavilion were books in which visitors were invited to scribble their comments on the displays. Sampling of contents: "Fabulous exciting introduction to 1980," "I think your pavilion is quite good, but you put in too many things about the Olympics," "I like your exhibition but right now [child's handwriting] I'm very mad," "Why did you [spoilsport's handwriting] omit the works of Solzhenitsyn in your literature?," "It is too bad that a great people never smile in their photos. Have you as a nation no humor?," and—with an arrow connecting the second of these to the first—"Why are Ukrainians winning medals for the Soviet Union?" and "Why don't you have someone monitoring this book at all times to have some of these slobs arrested?" There was also a scattering of anti-Soviet obscenities. Considering that the most used guestbook was made up of loose-leaf pages, the curators of the pavilion are probably to be commended for not having removed the uncomplimentary remarks.

In a section of the building focussing on Estonia was a scale model of the 1980 yachting facilities, now under construction at Tallinn, on the Baltic coast, five hundred and sixty miles from Moscow. (The yachts in an adjacent photographic display all had red spinnakers.) An attendant informed me that these would be the most splendid yachting facilities ever conceived of or executed by man, and that I must be sure to look in on them four years hence. "Tallinn is very old city, first mentioned in documents in year 1154 A.D.," he went on. "If you are not familiar with Estonian folk dances, be assured that they are universally admired." He turned out, not surprisingly, to be an Estonian. He handed me a packet of literature extolling other widely esteemed glories of Estonia. Also the June, 1976, issue of *Soviet Union,* furnishing the intelligence that town planners throughout the U.S.S.R. are required by law to provide a stadium, a gymnasium, a swimming pool, and a shooting range for every thirty to fifty thousand persons within their jurisdiction; and, as a bonus, throwing in an ominous quote from the young Rumanian gymnast Nadia Comaneci: "I shall train even more thoroughly to see that the 1980 Games coincide with the peak of my sporting career." Also the June, 1976, issue of *Sport in the USSR*, quoting Michael Killanin, elsewhere known as Lord Killanin, on his view of the prospects for 1980: "We are bound to encounter problems, but I am quite certain that these will not be insurmountable, if faced realistically." The Estonian urged me again to plan to come over for the next Olympiad, and in the interests of international amity I did my best to oblige.

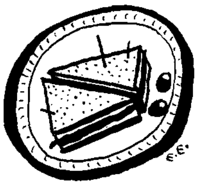
"Hope to see you in Moscow," I said.

"Don't forget Tallinn," he said.

On the way out, I learned from another sign on a wall that the motto for the 1980 Olympics will be "Sport—Ambassador of Peace." What a revolutionary idea!

Head-Footed

PROFESSOR JOHN Z. YOUNG, of University College, London, is a distinguished biologist whose interest in the brain has led to a lifelong involvement with squids and octopuses, for these extraordinary-looking creatures are perhaps the most advanced of all invertebrates, with well-developed nervous systems and especially keen eyesight. They belong to a class of mollusks called Cephalopoda, which is Latin for "head-footed." Evolution has decreed that each cephalopod go through life with a single modified "foot" tucked into the middle of its body, right next to its mouth. The rest of the body is made up mostly of arms—ten for the squid, eight for the octopus—and a large sac with hollow places that can be filled with water. By squeezing out the water in a forceful jet, squids and octopuses can propel themselves around their marine habitat fast enough to catch the fish and shellfish that serve as their prey.



Professor Young, a tall, white-haired man who will be seventy next March, first gained international recognition in the nineteen-thirties, when he discovered what came to be known as the giant axon of the squid. This is a nerve fibre not unlike the nerve fibres in the human body, except that it is at least a hundred times as thick and therefore lends itself much more readily to all sorts of laboratory tests and manipulations. Once other scientists realized the significance of Young's discovery, they rushed to take advantage of it: a great number of ingenious experiments were performed on bits and pieces of squid axons, and out of this research has come virtually everything that is known about the transmission of electrical signals along nerve fibres—a fundamental biological process that underlies all our thoughts, feelings, and actions. Young himself decided not to pursue this line of investigation, because (as he likes to put it) he was more interested in what brains can do than in what individual nerves can do. In recent years, he has spent most of his time teaching tricks to octopuses and trying to figure out why they are so smart. He gave a progress report on this work one evening not long ago, at the American Museum of Natural History, under the provocative title "What Squids and Octopuses Tell Us About Brains and Memories."

He began by saying that there had been nothing arbitrary in his choice of experimental animals. He had been looking for a creature with a nervous system simpler than a human being's and yet capable of some of the complex behavior that makes people so interesting. "I started with lampreys," he said, "but after a little while I realized they were not very interesting. Beyond a certain amount of wriggling and some reproduction, they don't do very much." Squids and octopuses turned out to be exactly what he wanted. As carnivores, they must be able to hunt for prey, recognize it, and catch it, and must also be able to learn from experience what is good to eat and what is not. Moreover, they come in a variety of sizes, ranging from less than an inch long to over sixty feet; Young usually works with specimens about a foot long.

For studies of learning and memory, Young explained, the octopus is even more interesting than the squid. Unlike the free-swimming squid, which relies exclusively on its eyes to guide it to a tasty fish or crab, the octopus often feeds off the bottom, using not only its eyes but its tentacles to identify a likely meal. Conveniently, for Young's purposes, the octopus brain has two anatomically separate memory-storage areas—one for visual memories and one for tactile memories. The big question, of course, is what goes on in these areas when the octopus learns something. To find out, Young began exposing his captive cephalopods to pairs of contrasting stimuli. For example, an octopus in a tank might be shown two plastic strips in different positions—vertical and horizontal. Or the creature might be allowed to wrap its tentacles around two glass balls—one with a smooth surface and one with a roughened surface. At each exposure, response to one stimulus in the pair was immediately followed by a painful electric shock, response to the other by a piece of food. Under these conditions, the octopus quickly learned to distinguish between the different objects, shying away from the strip or ball that heralded the shock. At this point, another scientist might have summed up the results of the experiments by saying that the creatures had "learned a new response" or had "laid down a new memory trace in the brain." But both these phrases imply that learning adds something to the individual's repertoire of behavior, and in Young's view much of learning is not addition but subtraction; he believes that every creature begins life with a brain full of genetically determined "programs for action," and that during the learning process less successful programs are "switched off" one by one. "A very young baby moves in an uncoordinated way because he moves so many of his muscles at once," Young said. "The baby has to learn what *not* to do."

According to Young, "the switching off of a single neuronal pathway constitutes a unit of memory, or mnemon." The actual switch may be a nerve cell that specializes in jamming neuronal transmission. Young thinks that it may be possible to demonstrate the existence of mnemons in octopus brains, because they are simpler than mammalian brains, and because they are so neatly compartmented. Of course, many parts of the brain must be involved in any learning process. There are neurons in the octopus brain that start signalling vigorously when the creature looks at a vertical shape (but not at a horizontal shape). These neurons are presumably connected, by several different pathways, to the nerve cells that control the creature's tentacles; and at least one of the pathways must also be connected to the nerve cells that bring news of pain from the body surface. An octopus is normally capable of reacting in two ways when a vertical strip of plastic appears in front of it—it may shy away or it may reach out a tentacle, grab the strip, and pull it toward its mouth. But after a

ON R GUGGENHEIM
MUSEUM
STEVENSON

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few painful shocks the plastic strip no longer produces a food reaction. One of the pathways has presumably been blocked. Young says that he has not yet pinpointed the site of the change but is steadily narrowing the field.

As to the question of whether the octopus brain is *too* simple to teach us anything about human learning and memory, Young argued that the octopus deals with the world in a manner that can only be described as "symbolic." "The essence of learning is the attaching of symbolic value to signs from the outside world," he said. "Images on the retina are not eatable or dangerous. What the eye of a higher animal provides is a tool by which, aided by a memory, the animal can learn the symbolic significance of events." Because a particular neural pathway has been switched off, a certain pattern of activity in the octopus brain has come to "symbolize" danger, and the creature reacts accordingly. The main difference between cephalopods and human beings, Young suggested, is that cephalopod brains have fewer possible connections to begin with, so their mnemons can never symbolize as much. If a mnemon in an octopus brain is thought of as a single word on a signpost—a simple "Stop" or "Go"—then the mnemons in a human brain must be equivalent to whole sentences, paragraphs, even books, containing elaborate "programs" for guiding our future thoughts, feelings, and actions.

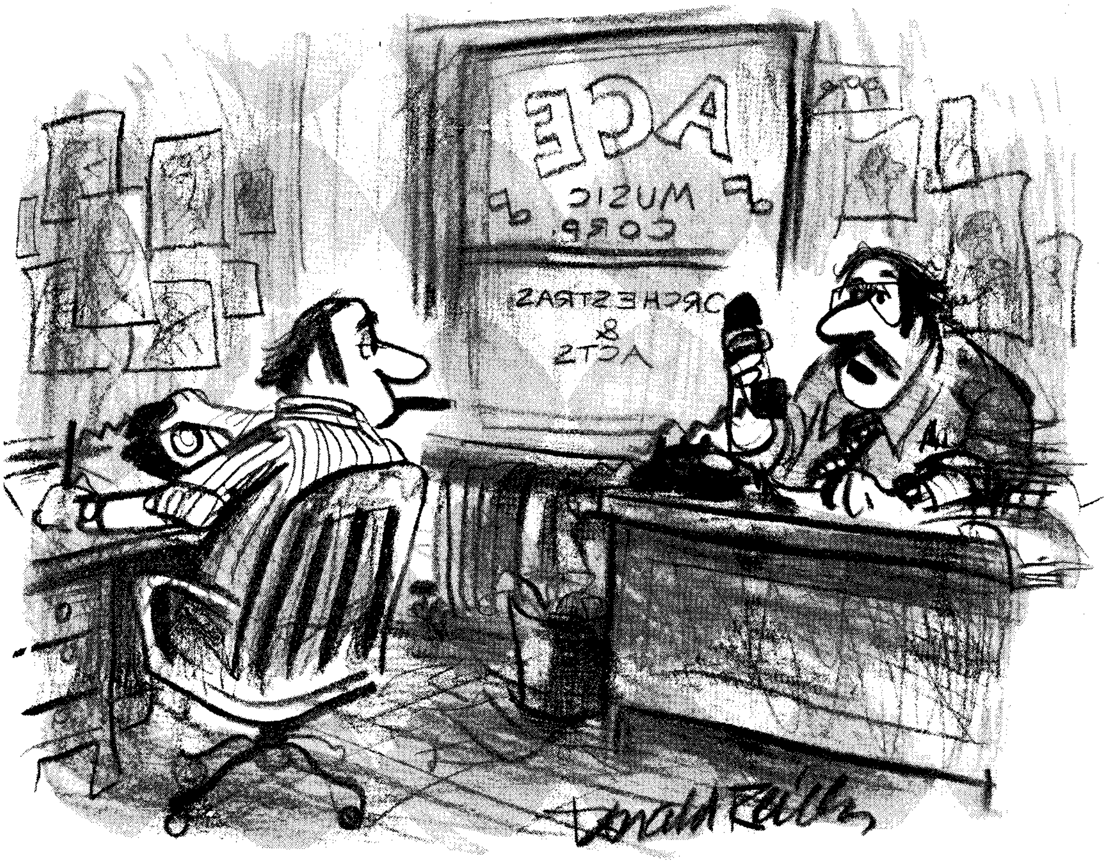
Italian Earthquake

Mario Micossi, a cheerful Italian artist we know, turned up in our office the other day looking uncommonly subdued. When we asked what had depressed his spirits, he told us that he had been caught in the earthquake that destroyed a sizable chunk of northeastern Italy on May 6th. "It was the most terrible experience of my life," he said. "In fifty-five seconds, my house and most of my village practically dissolved into dust. After the first shock, when a great cloud of dust rose over the town, I thought for one terrible moment that we had been hit by an atomic bomb." Mr. Micossi showed us photographs of flattened houses and crumbling churches, and explained that his village—Artegna, in a region known as the Friuli—was in the southern part of the main earthquake zone. "Before it happened, we had three thousand people living there," he said. "One thousand left right away, and the rest are living in *tendopoli*—tent cities—and trying to rebuild what is left of their houses. We are used to disasters in the Friuli; our valleys have been a natural invasion route since Roman times. So it is the Friulani character not to weep over what is past but to go immediately to work and make something again for the future. On the morning after the earthquake, I saw many men salvaging windows, doors, and whole beams from the rubble to use for building new houses."

"Tell us about the Friulani," we said, "and then tell us what it's like to be in an earthquake."

"*I Friulani*," said Mr. Micossi, "are about half a million people who speak a separate language and live in an area northeast of Venice. We have the Carnic and Julian Alps on the north, the Yugoslav border on the east, the Adriatic on the south, and the Dolomites and the Livenza River on the west. We speak an ancient Latin language called Furlan, which probably descended to us from the Roman legionaries who founded and fortified a whole string of Friuli towns in the first and second centuries B.C. If I tell you the days of the week in Furlan—*lunis*, *martars*, *miercus*, *ioibe*, *vinars*, *sabide*, *domenie*—you can see that the language has more in common with medieval Latin than with modern Italian. Most Friulani are peasants and artisans. We are fanatically attached to the land—there is a saying that a Friulano would rather lose his wife than his farm—and we are also known as carpenters and bricklayers. Temporary emigration is one of our main industries; whole towns of artisans work most of the year in Northern Europe. Our character is solid, practical, planted strongly in the earth—like the square, heavy campanile of our ancient Roman town of Aquileia. We are somewhat introverted and suspicious of outsiders, and we distrust *all* central authority. Even our food is un-Italian. We eat polenta—cornmeal—and rice instead of pasta. And my mother, for example, didn't really discover the tomato until after the Second World War. We are stubborn, single-minded, and independent, and we have the lowest crime rate in Italy."

Mr. Micossi lit a cigarette and went on to tell us that Artegna was situated fifteen miles north of Udine, the provincial capital. "Artegna is a very ancient town," he said, "with a hill that contains a Roman reservoir, and with the remains of a Longobard castle, and a very old church—San Martino—which was rebuilt after a previous earthquake, in 1005, and survived the latest catastrophe fairly well. There is one long main street, which twists through the town and ends in the main square, where there is the Municipio, or town hall, and the eighteenth-century Duomo, or cathedral, which was so badly damaged it may have to be torn down. My house, which had three floors, twenty rooms, and a central courtyard, was built in the seventeenth century and acquired by my family about 1900. The only reason that part of it is still standing is that my father reinforced the walls with metal plates after a mild earthquake in 1929. At the back of the courtyard is a row of stables, some of which I may be able to convert into a temporary home. Nearby, we have a small, walled vineyard, which produces excellent wine. So. At five after nine on the night of the earthquake, I was finishing supper with my mother in the ground-floor kitchen when the first shock hit. It was so severe that we started toward the door immediately. Then, as we reached the street, the entire house began leaping up and down. I remember looking up—it was a cold, clear night, with flashes of lightning—and watching the roof tiles rise eight or nine inches in the air. We started across the street toward an old wall, but it began to collapse in our direction, so we turned left and took shelter against another, smaller wall, which



"They want to book a six-piece Dixieland band for a divorce."

cracked but did not break. When the grand shock was over, I took my mother into a nearby field and looked back. First, there was an enormous cloud of smoke, and silence; then we heard the first cries for help. I left my mother in the field with some other women and tried to pull people from the ruins. About nine-thirty, help from outside began to arrive—firemen, soldiers, police, people looking for relatives—and our little group in the field increased to about twenty people. We built a big bonfire there and kept it going all night. And then I crawled back into what was left of my house and took out a coat for my mother and three bottles of slivovitz. No one was crying that night; it was only the next morning that you could see people walking through the ruins picking up a few possessions and crying softly. The Friulani are not spectacular about grief."

"He's one of the top ten laymen in the country."

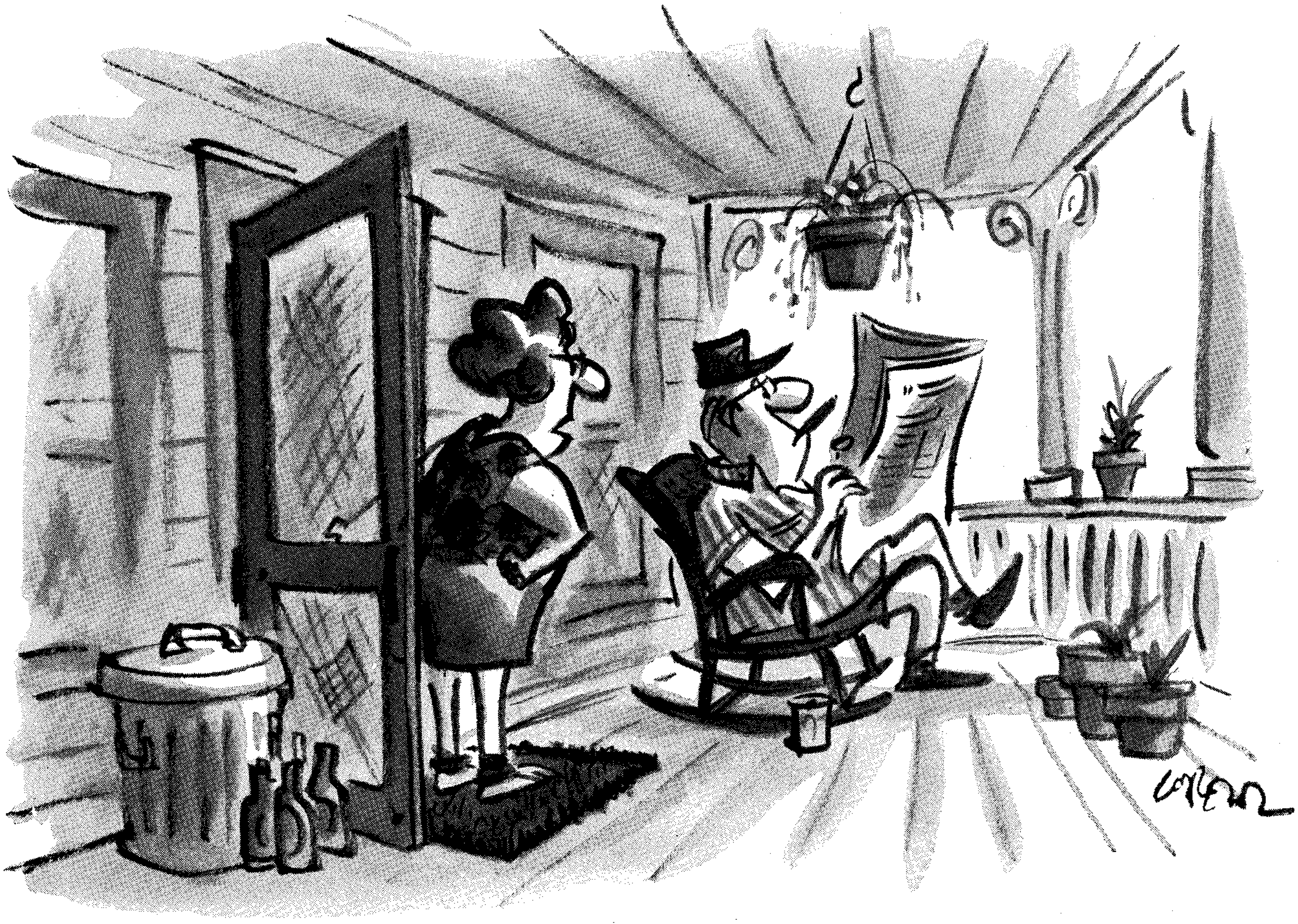
"Was your house totally demolished?" we asked.

"The façade on the street is standing, but most of the rest is gone," said Mr. Micossi. "And the day after the quake I had a big fight to keep some technicians from knocking down my ruin. They wanted to clear a road right through my living room, but I stood at the front door and told them that my house contained all my drawings, my instruments, my books—my entire professional life. Then a strange thing happened. The people who had come to tear down my house ended up risking their lives to save my possessions. We piled everything into the middle of the courtyard and covered it with a large piece of nylon. A couple of days later, I drove down to Udine with some of the most valuable things, planning to store them in the home of a pharmacist who had offered us temporary shelter. But when I got there I found that my friend's house had collapsed from one of the aftershocks, so I had to find another place. The road from Artegna to Udine was a modern version of the Inferno—an incredible mass of cars, ambulances, military trucks, and motorcycles. The traffic was terrible, but, thanks to the Italian imagination, the worst tragedies were avoided. And when I got to Udine I was surprised to find it an *allegro Italiano*. The Friulani, who are usually the most inhibited and unemotional of all the Italians, were walking around smiling and embracing each other. Young people were holding hands openly. Children were excited and happy. And even the homeless families who were sleeping in cars seemed to be in the best of humor. I guess we were all very thankful to be alive."

The Time

RECENTLY, we flew to Atlanta to meet someone we had always wanted to meet—Mrs. Jane Barbe, the woman who says what time it is over the telephone. Mrs. Barbe's is the time voice or the time-temperature voice in over four hundred and fifty cities in America, and in a few cities in Puerto Rico and Canada as well. She also records the messages that the phone companies call intercept messages ("The number you have reached . . .") for many phone companies. Her voice is the one on the computerized wake-up service at the Peachtree Plaza Hotel, in Atlanta. She records commercials, mostly for local Atlanta companies. Millions of people hear her every day.

The company that records Mrs. Barbe's time and temperature announcements is called the Audichron Company. It occupies three large buildings on a freeway north of Atlanta. It was founded in 1933 by a Methodist lay minister and mechanical engineer named John Leonard Franklin, who was very much interested in clocks, and who at one time invented a beverage called Tick-Tock Ginger Ale, which was not a success. The Audichron Company is now run by a foundation, and it has the field of recorded telephone announcements practically to itself. It builds all the devices and circuitry for receiving incoming Audichron calls and for answering with the messages that Mrs. Barbe has recorded. It also installs its systems for different phone companies. In addition to the time-temperature and weather service, Audichron provides the equipment for the dial-a-joke system, and it has in the past experimented with



" 'More mulch.' That's your answer to everything!"

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a dial-a-horoscope service (in New York and New Orleans) and a dial-a-recipe service in New York. Mrs. Barbe goes out to Audichron once or twice a week to bring up to date various short announcements that some time-temperature sponsors add to the message. ("Always plenty of free parking at the Joliet Savings Bank." "Join the Knights of Columbus for fun at Laclede's Landing Saturday.")

Mrs. Barbe has short golden-blond hair and blue eyes and a big smile and a big purse, and she wears bright clothes. She drives a brown 1973 Buick Century. She has a twelve-year-old son, David, who is a catcher for his Little League team, currently batting .489, with two home runs and eighteen runs batted in; and a fourteen-year-old daughter, Susan, who plays the piano and takes ballet lessons. Her husband, John, is a self-employed composer, who specializes in advertising jingles. Mrs. Barbe was born in Florida but raised in Atlanta, and she is still not crazy about General Sherman. The voice she uses for telephone announcements is just one of many voices she can talk in; she can sound like a Southern belle, an old lady, a grouchy city girl visiting the chiropodist, Ann-Margret, a hillbilly, or a female disc jockey. Her normal speaking voice has a light Southern accent. She uses expressions like "the whole megillah" (meaning the whole long story) and "humongous" (meaning huger than huge and more tremendous than tremendous). One of the nicest things about Mrs. Barbe is that she laughs a lot and at the end of her laugh she half sighs, half sings "Ahhh, me"—a high note and then a lower note.

We spent the day with Mrs. Barbe (pronounced "Barbie"), and she said a number of things. At the Master Sound Studios, where she had just finished recording a commercial: "This commercial was for power boats. My husband didn't write it, although he and I write a lot of the commercial songs I record. He's home now—we live in Sandy Springs, about twelve miles from downtown Atlanta. My husband is in hog heaven these days. He just finished writing the music for his first feature-length film. It's a movie about ecology. This nature photographer wages a war with some land developers and he sabotages their equipment and they try to catch him and he becomes kind of a local hero. At the end, he falls down a mountain for three or four minutes and then goes over a series of waterfalls. I think it will be a big success."

At the World of Sid & Marty Krofft, the country's first indoor amusement park, with two rides, a Crystal Carrousel made of acrylic, puppet shows, and a two-hundred-and-five-foot escalator, all in the new Omni International Building: "This place looks much more humongous on television."

Driving along I-75, outside the city: "The people at the New York Telephone Company were scared when they heard that the time service was going to be recorded in Atlanta. They thought they were going to get [Scarlett O'Hara voice] 'Honey chile, the sweet li'l ol' time is fo'-thutty.' Actually, I try to speak more crisply, for a harder, more businesslike sound, when I record for New York and the East Coast. 'At the tone the time will be . . . one . . . fifteen . . . and twenty seconds.' "

She spoke the last sentence in the very voice we had heard so many times over the phone, and it took us completely by surprise, and it gave us a chill.

DROWNING 1954

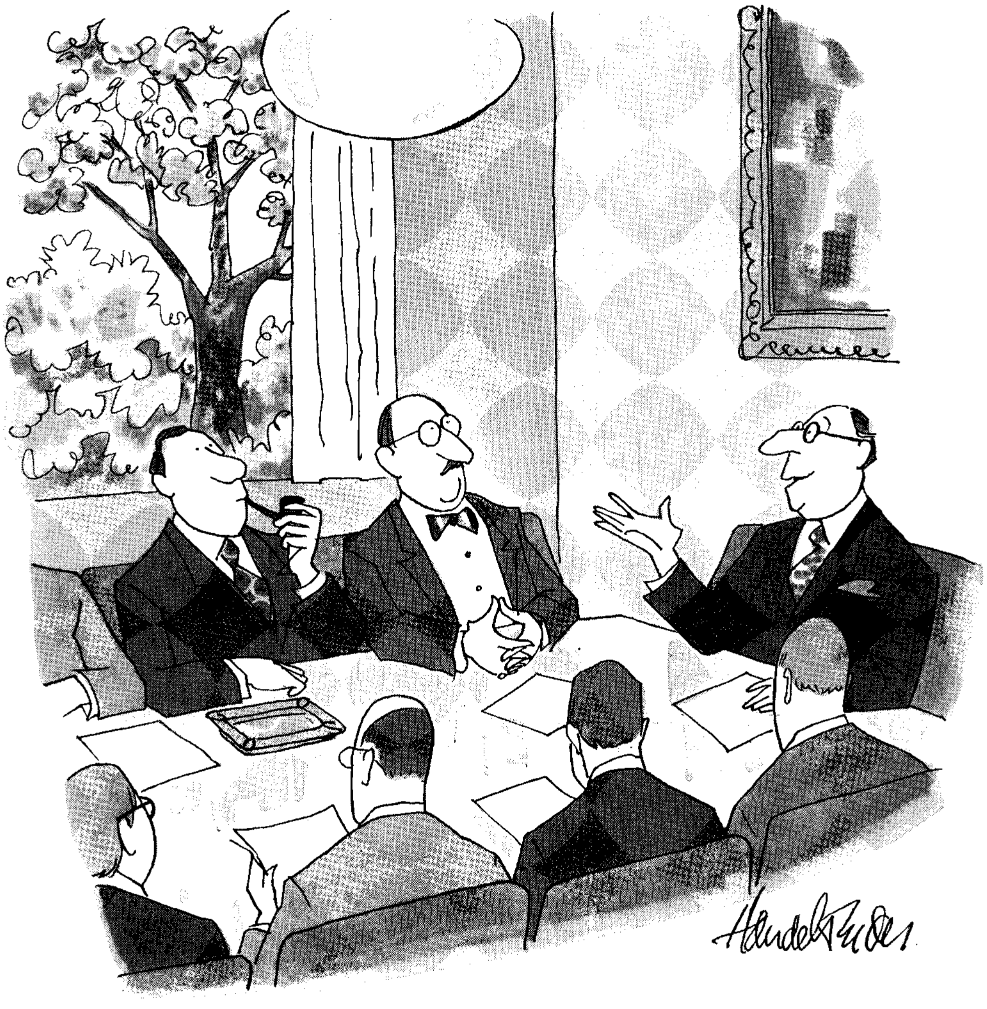
WHEN I was twelve, my cousin Roger drowned in Lake Independence, and my mother enrolled me in a swimming class at the Y.M.C.A. on La Salle Avenue, in downtown Minneapolis. Twice a week for most of June and July, I got on the West River Road bus near our home in Brooklyn Park township, a truck-farming community north of Minneapolis, and rode into the stink and heat of the city, and when I rounded the corner of Ninth Street and La Salle and smelled the chlorine air that the building breathed out I started to feel afraid. After a week, I couldn't bear the swimming class anymore.

Never before had I stood naked among strangers (the rule in the class was no swimming trunks), and it was loathsome to undress and then walk quickly through the showers to the pool and sit shivering on the cold tiles along the edge with my feet dangling in the water (Absolute Silence, No Splashing) and wait for the dread moment. The instructor—a man in his early twenties, who was tanned and had the smooth muscles of a swimmer (he wore trunks)—had us plunge into the pool one at a time, so that he could give us his personal attention. He strode up and down the side of the pool yelling at those of us who couldn't swim, while we thrashed hopelessly beneath him and tried to *look* like swimmers. "You're walking on the bottom!" he would shout. "Get your legs up! What's the matter, you afraid to get your face wet? What's *wrong* with you?" The truth was that my cousin's death had instilled in me a terrible fear, and when I tried to swim and started to sink it felt not so much as if I was sinking but as if something was pulling me down. I panicked, every time. It was just like the dreams of drowning that came to me right after Roger died, in which I was dragged deeper and deeper, with my body bursting and my arms and legs flailing against nothing, down and down, until I shot back to the surface and lay in my dark bedroom exhausted, trying to make myself stay awake.

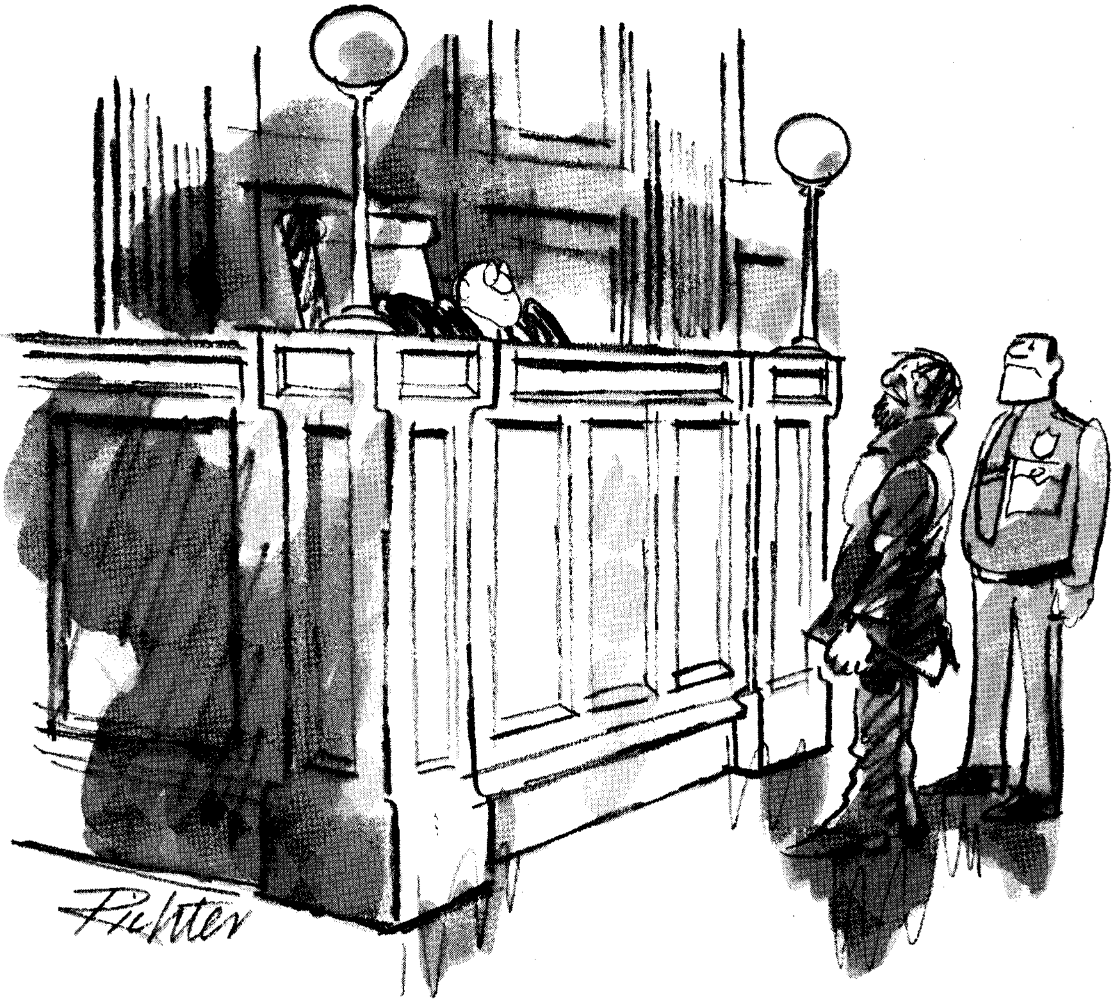
I tried to quit the swimming class, but my mother wouldn't hear of it, so I continued to board the bus every swimming morning, and then, ashamed of myself and knowing God would punish me for my cowardice and deceit, I hurried across La Salle and past the Y and walked along Hennepin Avenue, past the pinball parlors and bars and shoeshine stands, to the old Public Library, where I viewed the Egyptian mummy and the fossils and a facsimile of the Declaration of Independence. I stayed there until eleven-thirty, when I headed straight for the WCCO radio studio to watch "Good Neighbor Time."

We listened regularly to this show at home—Bob DeHaven, with Wally Olson and His Band, and Ernie Garvin and Burt Hanson and Jeanne Arland—and then to the noontime news, with Cedric Adams, the most famous man in the upper Midwest. It amazed me to sit in the studio audience and watch the little band crowded against the back wall, the engineers in the darkened booth, and the show people gliding up to a microphone for a song, a few words, or an Oxydol commercial. I loved everything except the part of the show in which Bob DeHaven interviewed people in the audience. I was afraid he might pick me, and then my mother, and probably half of Minnesota, would find out that I was scared of water, and a liar to boot. The radio stars dazzled me. One day, I squeezed into the WCCO elevator with Cedric Adams and five or six other people. I stood next to him, and a sweet smell of greatness and wealth drifted off from him. I later imagined Cedric Adams swimming in Lake Minnetonka—a powerful whale of happiness and purpose—and I wished that I were like him and the others, but as the weeks wore on I began to see clearly that I was more closely related to the bums and winos and old men who sat around in the library and wandered up and down Hennepin Avenue. I tried to look away and not see them, but they were all around me there, and almost every day some poor ragged creature, filthy drunk at noon, would stagger at me wildly out of a doorway, with his arms stretched out toward me, and I saw a look of fellowship in his eyes: *You are one of us.*

I ran from them, but clearly I was well on my way. Drinking and all the rest of the bum's life would come with time, inevitably. My life was set on its



"We could streamline the organization, or step up our advertising, or issue new stock. But since it's such a lovely day, why don't we just go out of business?"



"Guilty as hell, Your Honor."

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tragic course by a sinful error in youth. This was the dark theme of the fundamentalist Christian tracts in our home: one misstep would lead you down into the life of the infidel. One misstep! A lie, perhaps, or disobedience to your mother. There were countless young men in those tracts who stumbled and fell from the path—*one misstep!*—and were dragged down, like drowning men, into debauchery, unbelief, and utter damnation. I felt sure that my lie, which was repeated twice a week and whenever my mother asked about my swimming, was sufficient for my downfall. Even as I worked at the deception, I marvelled that my fear of water should be greater than my fear of Hell.

I still remember the sadness of wandering in downtown Minneapolis in 1954, wasting my life and losing my soul, and my great relief when the class term ended and I became a kid again around the big white house and garden, the green lawns and cool shady ravine of our lovely suburb. A weekend came when we went to a lake for a family picnic, and my mother, sitting on the beach, asked me to swim for her, but I was able to fool her, even at that little distance, by walking on the bottom and making arm strokes.

When I went to a lake with my friends that summer, or to the Mississippi River, a block away, I tried to get the knack of swimming, and one afternoon the next summer I did get it—the crawl and the backstroke and the sidestroke, all in just a couple of weeks. I dived from a dock and opened my eyes underwater and everything. The sad part was that my mother and father couldn't appreciate this wonderful success; to them, I had been a swimmer all along. I felt restored—grateful that I would not be a bum all my life, grateful to God for letting me learn to swim. It was so quick and so simple that I can't remember it today. Probably I just stood in the water and took a little plunge; my feet left the bottom, and that was it.

NOW my little boy, who is seven, shows some timidity around water. Every time I see him standing in the shallows, working up nerve to put his head under, I love him more. His eyes are closed tight, and his pale slender body is tense as a drawn bow, ready to spring up instantly should he start to drown. Then I feel it all over again, the way I used to feel. I also feel it when I see people like the imperial swimming instructor at the Y.M.C.A.—powerful people who delight in towering over some little twerp who is struggling and scared, and casting the terrible shadow of their just and perfect selves. The Big Snapper knows who you are, you bastards, and in a little while he is going to come after you with a fury you will not believe and grab you in his giant mouth and pull you under until your brain turns to jelly and your heart almost bursts. You will never recover from this terror. You will relive it every day, as you lose your fine job and your home and the respect of your friends and family. You will remember it every night, in your little room at the Mission, and you will need a quart of Petri muscatel to put you to sleep, and when you awake between your yellow-stained sheets your hands will start to shake all over again.

You have fifteen minutes. Get changed. —GARRISON KEILLOR

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FIG CHUTNEY

In heavy saucepan cook to dissolve sugar:

2 cups coarsely chopped black figs
5 to 6 tablespoons sugar

Add:

5 to 6 tablespoons vinegar
3 small dried red peppers, crushed
2 garlic cloves, minced
1 to 2 slices ginger root, minced
2 teaspoons mustard seed
1 cup raisins
⅛ teaspoon salt

Bring to gentle boil and cook, stirring often, 5 to 8 minutes to blend flavors. Figs should remain firm. Serve immediately with rice and wild boar or other game.—*"The Edible Ornamental Garden," by John E. Bryan and Coralie Castle.*

Look, we need a *little* warning.

BUON GIORNO, BIG SHOT

(AFTER AN AWED READING OF ORIANA FALLACI'S "INTERVIEW WITH HISTORY")

THIS infamous man, this atrocious torturer, this felonious criminal maniac, this abscess on the loin of civilization, this V.I.P. This mystery man, this subjugator incomprehensibly vile, whom I have killed a thousand times in my dreams. Whom the people call Rat Excrement and Dog Scum. Whom they call Signor X.

I heard that he never gave interviews. That he would see me and then kill me and swallow my cassettes. For this reason I was afraid. For this reason I was brave.

Finally he was walking toward me, across the lobby of the Hotel Omnipotente, in Rome. God, the man is not good-looking! The shrunken goat's-testicle of a face. The hands, smeared as I had been told they would be with infants' blood, each bloated finger a worm in the heart of human reasonableness. Yes, I thought, he is smaller than I expected. They are always smaller than one expects.

Let's put it this way: our interview was not charming. It was a malady that was always going ahead to termination. Do you know the sound of a wrecker's ball smashing an architectural treasure of Western Europe? His voice was like that. But I don't really want to disparage the allurements of talking to a scourge and ignoramus of the type that Signor X represents all too vividly. He seemed sincere. Sitting opposite him in the crepuscular lobby of the Omnipotente, with my tape recorder—accompanist to history—whispering its absurdist sibilants, I couldn't help thinking, Ah, if only he could desist from his sins, we could have such a damned good time together!

Q. I'm wondering if you can explain your behavior, Signor X.

A. I don't—

Q. Not so fast, Signor X. Signor X, I have to admit I am a little surprised by your precipitousness. Do you really believe it's possible to explain away—and so hastily, at that—the infinite excruciations you have inflicted?

A. Excruciations? What excruciations?

Q. Signor X, forgive me if I retain a capacity for moral outrage. Perhaps I seem infantile. Or simply noxious. I hate to be noxious, especially since you've been so punctual, since you've bought me an *aperitivo* and so forth, but I have in mind, for instance, the time you—

A. I know what you are going to say, and it's completely untrue. *Basta!* I don't have to endure these questions, these vilifications, these reproaches, which are reported so often and ad infinitum in your newspaper.

Q. *Con permesso*, Signor X, are you or are you not a Fascist hyena?

A. Of course not! Don't be silly! What a calumny! Do I look like a hyena?

Q. I think you do, Signor X. It frightens you to hear that—yes, it frightens you.

A. Nothing frightens me. For me, it's not at all a question of fear.

Q. Very well. We don't have to bicker.

A. The main question can be adduced from one point. I am a father. Italians like that. Italians like fathers—Carlo Ponti, the Holy Father, and so on. Maybe the father isn't always such a good father, maybe he is a despot and so forth, but he's in the right. In short, a father.

Q. Yes, yes, but tell me this: If I drove slivers of bamboo under your fingernails and forced you to choose between having a coffee with Jesus Christ and having a coffee with Hitler, which would you choose?

A. It's obvious, neither one. But why do you have these fantasies of persecuting me? The thought is father to the deed, when all's said and done. Yet am I such a bad man?

Q. Shall we say I'm wondering, Signor X, if you are a happy man. Are you a happy man, Signor X?

A. Happy? *Dio mio*, little girl, let's be realistic. For one moment let's get something straight. Happiness is the father of unhappiness.

Q. How many times you keep returning to this word "father," Signor X. One would almost say you have had that word on the brain during this interview!

A. So are we finished so soon? Now let me ask *you* one question.

Q. As you like.

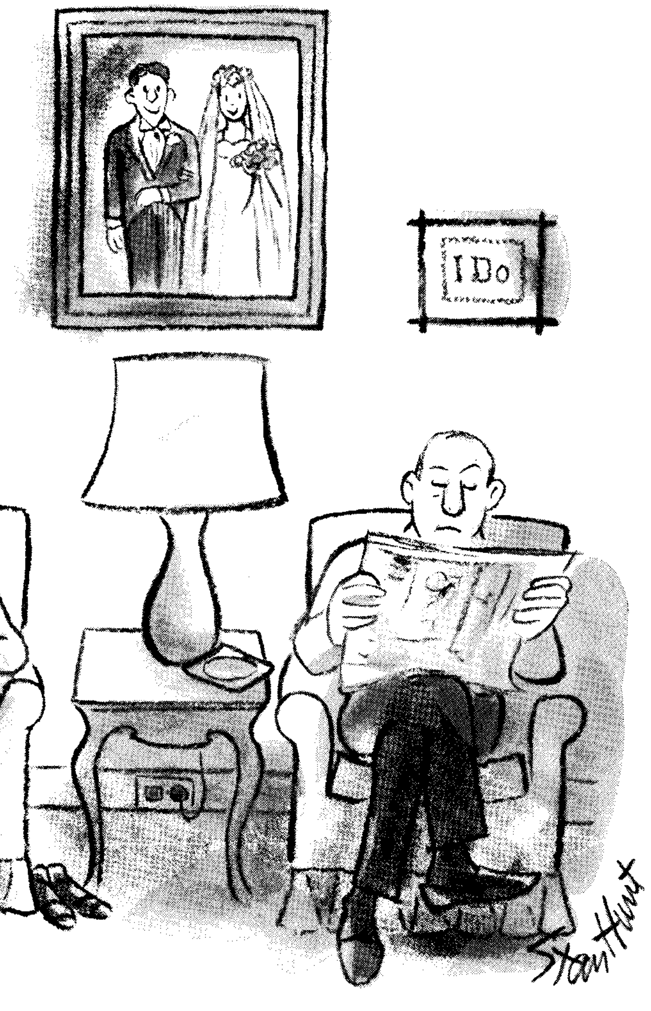
A. Why don't you come to Sunday dinner anymore?

Q. Well, uh . . . I've been busy. After all, fighting imperialism with these interviews isn't the least rigorous job. But as for dinner, yes, I'll try.

A. Thank you.

Q. Thank *you*, Signor X. Thank you very much, Daddy.

—VERONICA GENG



NUMBER 10

EVERY night Mrs. Reinhardt sleepwalked and every night her journey led to a fresh surprise. First, it was that she saw sheep—not sheep as one sees them in life, a bit sooty and bleating away, but sheep as one sees them in a dream. She saw myriads of white fleece on a hilltop, surrounded by little lambs frisking and suckling to their hearts' content.

Then she saw pictures such as she had not seen in life. Her husband owned an art gallery and Mrs. Reinhardt had the opportunity to see many pictures, yet the ones she saw at night were much more satisfying. For one thing, she was inside them. She was not an outsider looking in, making idiotic remarks, she was part of the picture: an arm or a lily or the gray mane of a horse. She did not have to compete, did not have to say anything. All her movements were preordained. She was simply aware of her own breath, a soft, steady breath.

In the mornings, her husband would say she looked a bit frazzled or a bit intense, and she would say, "Nonsense," because in twenty years of marriage she had never felt better. Her sleeping life suited her and, of course, she never knew what to expect. Her daily life had a pattern to it. Weekday mornings she spent at home, helping or supervising Fátima, the Spanish maid. She gave two afternoons a week to teaching autistic children, two afternoons were devoted to an exercise class, and on Fridays she shopped in Harrods and got all the groceries for the weekend. Mr. Reinhardt had bought a farm a short while before, and weekends they spent in the country, in their newly renovated cottage. In the country, she did not sleepwalk, and Mrs. Reinhardt wondered if it might be that she was inhibited by the barbed-wire fence that skirted their garden. But there are gates, she thought, and I should open them. She was a little vexed with herself for not being more venturesome.

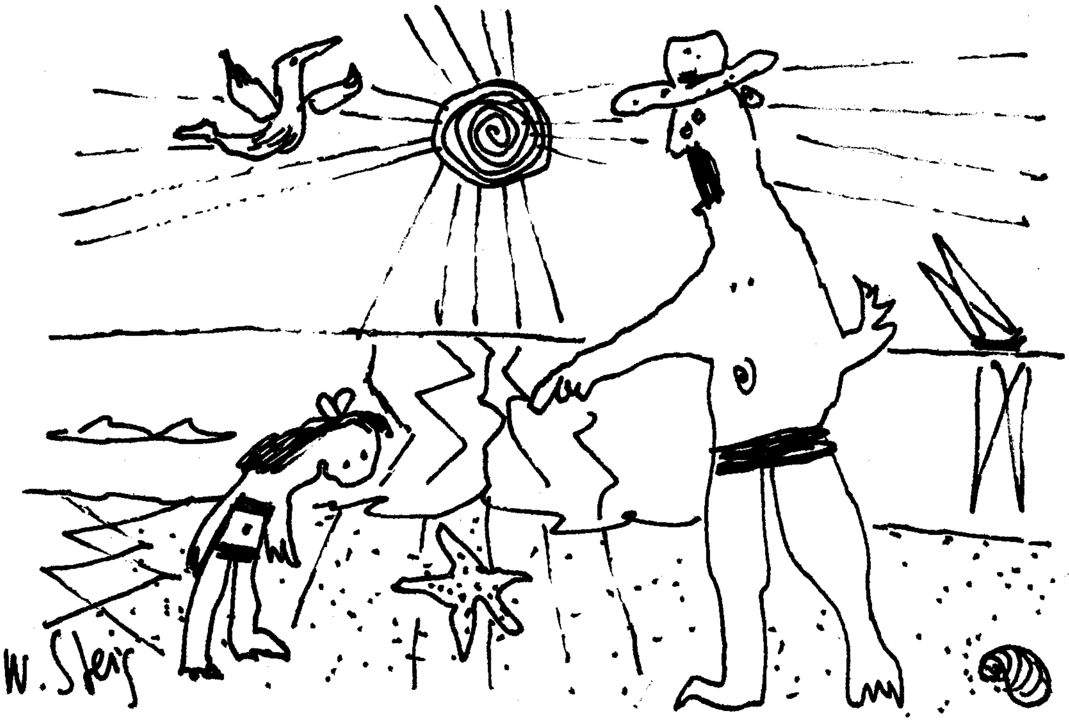
Then, one May night, back in her house in London, she had an incredible dream. She walked over a field with her young son—in real life, he was at University—and all of a sudden, and in unison, the two of them knelt down and began scraping the earth up with their bare hands. It was a rich red earth and easy to crumble. They were so eager because they knew that treasure was about to be theirs. Sure enough, they found bits of gold, tiny specks of it, which they put in a handkerchief, and then to crown her happiness Mrs. Reinhardt found the loveliest little gold key, and held it up to the light while her son laughed and in a baby voice said, "Mama."

Soon after this dream, Mrs. Reinhardt embarked on a bit of spring cleaning. Curtains and carpets for the dry cleaners, drawers emptied of all the old useless odds and ends that had been piling up. Her husband's clothing, too, she must put in order. A little rift had sprung up between them and was widening day by day. He was moody. He got home later than usual and, though he did not say so, she knew that he had stopped at the corner and had a few drinks. Once that spring he had pulled her down beside him on the living-room sofa and stroked her thighs and started to undress her within hearing distance of Fátima, who was in the kitchen chopping and singing. Always chopping and singing or humming. For the most part, though, Mr. Reinhardt went straight to the liquor cabinet and gave them both a gin, pouring himself a bigger one because, as he said, all her bloody fasting made Mrs. Reinhardt light-headed.

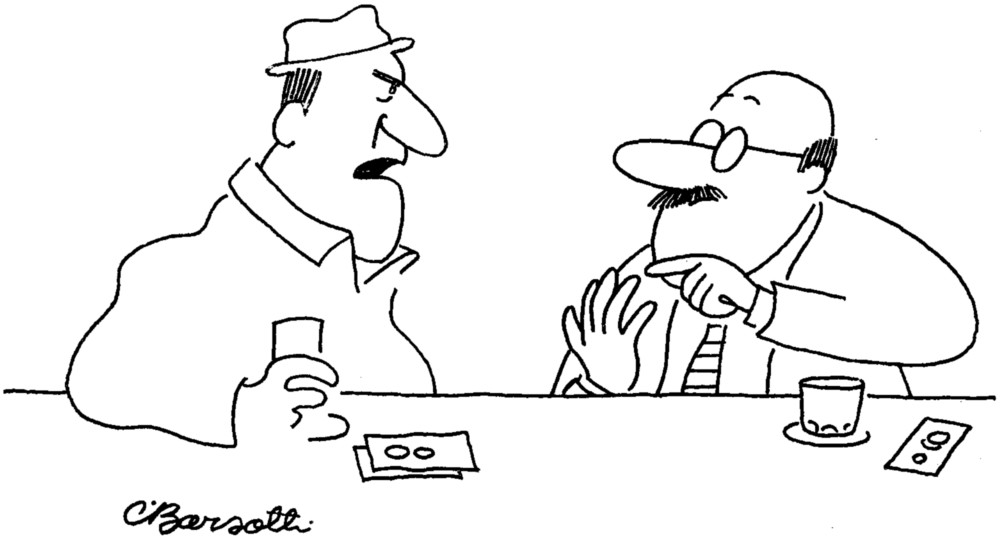
She was sorting Mr. Reinhardt's garments—T-shirts, summer sweaters, thick crew-neck sweaters—and putting them each in a neat pile, when out of his seersucker jacket there tumbled a little gold key that caused her to let out a cry. The first thing she felt was a jet of fear. Then she bent down and picked it up. It was exactly like the one in her sleepwalk. She held it in her hand, promising herself never to let it go.

WHAT fools we are to find in daylight what we should leave for nighttime. Her next sleepwalking brought Mrs. Reinhardt out of her house into a waiting taxi and, some distance away, to a mews house. Outside the mews house was a black-and-white tub filled with pretty flowers. She simply put her hand under a bit of foliage, and there was the latchkey. Inside was a little nest. The wallpaper in the hall was the very one she had always wanted for their house, a pale gold with the tiniest white flowers—mere suggestions of flowers, like those of the wild strawberry. The kitchen was immaculate. On the landing upstairs she could see that there was a little fretwork bench. The cushions in the sitting room were stiff and stately, and so was the upholstery. But the bedroom—ah, the bedroom.

It was everything she had ever wanted their own to be. In fact, the bedroom *was* the very room she had envisaged over and over again and had described to her husband down to the last detail. Here it was—a brass bed with a little lace canopy above it, the entire opposite wall a dark metallic mirror in which dark shadows



Starfish on the Beach



“Look, pal, I’m undecided, and that’s that!”

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seemed to swim around, a light-blue velvet chaise longue, a hanging plant with shining leaves, and a floor lamp with a brown-fringed shade that gave off the softest of light.

She sat on the edge of the bed, marvelling, and saw the other things that she had always wanted. She saw, for instance, the photo of a little girl in First Communion attire; she saw the paperweight that when shaken yielded a miniature snowstorm; she saw the mother-of-pearl tray with the two champagne glasses—and all of a sudden she began to cry because her happiness was so immense. Perhaps, she thought, he will come to me here, he will visit, and it will be like the old days and he won’t be irritable and he won’t be tapping with his fingers or fiddling with the clasp of his fountain pen. He will smother me with hugs and kisses and we will tumble about on the big bed.

She sat there in the bedroom and she touched nothing—not even the two white irises in the tall glass vase. The little key was in her hand and she knew it was for the wardrobe and that she had only to open it to find there a nightdress with a pleated top, a voile dance dress, a silver-fox cape, and a pair of sling-back shoes. But she did not open it. She wanted to leave something a secret. She crept away and was home in her own bed without her husband’s being aware of her absence. He had complained on other occasions about her cold feet as she got back into bed, and asked what in Christ’s name was she doing—making tea or what? That morning, her happiness was so great that she leaned over, unknotted his pajamas, and made love to him very sweetly, very slowly, and to his apparent delight. Yet when he wakened he was angry, as if a wrong had been done him.

NATURALLY, Mrs. Reinhardt now went to the mews house night after night, and her heart would light up as she saw the pillar of the house with its number, 10, lettered in gold edged with black. The nought was a little slanted. Sometimes she got into the brass bed and she knew it was only a question of time before Mr. Reinhardt followed her there.

One night, as she lay in the bed, a little breathless, he came in very softly, closed the door, removed his dressing gown, and took possession of her with such a force that afterward she suspected she had a broken rib. They used words that they had not used for years. She was young and wild. A lovely fever took hold of her. She was saucy while he kept imploring her to please marry him, to please give up her independence, to please be his—adding that even if she said no he was going to whisk her off. Then, to prove his point, he took possession of her again. She almost died, so deep and so thorough was her pleasure, and each time, as she came back to her senses, she saw some little object or trinket that was intended to add to her pleasure—once it was a mobile in which silver horses chased one another around, once it was a sound as of a running stream. He gave her some champagne and they drank in utter silence.

But when she wakened from this idyll she was in fact in their own bed and so was he. She felt mortified. Had she cried out in her sleep? Had she moaned? There was no rib broken. She reached for the hand mirror and saw no sign of wantonness on her face, no tossed hair, and the buttons of her nightdress were neatly done up to the throat.

He was a solid mass of sleep. He opened his eyes. She said something to him, something anxious, but he did not reply. She got out of bed and went down to the sitting room to think. Where would it all lead to? Should she tell him? She thought not. And anyhow was she walking out of her house each night into a taxi or was she just dreaming it? Who would believe her? Not he. All morning she tried the key in different locks, but it was too small. In fact, once she nearly lost it because it slipped into a lock and she had to tease it out with the prong of a fork. Of course, she did not let Fátima see what she was doing.

It was Friday, their day to go to the country, and she was feeling reluctant about it. She knew that when they arrived they would rush around their garden and look at their plants to see if they’d grown a bit, and look at the rose leaves to make sure there were no aphids. Then, staring out across the fields to where the cows were, they would tell each other how lucky they were to have such a nice place, and how clever. The magnolia flowers would be fully out and she would stand and stare at the tree, as if by staring at it she could imbue her body with something of its whiteness.

THE magnolia were out when they arrived—like little white china eggcups, each bloom with its leaves lifted to the heavens. Two of the elms definitely had the blight, Mr. Reinhardt said, and the leaves were withering away. The elms would have to be chopped, and Mr. Reinhardt estimated that there would be enough firewood for two winters. He would speak to the farm manager, who lived down the road, about this. They carried in the shopping, raised the blinds, and switched on the central heating. The little kitchen was just as they had left it, except that the primroses in the jar had faded and were like bits of yellow skin. She unpacked the food they had brought, put some things in the fridge, and began to peel the carrots and potatoes for the evening meal. Mr. Reinhardt hammered four picture hangers into the wall for the new prints that he had brought down. Loudly, he would call her to ask what order he should put them in, and she would go in, her hands covered with flour, and rather absently suggest a grouping. She had the little key in her purse and had been opening the purse from time to time. The sight of the key made her blush.

At dusk, she went out to get a branch of applewood for the fire. When burned the branch would impart a lovely perfume. A bird chirped from a tree. It was more sound than song. She could not tell what bird it was. The magnolia tree was a mass of white in the surrounding darkness. The dew was falling and she bent for a moment to touch the wet grass. She wished it were Sunday, so that they could be going home. In London, the evenings seemed to pass more quickly and they each had more chores to do. She felt that in some way she was deceiving him.

They drank red wine as they sat by the fire. Mr. Reinhardt was fidgety but at the very same time accused her of being fidgety. He was being adamant about the Common Market. Why did he expound on the logistics of it when she was not even contradicting him? He got carried away, made gestures, said he loved England, loved it passionately, that England was going to the dogs. When she got up to push in a log that had fallen from the grate, he asked her for God's sake to pay attention.

She sat down at once and hoped that there was not going to be one of those terrible, unexpected, meaningless rows. But, blessedly, they were distracted. She heard him say, "Christ," and then she looked up and saw what he had just seen. There was a herd of cattle staring in at them through the diamond-paned window. She could see plumes of breath, foreheads, and huge brown eyes looking in at them. She jumped up. Mr. Reinhardt rushed to the phone to call the farm manager, since he himself knew nothing about country life, certainly not how to drive away cattle.

She grabbed a walking stick and went outside to prevent the cows from falling in the swimming pool. It was cold out-of-doors and the wind rustled in all the trees. The cows looked at her, suspicious. Their ears pricked. She made tentative movements with the stick, and at that moment four of them leaped over the barbed wire and back into the adjoining field. The remaining cow began to race around. From the field the four cows began to bawl. The fifth cow was butting against the paling. Mrs. Reinhardt thought, I know what you are feeling—you are feeling lost and muddled and you have gone astray.

Her husband came out in a frenzy because when he rang the farm manager no one was there. "Bloody never there!" he said. His loud voice so frightened the fifth cow that she made a leap for it and got stuck in the barbed wire. Mrs. Reinhardt could see the barb in her huge udder and thought what a place for it to have landed. They must rescue her. Very cautiously they both approached the animal, and the intention was that Mr. Reinhardt would hold the cow while Mrs. Reinhardt freed the flesh. She tried to be gentle. The cow's smell was milky and soft compared with her roar, which was beseeching. Mr. Reinhardt caught hold of the hindquarters and told his wife to hurry up. The cow was bucking. As Mrs. Reinhardt lifted the bleeding flesh away, the cow took a huge jump and was over the fence and down the field, where she hurried to the river to drink.

The others followed her, and suddenly the whole meadow was the scene of bawling and mad commotion. Mr. Reinhardt rubbed his hands and let out a sigh of relief. He suggested that they open a bottle of champagne. Mrs. Reinhardt was delighted. Of late he had become very thrifty and did not permit her any extravagances. In fact, he had been saying that they would soon have to give up wine because of the state of the country. As they went indoors, he put an arm around her. And back in the room, she sat and felt like a mistress as she drank the champagne, smiled at him, and felt the stuff coursing through her body. The cham-

THREE TEARS

I

If you have seen a single yellow iris
standing watch beside the garden,
then you have seen the Major General weeping
at four in the morning in his mother's Bible;
and if you have seen the rows and rows of onions,
then you have seen the army with its shoes half off
and its rifles half stacked and half scattered in the witch hazel.
But you who have seen the half-eaten leaves of the hackberry
have seen the saddest sight of all,
a nest inside a ruined building,
a father hugging his child,
a Jew in Vilna.

II

You would have to sit at my bedroom window
to see the dog of hay guarding the strawberries.
He is twice the size of an Irish wolfhound
and heavier than a bear.
He belongs to the hairy species with the sheepdog
and the long-nosed collie.
He lies there day after day in the middle of the garden
with his paws crossed under his chin and his eyes watching the road.
He is so clean-smelling and so peaceful
that we forget the strength in his huge body
and the malice in his jaws.

III

I have to lie on my back for two hours
before a certain cloud comes by;
then I only have three or four good seconds
before it disappears again for another day.
What would it have been like
if there had been no maples and no viburnum
to cut off my vision,
if I could have lived all year in the sand
with nothing to stop me but my own thoughts,
if I could have let my eye go freely down the line
choosing its own movement and its own light?

—GERALD STERN

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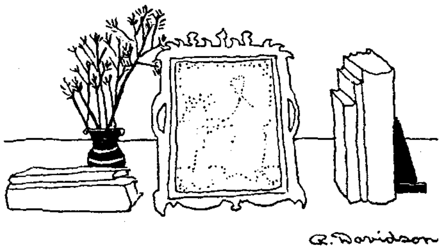

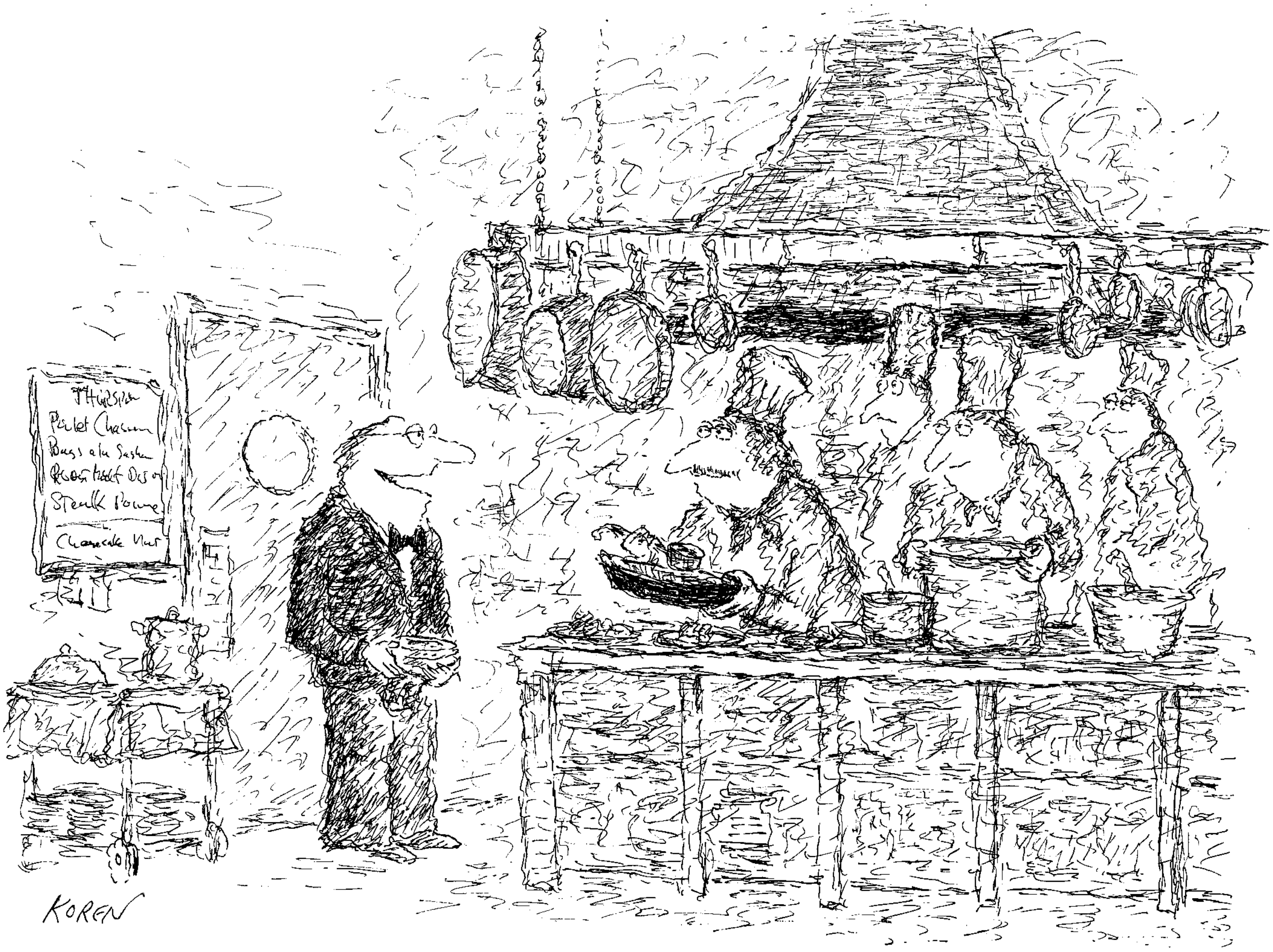

"The woman who ordered the poulet chasseur would like to come in and rap about it."

• •

pagne put them in a nice mood and they linked as they went up the narrow stairs to bed. Nevertheless, Mrs. Reinhardt did not feel like any intimacy; she wanted it reserved for the hidden room.

THEY returned to London on Sunday evening, and that night Mrs. Reinhardt did not sleep. Consequently, she walked nowhere in her dreams. In the morning she felt restless. She looked in the mirror. She was getting old. After breakfast, as Mr. Reinhardt was hurrying out of the house, she held up the little key.

"What is it?" she said.

"How would I know," he said. He looked livid.

She called and made an appointment at the hairdresser's. She must not get old. Later, when her hair was set, she would surprise him—she would drop in at his gallery and ask him to take her to a nice pub. On the way, she would buy a new scarf and knot it at the neck, and she would be youthful.

When she got to the gallery, Mr. Reinhardt was not there. Hans, his assistant, was busy with a client from the Middle East. She said she would wait. The new secretary went off to make some tea. Mrs. Reinhardt sat at her husband's desk brooding, and then idly she began to flick through his desk diary, just to pass the time. Lunch with this one and that one. A reminder to buy her a present for their anniversary—which he had done. He had brought her a beautiful ring with a sphinx on it. Then she saw it—the address that she went to night after night. Number 10. The digits danced before her eyes as they had danced when she drove up in the taxi the very first time.

All her movements became hurried and mechanical. She gulped her tea, she gave a distracted handshake to the Arab gentleman, she ate the ginger biscuit and gnashed her teeth, so violently did she chew. She paced the floor, she went back to the diary. The same address—three, four, or five times a week. She flicked back to see how long it had been going on. It was no use. She simply had to go there.

At the mews, she found the latchkey in the flower tub. In the kitchen were eggshells and a pan in which an omelette had been cooked. There were two brown eggshells and one white. She dipped her finger in the fat; it was still warm. Her heart went ahead of her up the stairs. She had her hand on the doorknob, when all of a sudden she stopped in her tracks and became motionless. She crept away from the door and went back to the landing seat.

She would not intrude—no. It was perfectly clear why Mr. Reinhardt went there. He went by day to keep this tryst with her, be unfaithful with her, just as she went by night. One day or one night, if they were very lucky, they might meet there again and share their secret, but until then Mrs. Reinhardt was content to leave everything just as it was. She tiptoed down the stairs and was pleased that she had not acted rashly, that she had not lost her head.

—EDNA O'BRIEN

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Because of federal regulation, it costs almost as much to fly from Chicago to Minneapolis as it does to fly between San Francisco and Los Angeles, even though the trips cover about the same distance.—*Minneapolis Tribune.*

Let's put a stop to all this regulation!

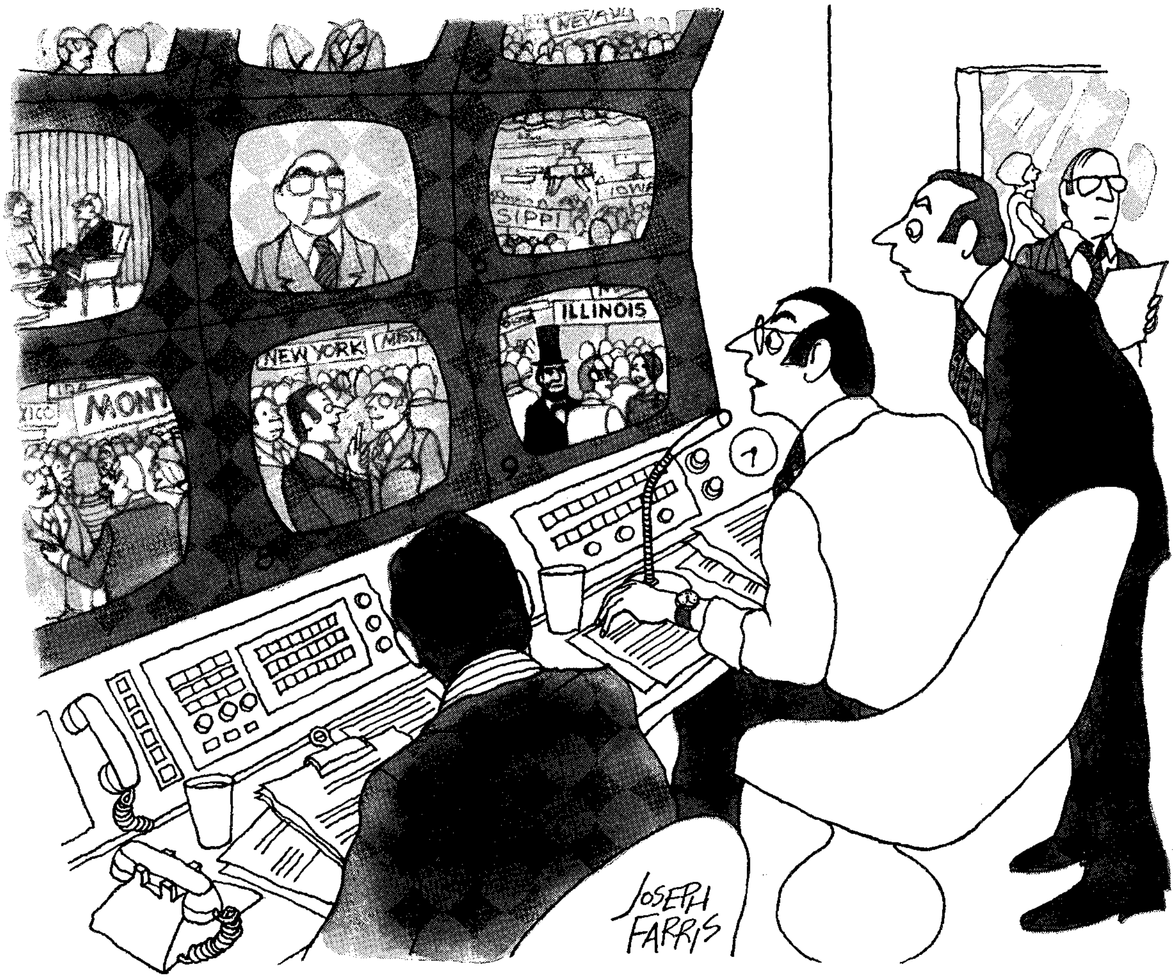
THE SPORTING SCENE

SCOUT

BASEBALL has so altered in recent years that many of the classic prototypes of the game seem on the point of disappearing altogether. The rookie pitcher called up to the parent club in midseason does not arrive with cinders in his hair and a straw suitcase in his freckled paw but strolls into the carpeted, air-conditioned big-league clubhouse with a calfskin flight bag over his shoulder (and a Kurt Vonnegut paperback in the bag), where he is greeted by some teammates who played college ball with him or against him a year or two earlier in southern California. Over in the corner, the club's famous slugger, having just prolonged his slump by going 0 for 5 in a nationally televised game, now abandons his attempt to find surcease in transcendental meditation and suddenly seizes his hair-dryer and bashes it to smithereens against the wall. The manager, dressing in his office, asks a writer about the commotion, smiles and shakes his head, then slaps a little cologne on his ungrizzled cheeks and steps into his fawn leisure suit. His telephone rings: the general manager wants him to stop by upstairs for a minute to hear about the latest meeting with the personal agent of the angry (and still unsigned) famous slugger. If these contemporary patterns are startling, it is probably only because they contrast so vividly with the images of baseball's dramatis personae that most of us memorized in our youth. Over the years, sometimes reluctantly, sometimes willingly, I have gradually given up my boyhood impressions of baseball stars, and of baseball veterans and owners and writers, until only one old portrait remains. In this scene, a man sits alone on a splintery plank bleacher seat, with a foot cocked up on the row in front of him and his chin resting on one hand as he gazes intently at some young ballplayers in action on a bumpy, weed-strewn country ballfield. He sits motionless in the hot sunshine, with a shapeless canvas hat cocked over his eyes. At last, responding to something on the field not perceptible to the rest of us, he takes out a little notebook and writes a few words in it, and then replaces it in his windbreaker pocket. The players steal a glance at the lone stranger as they come in from the field at the end of a half inning; the managers pretend to ignore him. Nobody knows his name, but everybody recognizes him, for he is a figure of profound, almost occult knowledge, with a great power over the future. He is a baseball scout.

I have often noticed scouts at spring-training games, where they appear in numbers and always seem to roost together, and now and then I have spotted one at a big-league park, but I never tried to penetrate their arcane company. This spring, it occurred to me that these brooding, silent birds might constitute another threatened species, and I decided to attempt some field studies. Several baseball friends advised me to look up Ray Scarborough, who is a regional and special-assignment scout for the California Angels. Scarborough, I was told, was a veteran field man, with a high reputation for his baseball knowledge and his exceptional independence of judgment. He had been a member of the outstanding scouting staff put together by Harry Dalton, who was responsible in great part for assembling the formidable Baltimore teams that dominated the American League in the late nineteen-sixties and early seventies. Dalton had moved along to the Angels in 1971 to take the pivotal general manager's position, and soon thereafter he sent for Ray Scarborough and five other stalwarts of his Baltimore G-2. Early in May, I reached Scarborough by telephone at his home in Mount Olive, North Carolina, and proposed myself as a travelling companion on his next safari. Scarborough, who talks in an attractive Tarheel legato, responded with such alacrity and friendliness that it occurred to me for the first time that the life of a baseball scout might be a lonely one. He told me that I had caught him in a rare moment at home during the busiest part of his year—the weeks just prior to organized baseball's annual June talent draft—during which he was scouting free agents: high-school and college players who appeared promising and were about to graduate or otherwise surrender their amateur athletic status. He was leaving soon to look over a young pitching prospect in Kentucky and another in Michigan, and he invited me to come scouting with him.

Two days later, as I waited by the gate in the



"Harrison . . . let's zoom in with Camera 9."

Louisville airport where Ray Scarborough's inbound morning flight had been announced, I began to wonder how I would recognize him. I remembered him as a big, hardworking, right-handed curveball pitcher with the Washington Senators—and later the Red Sox and the Yankees—but that had been a good twenty-five years back. I needn't have worried. Scarborough is a heavy, energetic, deep-chested man, with an exuberant nose (his baseball contemporaries called him Horn), curly black hair, and a sunburst smile, and the moment I spotted him among the arriving passengers my baseball unconscious offered up some instant corroboration: a younger Ray Scarborough, in baggy old-fashioned baseball pants, wheeling and firing on the mound; Scarborough in an old-style, low-crowned baseball cap emblazoned with a big "W," staring out at me in black-and-white from some ancient sports page. We greeted each other and retrieved his bags, and in a few minutes we were in our rented wheels, rolling south through some lovely, soft-green Kentucky hill country, and Scarborough had made me feel that we were already old friends. He told me that we were headed for Elizabethtown, some forty miles away, to see a young pitcher named Tim Brandenburg, a lefty who would be starting that afternoon for his Elizabethtown High School team in a state district tournament game. I asked Ray how he had heard about Brandenburg (I had in mind a whispered midnight telephone call from a back-country baseball sleuth, or a scribbled note from some old teammate of Scarborough's now buried in the boonies), and then I learned that scouting, like everything else in baseball, is undergoing some revolutionary changes.

The twenty-four big-league clubs are rivals in a narrow and intensely competitive business arena, and until very recently the proudest emblems of their independence were probably their enormous scouting staffs. The 1974 edition of the *Baseball Blue Book*, which is the business directory of the game, listed the names and clubs of six hundred and fifty-nine scouts—or fifty-nine more than the total number of players carried on major-league rosters. A few of these were part-timers, or "bird dogs" (who are paid a fee only when a player they have spotted is signed to a contract), but each club was carrying somewhere between twenty and thirty full-time scouts, whose rather modest salaries and rather sizable travel expenses added up to a very considerable item on the corporate books. In 1965, Branch Rickey estimated that the scouting expenses of the twenty clubs of that time came to at least five million dollars, and if the figure is extended by a decade of inflation and the addition of four expansion teams, the bottom-line scouting figure must have reached at least seven and a half million dollars. This is a high price even for top-level corporate intelligence, and, reluctantly but inevitably, the owners voted in 1974 to establish a centralized scouting force. This body, the Major League Scouting Bureau, which is now in its second year of a three-year initial contract, deploys a total of sixty-nine scouts, who work under the direction of Jim Wilson, the former general manager of the Milwaukee Brewers. Operating out of Newport Beach, California, it issues computerized scouting reports on every free-agent prospect in high-school and college ball; the reports, which are brought up to date at intervals as fresh scouting data come in, are sent to all the clubs that subscribe to the service. Conformity is not a distinguishing characteristic of baseball owners, and so far six clubs—the Dodgers, Mets, Phillies, Cardinals, Giants, and Padres—have stubbornly passed up the Bureau and are going along with their old costly but independent intelligence apparatuses. The world-champion Cincinnati Reds and the Boston Red Sox are subscribers but have so far also retained their full private rosters of scouts. Most of the other clubs have cut back extensively on their scouting staffs. (Charles Finley's pinchpenny Oakland A's got along with four non-Bureau scouts last year.) The Angels, who listed twenty-two scouts before the advent of the Bureau, now carry fifteen, of whom six (including Ray Scarborough) are full-timers. Most of his springtime travels, Ray told me, were for the purpose of "cross-checking"—that is, evaluating an apparently thorough but anonymous M.L.S.B. report on free-agent players, whose qualifications had also gone out to seventeen rival clubs. We were on our way to cross-check Tim Brandenburg.

"It's changed now, because I don't know who wrote the report we have on Brandenburg," Scarborough said. "The Bureau scouts came from the different clubs, and they're experienced men, but in the old days you always knew the man in your organization who had written a report, and you knew if he was conservative or the other way, so you could make a pretty good evaluation. There was an intimacy to it that made for group confidence and good decisions. It's different now, and cross-checking is more important than ever, especially with the high-rated prospects, so you try to get as many people as possible in your organization to see them. As you know, in the annual June draft of free agents the club that finished last the year before gets to pick first, and the club that finished next to last picks second. That's the way it goes until six or seven hundred names are disposed of—sometimes even more. We pick sixth next month. But the real talent in free agents never runs very deep—some baseball people think it drops way off after the first seven or eight names—and you just can't make a mistake in your two top choices, because then you have to wait till next year. Those first two or three draft picks we make next month have to be *right*, and that means that the scouts who have seen them need thorough judgment. If you see a good-looking high-school player who isn't throwing well or running well on the day you happen to be there, you have to find out why. You don't want a kid knocked out of your thinking for one bad day. But if there's something wrong, if you have some kind of doubt, you'd better go back and check that doubt.

"I think almost anybody can recognize the tools. You or me or the popcorn man can see if a boy is throwing hard or making pretty good contact at the plate. The hard part about free-agent scouting is being able to project. What will this pitcher be like in five years? Will he throw faster? Will he have a better curve? You check his build, and let's say you see narrow shoulders and heavy legs. Will he develop, or will that condition prevail? Jim Kaat was a frail, skinny kid, but he grew with his ability and became a huge man. In the end, I think, size is much less important with a pitcher than a good, loose arm and that good body action. You see a Nolan Ryan, and he's *jumping* at you off that mound. With a seventeen- or eighteen-year-old pitcher, you hope for a good fastball rather than a first-rate curve, because the curve can be taught but the fastball may never come. Even then you can't be sure. Tom Seaver had an indifferent fastball when he was young, and now look at him! Projecting a youngster isn't easy. What you really want to know about him is how much *stomach* does he have. If you could cut a boy open and look at his heart and guts, and then go home with him and see what kind of preparations he makes for a game, why then . . . then . . ." Scarborough laughed and shook his head. "Then my job would be a whole lot easier."

Scarborough, who was driving, was wearing a plaid sports jacket, a navy-blue polo shirt, yellow twill pants, and black alligator shoes. I had entertained some fears that considerations of security might make him cautious in talking to me about his profession, but for the most part he sounded like any good travelling man talking about the special demands of his territory and the splendors of his line.

I asked him to tell me about some of the top prospects he had scouted so far this year.

"Well, let's see," he said, sitting up a little straighter at the wheel. "There's a boy in Springfield, Ohio, named Glass—Timothy Glass, a catcher. He goes about two hundred and fifteen pounds. Runs real well—gets to first in about four-two. A good, strong arm and good hands. He hits with power, but he uppercuts and swings through a lot of pitches. He wears contact lenses, and there has to be some question about his eyesight. But he's almost a complete player. I think he'll be gone by the time it comes around to us, and we're only No. 6. Then, we've checked a pitcher named Richard Whaley, from Jacksonville, North Carolina. I've seen him four times already, and I like what I've seen. He's a left-hander, six-two, sort of lean and willowy, with an excellent rotation on his curve. And there's another pitcher down in Hialeah High School—Hialeah, Florida, that is. He's a big right-hander named Ben Grassbeck or Gribseck—something like that [the name is Grzybek.] He goes about six-six, and he can throw *hard*. He broke his foot a few weeks ago, and that might cost him a lot of money."

I said to Scarborough that it seemed to me he had already covered a good deal of ground in this young baseball season.

"Well, I have to see about fifty free agents in the spring," he said. "Fifty boys who can play a little. I'm flying more than I used to, so maybe it's a little less tiring. Up to a couple of years ago, I was doing about twenty-five or thirty thousand miles a year. Just the week before last I drove up to Baltimore, then to Richmond and Norfolk, and then back up to Trenton, New Jersey. About seventeen hundred miles. It takes a lot out of you, and

BLUE WINDOW

That longing you have to be invisible,
transparent as glass, thin air—
that is what moves you certain times to tears
watching the evening fill with city lights
and the long dusty summer avenues
rise weightless through the air
and tremble like constellations in a sky
so deep and clear you are your one desire,
Oh, let me be that blue . . .

It is your other, solitary self
that calls you to the window where you stand
dreaming in the dusk in an ecstasy of longing
while your white apartment full of plants and pictures
grows strange with shadows, as though under water.
And in another moment
you would stream out the window and into the sky like a breath—
but it is almost too dark to see. In the next apartment
a door is flung open. Someone speaks someone's name.

—KATHA POLLITT

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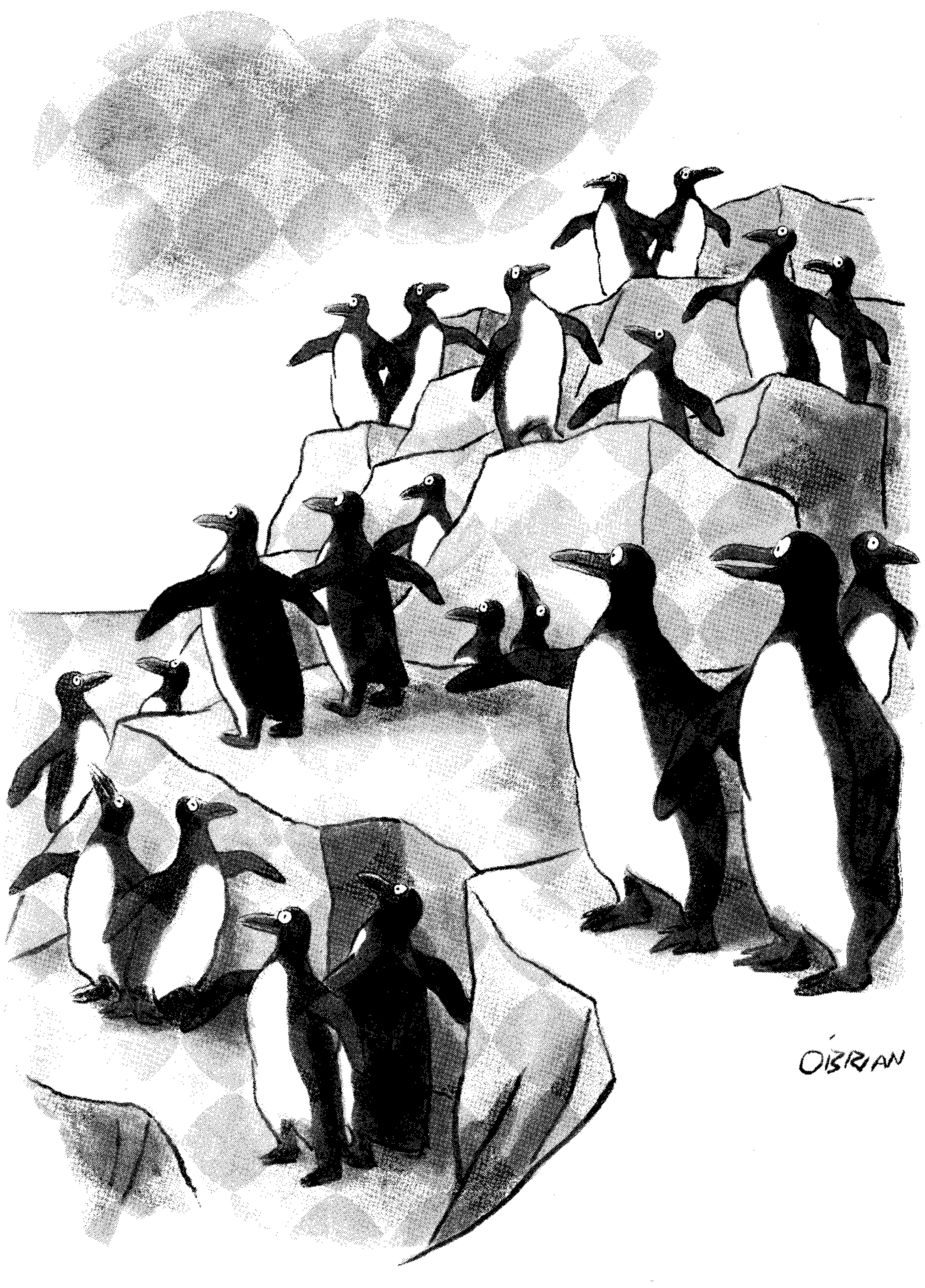


"They're a fun couple. We're a fun couple. All penguins are fun couples."

sometimes it can be sort of a lonesome job. Once in a while, I take my wife with me, if it's a local trip—to Tidewater or someplace like that. We get these Bureau scouting reports so late that you've got to jump if you want to catch a boy. If he's not in a tourney or a playoff or something, you might miss him altogether."

As Scarborough was saying this, it came to me that he had meant twenty-five or thirty thousand miles *by automobile*—miles he had put in at the wheel in search of one summer's young ballplayers. I looked out my window for a while at some Kentucky farms and silos and tried to imagine this. Then I asked Ray which players among the current major-leaguers he had scouted or signed.

"People always ask that," he said. "The truth is, what with the draft, almost nobody in scouting can take that kind of credit anymore."

"What about bird dogs?" I asked.

Ray laughed, and said, "Well, it's supposed to be sort of crude to call them that now. A few years back, they suddenly all became 'commission scouts.' I guess there are still a few of them left. They're simply the most dedicated men—the best baseball fans—in the whole game. They do what they do out of love for the game. They don't make any money at it—probably they *lose* money, even after they've picked up that little commission for a boy who gets signed. They can be high-school coaches, newspaper reporters, schoolteachers—anybody. A friend of mine named Mack Arnette was just about your perfect commission scout. He was the sales manager at Station WWNC, in Asheville. He had good judgment, and I had complete confidence in him. We signed quite a few of his boys. I don't know how active he is now.

"The bird dogs were part of a whole network of contacts that each territorial scout put together, and the moment they sent him word about some good-looking boy, he'd hustle right out and take a look himself, and then tell his regional supervisor about him. The territorial scout is what this business is all about. If the club signed up somebody he'd seen, he could always think, 'That's *my* player.' A lot of them have gone out of business since the Bureau, and it's a real shame.

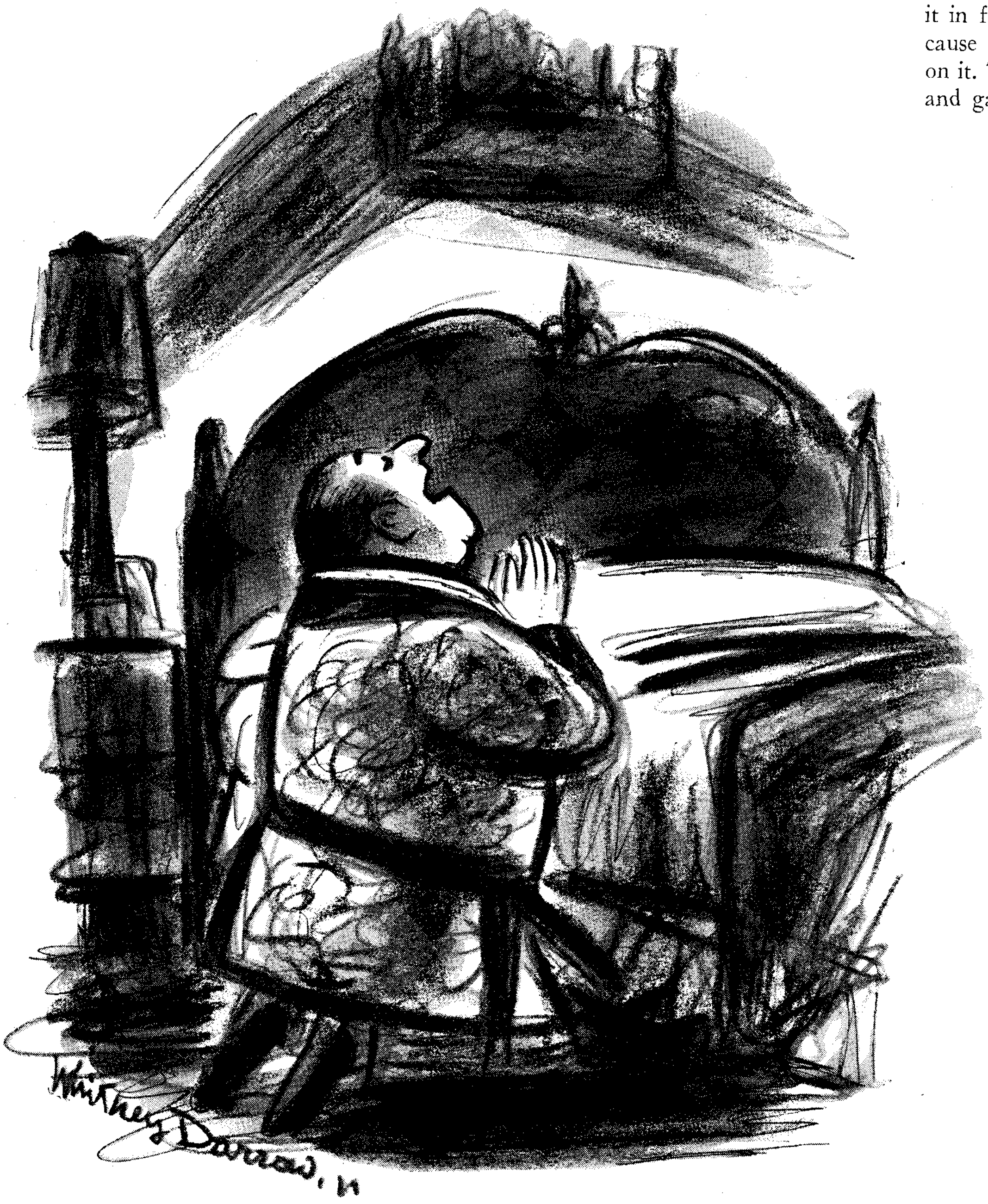
"Well, as I was saying, it's a group sort of thing now, and, of course, it's just luck if your club gets to draft a particular player you're after—even some kid you've been downright enthusiastic about. The only players in the majors right now who I've had anything to do with came up in the Baltimore organization, because there hasn't been time yet for the Angels' draft choices I've seen to make it up to the top. With Baltimore, I saw Paul Mitchell, that young pitcher who just went to Oakland in the Jackson trade. He's a real live one—a regular bulldog. And there's Don Hood, who's with the Indians now. And that big kid who's doing all that good work with the Orioles now—I think he's even leading the league in earned-run average. . . ." He paused and frowned. "Seems like I can't remember *anybody's* name some days," he murmured. "Garland! Wayne Garland, of course. Listen, I first saw him in Connie Mack ball, over in Jackson, Tennessee. He was just about to pitch, and he was drinking a Pepsi and eating the biggest hot dog you ever saw, but he pitched a good game that night. A big right-hander, and he could really hump up and throw that ball. Harry Dalton and Dee Phillips came and had a look at him, and when we got him in the draft we gave him what he wanted. I think he got about thirty thousand. You've *got* to sign those good ones when you can—there aren't enough good arms available.

"I'll tell you a funny thing. The finest left-handed pitcher I ever scouted in a high school is with the Angels right now—Frank Tanana. But I didn't have a single thing to do with his being with us, because I was scouting for Baltimore then, and we didn't get him. He was pitching in a high-school league in Detroit where they only gave you three balls and two strikes, and those batters were *mesmerized!* He had stuff and poise, and an outstanding change of pace, and his attitude was just about perfect. He really knew how to pitch."

Ray bent forward and peered up at the sky, which had become gray and threatening. "Now, don't tell me," he said. "Yes, it's going to rain, sure as the devil. Do you know, that's *the* No. 1 occupational hazard of this profession. You have to wait over a day, and that means you often miss another game and another prospect. It's a real problem."

Ray Scarborough is a cheerful man, and even the spattering of the first few raindrops on our windshield didn't make him gloomy for long. "At least it's easier to get to a boy than it sometimes was in the old days," he said. "Back in 1959 or 1960, when I was just starting, I found a pitcher named James Barrier, who lived way up on top of a mountain in Jonas Ridge, North Carolina. I had to walk the last couple of miles up. He lived in a little old house with his parents and a whole lot of brothers and sisters, and he walked I don't know how many miles to school every day. I saw him pitch a game on a field where it looked like they hadn't mowed the outfield for weeks, and they had a ground rule that a ball lost in the tall grass behind the outfielders was a double, but if you lost it in front of you it was a homer, because you should have kept your eye on it. That's the truth. We signed him and gave him a bonus so he could go to Appalachian State Teachers College, and he went on and won about fifteen games one year with Newton-Conover, in the Western Carolina League. He never made it into Class A ball, and he quit after about four years, but I imagine he was always a kind of an example to a lot of kids he played with. The last I heard of him, he'd got a Ph.D. from Clemson and was head of biology at Baptist College, down in Charleston, South Carolina. I always thought that was one of the best signings I ever made."

WE came to Elizabethtown and found the high school, but it was still raining lightly when we pulled into the parking lot next to the wet green ballfield, and it had begun to look like a wasted journey. There was nobody in sight but a little group of middle-aged men in golf caps and assorted rain gear who were standing together and glumly looking up at the sky—more baseball scouts, it turned out. They greeted Ray warmly, and he introduced them to me: Floyd Baker, of the Twins; Ray Holton, of the Scouting Bureau; Joe Bowen, the director of scouting for the Reds; and Nick Kamzic, who is one of the Angels' supervisors of scouting. All of them



"Please, sir, I want some more."

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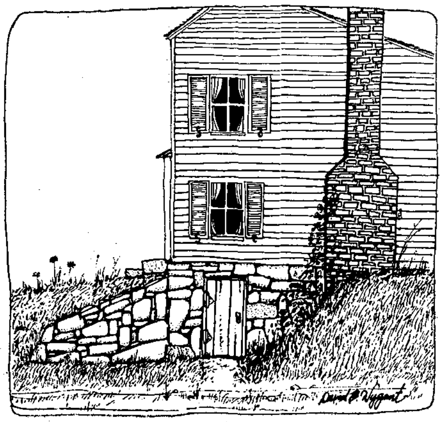
had come to see Tim Brandenburg. Kamzic and Scarborough moved a few steps away from the others and compared notes on their recent travels and discoveries (Kamzic was optimistic about Steve Trout, a young left-handed pitcher from South Holland, Illinois, who is the son of the old Tiger hurler Dizzy Trout), but soon the rain began to come down harder, and we all ran for shelter. Back in our car, Ray opened a briefcase and handed me his copy of the Bureau's scouting report on Brandenburg—a single mimeographed sheet, with Brandenburg's vital statistics printed out in drab computeresque capitals, and then two parallel columns of figures under the headings "PRES" and "FUT." On the left-hand side of the page, there was a rating key with figures ranging from 8 ("OUTSTANDING") down to 2 ("POOR"), and then a column of categories marked "FASTBALL," "CURVE," "CONTROL," "CHANGE OF PACE," and (bracketed together) "SLIDER, KNUCKLEBALL, OTHER," followed by "POISE," "BB INSTINCTS," "AGGRESSIVENESS." Brandenburg's "PRES" ratings were all fours and fives, except for a zero in the bracketed entry; in the "FUT" column the ratings had all gone up to five, and his curveball had become a six ("ABOVE AVE."). Down at the bottom of the page I read: "AVE. MAJOR LEAGUE CURVEBALL AT THIS TIME & CAN THROW IT FOR A STRIKE WHEN HE WANTS TO. GOOD FIELDER. HAS FULL ARM ACTION. FOLLOWS THROUGH GOOD & USES BODY TO ITS FULLEST. ONLY WEAKNESS I CAN SEE IS BELOW-AVE. MAJOR LEAGUE FASTBALL. HOWEVER, I DO PROJECT A MAJOR LEAGUE FASTBALL IN FUTURE." Then, under "SUMMATION & SIGNABILITY," I saw "HAS THE TOOLS TO BECOME A GOOD MAJOR LEAGUE PITCHER. . . . MUST ALSO COMBAT COLLEGE OFFERS." The report depressed me; I felt as if I had accidentally glanced into a brightly lit window across the street and then had secretly begun to watch the activities of a stranger there.

The rain was letting up, but a fresh wind was buffeting the trees beyond the outfield fence. Scarborough wiped the inside of our foggy windshield with his handkerchief. "Golly Pete," he said. "If I was young Mr. Brandenburg, I'd be a little nervous right now, waiting all this time. There's more pressure than you can hardly imagine on a young player in a situation like this. Usually, there aren't too many folks in the stands at a high-school game, and he can see those scouts all sitting there, with their little hats on. Come *on*, rain—just quit, now."

The rain did stop, and half an hour later we were sitting on some damp bright-yellow aluminum bleacher seats, and the stands had suddenly filled up with spectators: high-school kids, most of them, in jeans and overalls and emblazoned T-shirts and floppy far-out hats and shiny rain jackets and big boots—high-school kids anywhere. Everyone was clapping for the game to begin. Directly in front of me, an older man wearing a camouflage-spotted hunting cap turned around and said, "If Brandenburg wasn't pitching, I'd be off fishin' right now." Then the players for the visiting team—North Hardin High, from Radcliff, Kentucky—ran out on the wet field, wearing electric-blue shirts and white pants (the teams had drawn for the home-team last-up privilege, and the visitors had won), and the game began at last—not much of a game, at that, because the Elizabethtown Panthers (gold shirts with a gigantic purple ventral "E" and striped white pants) immediately batted around, scoring five runs, thanks in part to a bases-loaded single by Tim Brandenburg. Ray watched all this with considerable impatience, casting glances from time to time at the low, hurrying clouds just above us. The teams changed sides, and Brandenburg sauntered very slowly out to the mound. Some of the girls in the stands called "Tim! Tim! *Tim!*" in unison. Brandenburg had curly hair and a Roman nose; he didn't look heavily muscled, but he had the sloping shoulders and long arms of a pitcher. I could not remember how long it had been since I had seen a ballplayer who looked so young. Throwing left-handed, and pitching, for some reason, with no windup at all, he ran up a full count on the first batter and then struck him out with a sharp-breaking curve.

"Look at that," Ray murmured in a puzzled way. "Why is he pitching like that, I wonder. Why doesn't he wind up? It's like he's playing catch out there. . . . Well, I see he's bowlegged—there aren't many real athletes who aren't, they tell me."



Brandenburg struck out the second batter and retired the third on an easy grounder.

"Yes, that's a pretty good curveball," Ray said to me. "It has a good, tight spin on it. I think if he'd push off the mound he'd get more action on it. But it's hard to see a guy with his build getting much faster. He can pitch in the minors, that's for sure."

Elizabethtown kept scoring runs, and Tim Brandenburg kept dismissing the enemy batters without effort, and after three innings the score had gone to 8–0. Nick Kamzic climbed up the stands and squeezed in next to Ray, and after Brandenburg surrendered a single—the first hit of the day for North Hardin—he said, "He seems to have more drive when he pitches off the stretch. He drops down and pushes off better."

"Yes, but he may have trouble holding men on," Ray said. "I mean, the way he rocks back instead of coming straight on down. But that's correctable."

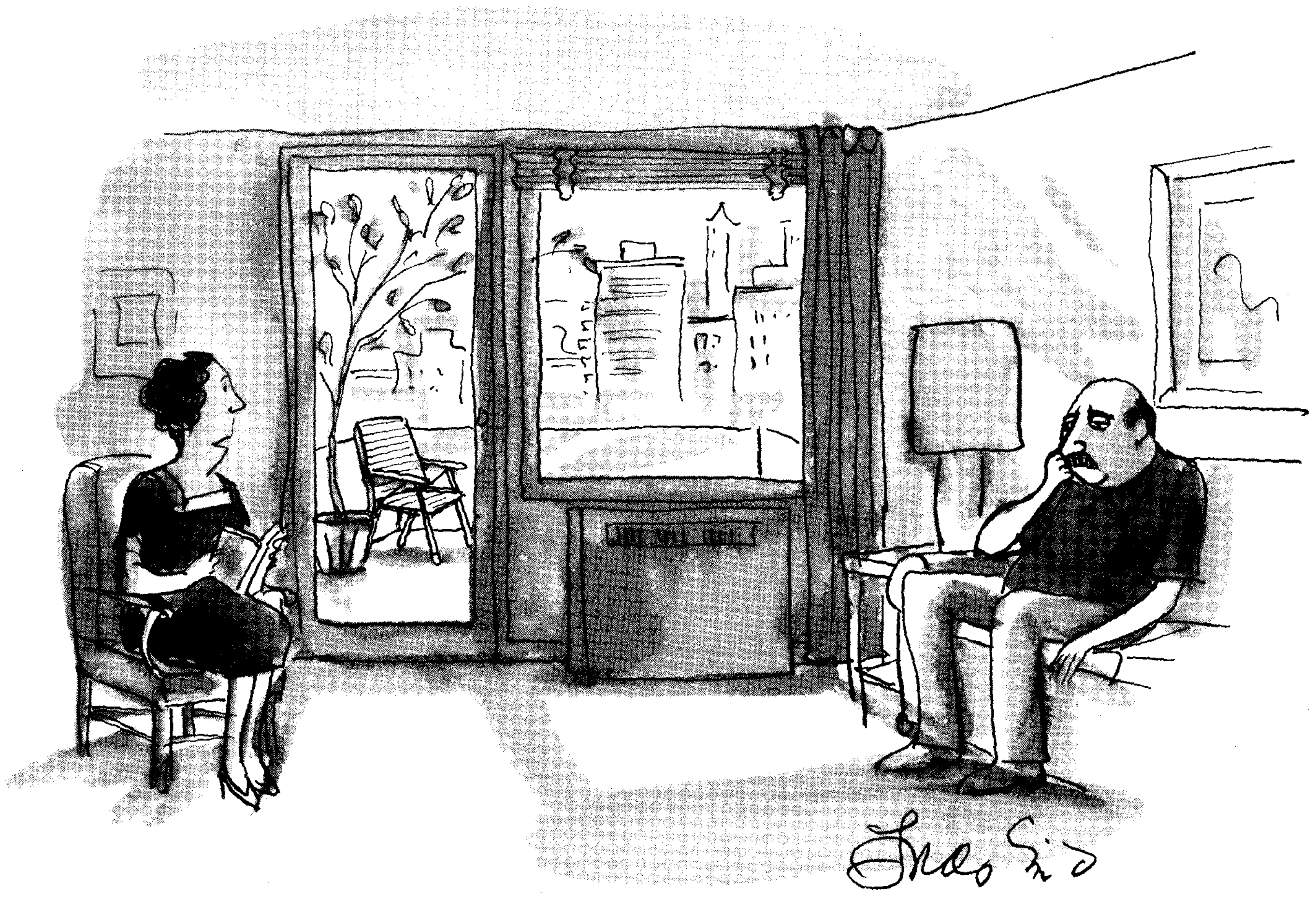
Brandenburg gave up a foul and then rubbed up the new ball with great deliberation. He looked around at the crowd in rather imperious fashion.

"Hey, now!" Ray said, grinning. "He's a showman. He's a candidate for *New York*. I'll tell you, if I had an eight-run lead and it looked like rain, I'd be firin' that ball. But this kid has a pretty good arm. You want to make him throw harder, but you can't. His best stuff is up out of the strike zone. When he comes down with it, he loses velocity. If he could get some mustard on it, on top of his breaking stuff, he'd be in pretty good shape. I think it's that no windup. You want to teach a kid like this to drive that lead shoulder toward the catcher's mitt. That makes the ball come in low, and we have a low strike zone now."

All this was perfectly evident to me as soon as Ray pointed it out. I had the curious feeling that I was listening to a brilliant English instructor explicating some famous novel or play. I thought I had known some of the passages by heart—known them almost too well—but now I began to hear different rhythms and truths. An old text had become fresh and exciting again.

"This kid is pretty advanced in most areas," Ray went on, "but you always look for places where a boy can be improved." He paused, and then, almost to himself, he murmured, "You always want them to be better."

The game ended—it was a seven-inning affair—with Elizabethtown on



"Why don't you go out and sit under your tree?"

• •

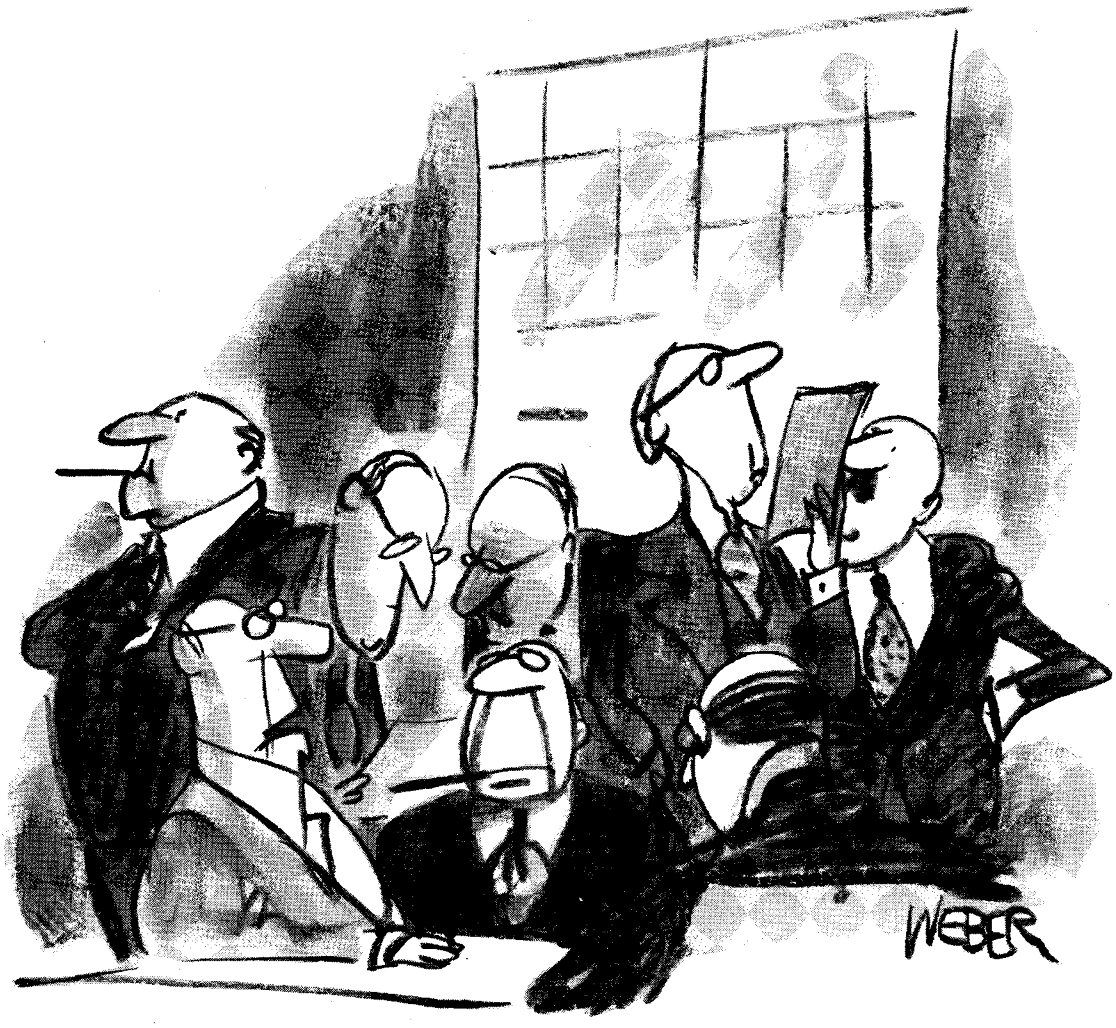
top by 9–0, and some of the young people in the stands ran out on the field and stood around Tim Brandenburg in a happy circle. He had given up two hits and struck out seventeen batters. I had begun to play scout, of course, and had become hard to please, and it was not until Scarborough and I were in our car and on the way back to Louisville that it came to me that Tim Brandenburg was almost surely the best high-school pitcher I had ever seen.

I asked Ray what he thought, and he remained silent for some time. "I'm thinking what I'll write on my report," he said at last. "Overall, the boy has a chance to pitch. He's not an *outstanding* prospect, but he has a good opportunity. Off what I saw today, I'd say he might go in the fourth or fifth round of the draft. If you had to, you might take him in the third round. He looks sort of like the kind of pitcher that tops out at about the AA level, because of his lack of velocity. That curve is a good one, but he might have to develop another pitch—a slip pitch or something—if he's going to make it to the majors. In the end, it will probably depend on his intelligence and how much he wants to make it to the top."

I asked Scarborough what was meant by the word "signability," which I had seen on the Bureau's report, and he pointed out that although each club had exclusive rights to a player it acquired in the draft, it still had to negotiate financial terms with that player. If they couldn't agree, the player would once more become a free agent and might be drafted all over again—usually in a redraw that forms part of another draft each year, in January—by a different club, or even by the same club. "If you think a boy is worth fifteen thousand dollars and he and his parents and his coach think he's worth fifty, *that's* a signability problem," Scarborough said. "More players than you'd think don't get signed—especially the high-school kids, because they can always choose to go off to college instead. Sometimes, if you're lucky, you can sign half of them. Your main effort is always to sign your top five or six draft picks. It seems unusual, but a good college player is always more signable than a high-school boy, because he has no place else to go after he graduates. He's got to come to you. One real headache for us is the salary levels for these young players while they're beginning to work their way up through minor-league ball. Down in Class A or lower, they can get only five hundred a month in their first year, and up to seven hundred in Double A. And the per-diem is strictly hamburger money. I think we lose a lot of prospects right there.

"Of course, signing a player you want real bad is absolutely different from what it was back before the clubs pushed through the draft system, about ten or twelve years ago, after they'd all spent so much money on those bonus babies. If this was back then, and we wanted this boy, I'd have made it a point to get to know his parents on this trip, so that when the time came we might get in there ahead of the other clubs. That used to be about the liveliest part of it all, especially with a really and truly top prospect, and it was downright enjoyable sometimes what you had to do."

Scarborough grinned and slapped the steering wheel with one hand. "I'll never forget signing a fellow named Cotton Clayton, way back in the early sixties," he said. "He was an outfielder, and he could do it *all*. He was a valuable piece of property. Harry Dalton wanted him, and Lee MacPhail, who was our G.M. at Baltimore then—*he* wanted him. I made an appointment to see Clayton down in his home town of Henderson, North Carolina, and I checked into the local motel. You had to make an appointment, because just



"Whatever else it may be here at Schroeder, Mulhaney, Meegan, Finletter, Cooke, Gelb, Troestle & Crumm, gentlemen, it is not lonely at the top."

• •

about every other club was anxious to get him, too, but especially the Cardinals. I made damn sure to get him to come up to my motel room, and I swore to myself he'd never get out until I'd signed him. I also made sure that Harry and Lee, up in Baltimore, were ready on the other end of the phone. This was in the bonus days, you understand, and I had about fifty thousand dollars at my disposal, but when Clayton came in and sat down I just didn't know how to get around to the subject at hand."

Ray laughed delightedly. "Well, sir, we talked about rabbits and about farming and about basketball—everything but money. He was one tough bargainer. When we finally got to it, we began around twenty-five thousand, and every time he'd tilt the pot a little I'd shake my head and say, 'Well, let me talk to Harry,' and I'd go off and make a telephone call. We talked and talked, and we got awful tired in that room, and finally he said, 'Well, I can't take one penny less than fifty thousand.' I pulled back—sort of recoiled—and said, 'You just knocked me out of the box,' but I said that we needed a left-hand-hitting outfielder *so* bad that I'd make one last call to Lee MacPhail and see if I could talk him into it. I said, 'If I can somehow do that, will you sign for ten thousand a year for five years, with a starting salary of a thousand dollars a month, and will you sign *before you leave this room*?'

"Well, he squirmed and squirmed, because, of course, he'd promised the Cardinals and some of the other scouts he'd never sign anything without talking to them first. But he finally said yes, and I called Lee, and Lee whispered 'Sign him!,' and I pulled out the contract—which I'd had ready all along, of course—and he signed, and I shook his hand and checked out of the motel and went home. And do you know that the next man who checked into that exact room that day was Eddie Lyons, of the Cardinals? He wanted Clayton just as bad as we did, only he'd stopped off on the way to sign a third baseman down there he'd liked. He got my room, but I'd got *his* outfielder!"

I couldn't remember having heard of Cotton Clayton in big-league ball, and I asked Ray what had happened to him.

"Cotton Clayton ended up playing in the International League for about four or five years," he said. "He had some bad breaks along the way—that's the way it is sometimes—and he never did get to the majors. Now he has a tire business down in Henderson—along with the farm that I bought with that fifty thousand."

THE next morning, Ray Scarborough and I caught an early flight to Detroit, where we would pick up another car and drive to Ypsilanti to scout a highly celebrated pitching prospect named Bob Owchinko, who played for Eastern Michigan University. During the flight, I asked Ray if he could remember when he himself had first been scouted. He told me he had grown up on a small farm in Mount Gilead, in central North Carolina. He was the fourth of six brothers (there was one sister), and all the Scarboroughs loved to play ball. Work on the farm was long and hard, but their father made a little diamond out behind the house, and there was time for some family baseball there in the evenings. Sometimes Ray and his next-older brother, Steve, would walk five miles in to town to play in a pick-up game. Eventually, Ray was given an athletic scholarship to Rutherford Junior College, in the Carolina Piedmont section, where another brother, Bill, was doing some coaching.

In the summer when Ray turned seventeen, a shiny black Cadillac rolled up to the Scarborough farm one day, and a man wearing a suit and tie stepped out. "It was a Cardinal scout named Pat Crawford," Ray said, "and he'd come to look me over. He was a real Dapper Dan, and I was *impressed*. 'Can you th'ow for me?' he asked, and I said yes, sir. But there wasn't anybody else at home right then, so we didn't know who I could throw *to*. I offered to throw to him, but he declined. Well, finally he pointed to a red clay bank off across the road and said, 'Son, how would you like to th'ow into that bank?' We paced off the distance and he took a white handkerchief out of his pocket and stuck it up in place on that bank with a little rock. Then he got some baseballs out of the trunk of the Cadillac, and I threw for about ten minutes at his old hanky. He must have liked what he saw, because he invited me to a Cardinals tryout camp in Charlotte. Mr. Rickey was there, and some others, and they picked three of us out of about a hundred or more, so I knew they thought I could play. But they only offered me sixty dollars a month, so I decided I wasn't ready to go into baseball yet."

Ray wanted to continue with college after his two years at Rutherford, but he knew he had to earn his way. He hoped to pick up some cash by playing in the semi-pro Coastal Plain League but was told that he was too small. "I only weighed about a hundred and twenty-eight, which wasn't big enough even for mumblety-peg," he said to me. "I finally hooked on with a town team in Aberdeen, North Carolina, in the Sand Hill League. We played ball two days and picked peaches the rest of the time. I got twelve dollars and fifty cents a week for playin' and pickin'. No bonus, no Social Security."

BEER 'N' BURGER

He stayed out of school that winter and worked as a carhop in a drive-in, but he had begun to grow, and the next spring—the spring of 1938—he was given a tryout with a team in Hickory, North Carolina, in the Carolina League.

"That was an outlaw league," Ray said. "You know—outside of regular organized baseball. It was just a string of teams from little cities like Concord and Gastonia and Kannapolis. Strictly semi-pro, but there were a lot of players I'd heard of—Art Shires and Packy Rogers and Prince Henry Oana—and we all got paid. Well, I won myself a job and, do you know, I actually pitched the opening game of the season for the Hickory Rebels, against Lenoir. I was just a squirt with a curve and a fastball, but I thought I was the biggest dog in town."

Ray's route to the big time was not quite arrowlike. Pitching with the Rebels won him an athletic scholarship to Wake Forest, and there he began to receive some attention from big-league scouts—famous men like Gene McCann, of the Yankees, and Paul Florence, of the Reds. He was treated to a special courtesy trip to Philadelphia, where he visited Shibe Park and shook hands with Connie Mack. Money and celebrity seemed to be in the offing, but Scarborough injured his arm while pitching in the fifth game of his senior year at Wake Forest, and the scouts suddenly disappeared. He took his degree and taught high school for a year, at Tabor City, North Carolina, while he waited for his arm to come around, and then signed on with Chattanooga, in the Class A Southern League, for a fifteen-hundred-dollar bonus—a fraction of the sum the scouts had been talking about before his injury. He was sent down to Selma, Alabama, in Class B, and there, at last, he began to win. He broke the league strikeout record there, came back to Chattanooga, and joined the Washington Senators in June, 1942, just a month before his twenty-fifth birthday. "I'd finally made it off the farm," Ray said. He pitched in the majors until 1953.

EASTERN MICHIGAN is a rising power in college baseball, and the trim diamond and attractive little roofed grandstand that Ray Scarborough and I found in Ypsilanti that day were much more inviting than a lot of spring-training ballparks I could recall. We were there for a Mid-American Conference doubleheader between the Eastern Michigan Hurons and the Falcons, from Bowling Green State University, in Ohio. The home team was just finishing infield practice under a cloudy sky, and the Huron squad members, in white uniforms with green lettering, were ranged along the third-base line, where they gave some noisy cheers for each of their starting infielders as he whipped his last peg in to the catcher and trotted off the field. Football stuff. Ray Scarborough greeted some scouting friends and then sat down with a California colleague, Al Hollingsworth, who is also a special-assignment scout for the Angels, operating out of Texas. Hollingsworth has thick white hair, blue eyes, and a tanned, classic old-ballplayer's face, with crinkly lines around the eyes and mouth. If you were casting for the part of a veteran scout in a baseball movie, you would pick Al Hollingsworth.

"Hey, I hear we win last night!" he said to Ray. "Somebody told me. It was about 7–5."

Scarborough had been complaining that morning that it was often impossible on the road to pick up the results of Angels games from the West Coast, and he brightened at the news. (Angels victories had been rare in recent weeks; in fact, the club was dead last in the American League

West.) “That’s more *like* it,” he said. “Who pitched?”

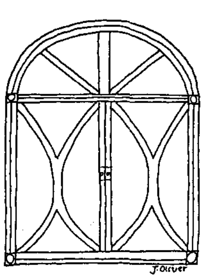
“All I heard was Alvarez hit a home run,” Hollingsworth said. He told Ray he had just flown in from Denison, Texas, where he had seen a young pitcher named Darwin the day before. “He’s about twenty years old, and he’s comin’ on,” he said. “He threw about eighty-six, eighty-seven on the speed gun. He got ripped pretty good yesterday, though. He reminds you a little of a Granger or a Perzanowski. His arm’s way over here, and his ball don’t tail.”

“I hear there’s a catcher on this Bowling Green team,” Ray said. “I don’t recall his name, though.”

“You got anything on a kid named Brown, in Indiana?” Hollingsworth said. “All I have on him is a phone number.”

And then the game began, and we all began to watch Bob Owchinko, who had brought us there. The Bureau scouting report on him had rated him a premium choice, with an above-average fastball, a curveball with a tight spin, a screwball, and a loose overhead arm action. He was a tall, solidly built left-hander, and he was using a full windup, with a high-kicking delivery and a long stride. He was hiding the ball well between pitches. He fanned the first two Bowling Green hitters, gave up a single to the catcher (whose name, it turned out, was Larry Owen), walked a batter, and then got the side out with another strikeout.

“A nice big boy,” Ray murmured. “He’s got heavy legs and sort of a big tail, but that never hurt Lolich, did it? Pitchers can get away with that better than others. I like the way this boy comes at the batter.”



The stands were filling up, and Ray kept getting up to exchange greetings with more scouts as they took seats around us, in a companionable cluster directly behind home plate—Dick Teed and Brandy Davis, of the Phillies; Pat Gillick and Dave Yoakum, of the Yankees; Howie Haak (a famous name in scouting), of the Pirates; Syd Thrift, of the A’s; Joe Bowen, of the Reds, who had been with us the day before in Elizabethtown. (If you were writing a baseball movie or a baseball novel, you would give your scouts names like these.) The scouts sat back quietly, some with their arms folded or a knee cocked up, and watched the field with motionless intensity. They looked like businessmen at a staff conference. Nobody seemed to be taking any notes.

I remarked that Owchinko appeared to be a good drawing card, and Ray said, “In the old days, you’d have had a *drove* of scouts at a game like this. They tell me the Bureau tries to discourage their men from being too close with any of the rest of us, because they’re supposed to represent their clubs impartially, but I can’t see how that’s going to work. You just can’t keep friendship out of scouting, because so many of these fellows have been buddies for years. A lot of us have played with each other or against each other, and we go back a long way together. It’s a fraternity.”

The teams changed sides, and the home-plate umpire—a short, dark-haired man, whose black suit was already stained with sweat and dust—walked back to the stands with his mask in one hand and chatted with the scouts. He poked a forefinger through the wire of the foul screen and gravely shook fingers with Ray Scarborough.

“That’s Tom Ravashiere,” Ray said after the umpire had gone back to work. “He was a good ump in the International League for years and years. He’s out of baseball now, but I guess he still does games like this. He lives around here someplace.”

Both the teams on the field looked well trained and extremely combative, and the young players made up for their occasional mistakes with some eye-popping plays. At one point, Owchinko hustled off the mound, snatched up an attempted sacrifice bunt, and whirled and threw the Falcon base runner out at second with a fiery peg. In the bottom of the same inning—the fourth—a Bowling Green outfielder made a diving, sliding catch on his belly in short center field, and then Owen, the catcher, threw out a base runner trying to steal second—threw him out a mile. The Falcon pitcher, whose name was Kip Young, was not quite in Owchinko’s class, but he was putting up a battle, throwing a lot of low curves and showing good control. In the fifth, an Eastern Michigan threat was extinguished when the Bowling Green shortstop speared a line drive on his knees and converted it into a lightning double play at second, thus preserving the scoreless, eventful tie. Ray and the other scouts shook their heads and exchanged little smiles, enjoying it. The clouds had begun to break up, and the green of the outfield grass had turned light and glistening. Good game.

Owchinko had been striking out enemy batters in considerable numbers, but now, in the sixth, he seemed to lose his concentration, walking the first two men. Then there was an error behind him on an easy double-play grounder, and a moment later a Bowling Green outfielder named Jeff Groth whacked a long drive over the left-field fence for a grand-slam home run. Silence in the stands—a very brief silence, it turned out, for in the home half the Eastern Michigan hitters came alive, with a walk, a ground-rule double, and a two-run single, and then, after a couple of mistakes by the visitors, a culminating three-run homer to center by the Eastern Michigan right fielder, Thom Boutin. The whole Huron team came out to the third-base foul line to welcome him home, and the student fans around us screeched ecstatically. Owchinko walked the leadoff man in the top of the seventh and seemed to be struggling (“Come *on*, Chink!” the fans pleaded), but the tying run died at second, and the Hurons had won it, 5–4.

“I don’t know if he got tired, or what, but his velocity wasn’t good at the end,” Ray said. “I’d like to have seen if he could get two strikes on a man and then break off the curveball. When he gave up that homer, he’d got in the position of trying to throw strikes past the batter, instead of trying to get the man out. He threw that pitch sort of easy—a mistake pitch. But that’s normal. I try never to notice if a pitcher gives up a hit. It’s his motion I’m watching. Same thing with a hitter—I don’t care if he hits, as long as he’s making contact and swings well. But this was a good performance by Owchinko. You could make a few mechanical changes with his delivery. Being sort of big-assed, he stops his right leg sometimes, so his body can’t open up, and he has to throw from over *here*. But he’s got a chance to make a pretty good pitcher. I think this boy might go in the first round. I’d love for us to get him along about the second round, but he won’t be around that long.”

Most of the scouts had disappeared, but we waited for the second game of the doubleheader, because Ray wanted to have a look at the next Eastern Michigan pitcher—a junior named Bob Welch. During the interval, I wandered out beyond the left-field stands and found Bob Owchinko lying on his stomach on the grass, with a towel around his neck. His face was red and he was streaming perspiration. I asked him if he had noticed the scouts behind home during the game.

"Yeah, I saw them there, staring me in the face," he said. "They don't bother me—I know what they're here for."

"Do you care about which club will draft you next month?" I said.

"I've been waiting for a career in major-league ball since I was eleven, and now it's here," he said. "It's about time. I don't care where I go, but I do like hot weather."

The second game began, and after Bob Welch had thrown about six pitches Ray Scarborough exclaimed, "*There's* a good-looking body! He's almost got these boys overmatched already."

Welch, a right-hander, looked even taller and stronger than Bob Owchinko, and he threw with a kind of explosive elegance. There was something commanding about him.

"See out there?" Ray said. "See him cocking his wrist like that behind his back? That can strain your elbow. It could hurt him. He's cutting the ball a little—turning his hand—which takes off some velocity. If he did it a little more, it would be a slider. I wish he'd turn loose—he's got a real good arm."

Welch fired two fastballs, fanning the batter.

"*There!*" Ray said. "I like that! He comes off that mound like he means business." He stood up, smiling with pleasure. "I believe I'll be making a trip back here a year from now. Maybe we better go quick, before I get dissatisfied with the whole 1976 draft."

RAY SCARBOROUGH and I parted in Detroit that evening. I went home to New York, and he flew to Madison, Wisconsin, where he planned to watch a prospect from the University of Michigan in a game the next day. What he met there, however, was rain. Early in June, Ray went out to Anaheim and, in company with Harry Dalton and Walter Shannon (the Angels' director of scouting) and Nick Kamzic and Al Hollingsworth and nine other Angel scouts and executives, participated in four days of intensive discussions and appraisals of all the high-school and college free agents that they had scouted and cross-checked and talked about. The draft, which came on June 8th, was conducted in the baseball commissioner's office, in New York, over an open telephone hookup to all twenty-four clubs. The Houston Astros, with first pick, chose a much admired left-handed pitching

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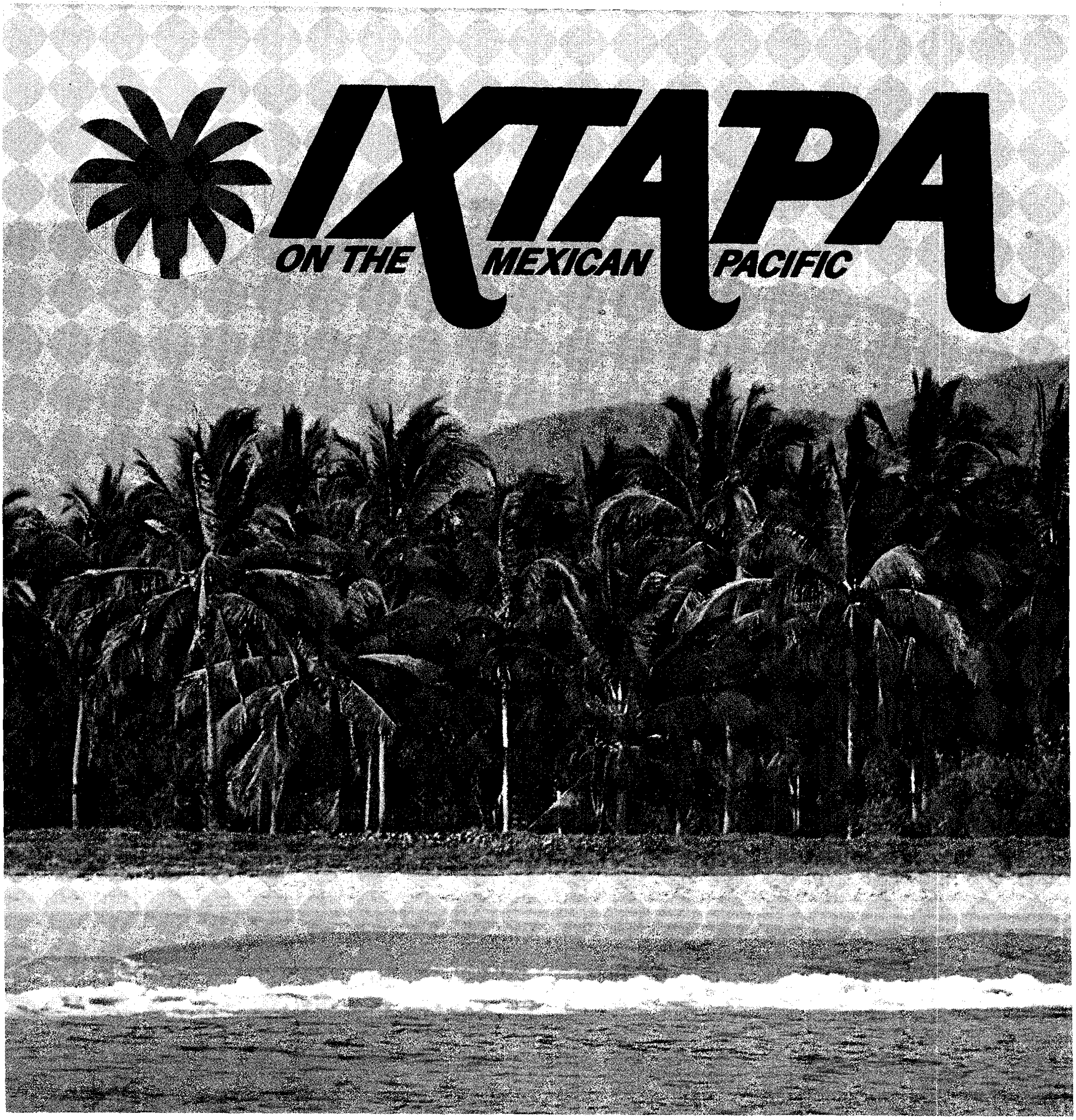

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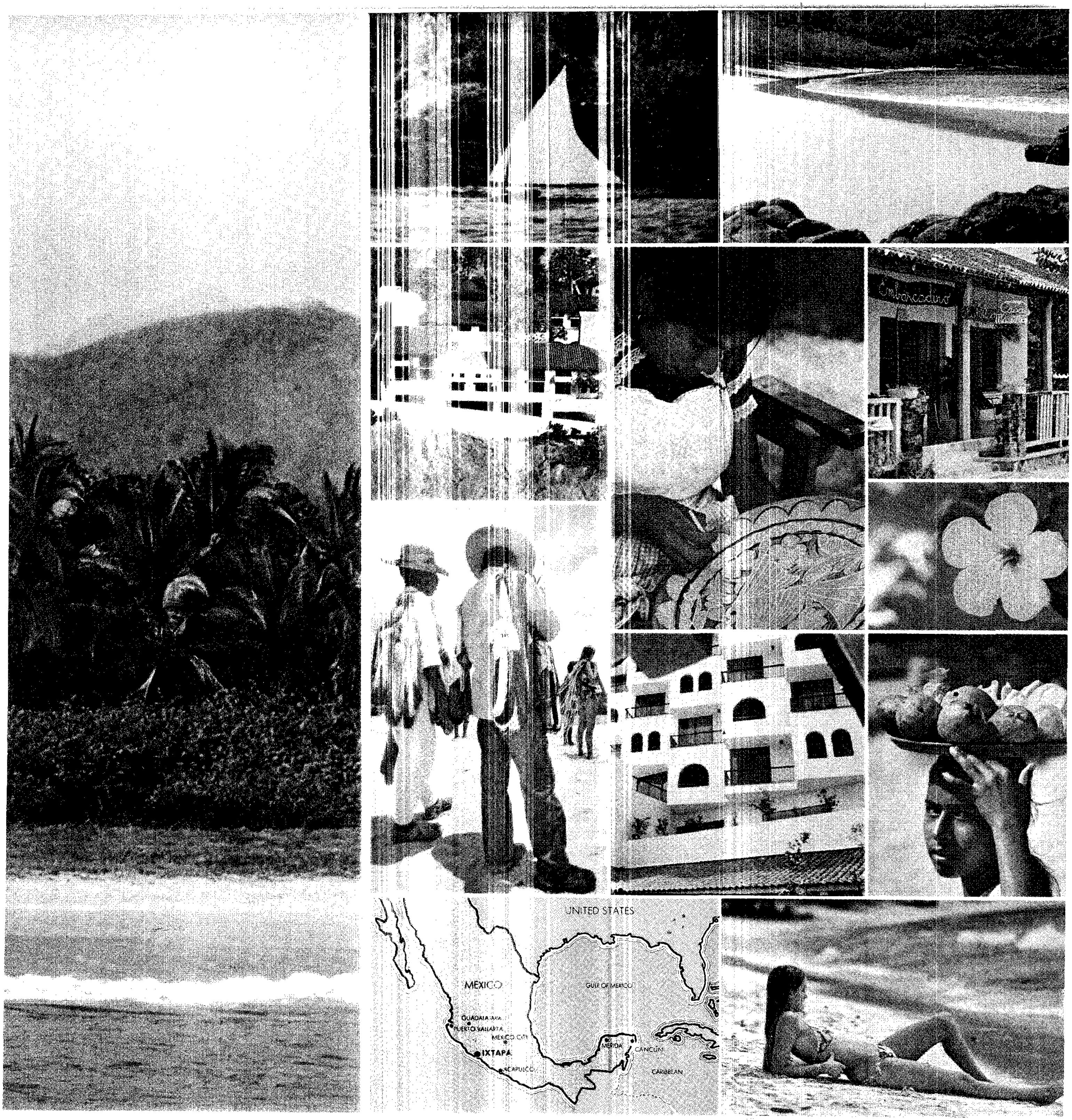

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star from Arizona State University named Floyd Bannister. The Angels' first choice, on the sixth pick, was a power-hitting outfielder named Kenny Landreaux, also from Arizona State. Tim Brandenburg went to the Kansas City Royals in the second round—the forty-second player in the country to be drafted. The Angels did not bid on him. As for Bob Owchinko, he went to the San Diego Padres on the fifth pick in the first round. A little later in June, at the National Collegiate Athletic Association championships in Omaha, the Eastern Michigan ball team went all the way into the finals before losing to the University of Arizona. On the way, they upset the favorites, Arizona State, thanks to a seven-hitter thrown by Owchinko.

I thought about Ray Scarborough while the draft was going on, and later I looked up the names of some of the players he had scouted. Timothy Glass, the catcher from Springfield, Ohio, went to the Indians in the first round. Ben Grzybek, the pitcher from Hialeah, was the first-round choice of the Royals—thus becoming a potential future teammate of Brandenburg's. Richard Whaley, the willowy left-hander from Jacksonville, North Carolina, had developed a sore arm late in the spring, which probably dropped him in the draft; he was picked by the Phillies in the third round—No. 65 nationally. None of the free agents Ray had talked to me about with such enthusiasm went to the Angels. Larry Owen, the Bowling Green catcher we had seen in Ypsilanti, was chosen by the Angels in the eighteenth round. Seven hundred and eighty-six players were drafted in all, most of whom would perform only briefly in professional ball, if at all.

I CAUGHT up with Ray Scarborough again on the evening of July 5th, in another baseball setting: we were part of a crowd of 60,942 spectators at a holiday game between the Phillies and the Dodgers, in Philadelphia's Veterans Stadium. Scarborough was there in a different scouting capacity—evaluating players on both clubs (but especially the Phillies) as potential material for post-season trades with the Angels. This process, which is known as professional scouting, goes on through the middle and latter stages of the regular season and eventually produces scouting reports for Harry Dalton on all major-league players and a considerable number of Class AAA minor-league players as well. (Another kind of scouting—team scouting—collects tactical information

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about enemy hitters and pitchers to help a club prepare for an upcoming season or series; team scouting before the autumn playoffs and the World Series produces the crucial "book" on the opposition.) Ray looked younger and more rested than he had during our trip in May, and he told me that he had been taking it easy since the draft, putting in a lot of time working in his vegetable garden at home in Mount Olive. He had also caught up on his own business interests, which include real estate, a small tobacco farm, a bank directorship, and a share in a musical-instrument-and-records business.

I asked him how he felt about the Angels' draft, and he said, "Well, you always want to be associated with your club's top man, of course. I did see Bob Ferris, who we picked in the second round, and a fellow named Porter we took a little farther down, but otherwise we didn't get any of the boys I'd checked. The only fruits of your work are the boys who end up with your own organization, and the luck of the draft can sure knock you down. You work like hell all year, and then . . . Sure, I felt bad—I felt *punctured*—but on the other hand, when I listened to what our people had to say about Ken Landreaux at our meeting in Anaheim, I had confidence that he was a better first choice for us than Glass or Owchinko or the others I'd seen. Next year, it might be the other way around. You know, a scout can go for years and years and never get in on a top pick. You take Mace Brown, of the Red Sox. Mace is a real fine scout, and he went for I don't know how many years without much luck, and I remember once he said, 'All this work for nothing,' or something like that. But he hung on, and then he came up with Jim Rice, who was a first-round pick, and then he had a great kid named Otis Foster last year."

I said that this sounded like more patience and optimism than most men could be expected to bring to their work, and Ray nodded. We were sitting behind home plate at Veterans Stadium, and he looked slowly around at the glittering, brightly lit field and the noisy throng filling every seat in the circular, triple-decked park. "I think it has to be a private thing," he said at last. "You don't go around saying it, but I'm *devoted* to the club I work for. It was downright satisfying being connected with that winning Baltimore outfit, and I do like working for a man like Harry Dalton. I'm interested in being with him and Walter Shannon and the rest, trying to make California the same kind of organization. But first of all it's the baseball. Those airports and motels and cars are pretty taxing on a man, and I keep thinking I'm going to ease off one of these years, but I never quite do it. It's love of the game of baseball that keeps me at it. I still feel there's no greater reward a young man can achieve than attaining the major leagues as a player. I truly mean that. I don't care what the price is, I think it's worth it. Nothing can beat it."

The Philadelphia fans had turned out in cheerful expectation of another slugging spree by their powerful young team, which had already opened up a nine-game lead in the National League East, but, as happens so often in baseball, things turned out quite the other way, with the Dodgers moving off smartly to a three-run lead and the Phillies going down in rather helpless fashion before the pitching of the Dodger starter, Burt Hooton. Ray occasionally made a brief note on his program, but I had the impression that he was watching the proceedings with less intensity than he had displayed at the earlier games I shared with him. He told me that he would stay with the Phillies for four or five games—until he had seen their full pitching rotation and, with any luck, most of their bench as well. He said that in professional scouting he operated on the premise that any player, including a team's top stars, might become available for a trade but that in practice, of course, the second-liners or players having a bad year were the ones he paid the most attention to.

"Evaluating the physical attributes of a major-leaguer isn't very hard," he said. "It's when he begins to change that you have a tougher time of it. Is he washed up? Is he not on good terms with the manager? Is he getting a divorce? Does he have an injury we don't know about? You stay until you find out, and in that time you may hardly ever see him in a game. A man who's showing a big change for the better is sometimes just as mysterious. Can you tell me why this Bob Boone is having such a great year with the Phillies? He's batting thirty or forty points over his best, and he's doing everything right. Maybe it's their other catcher, Johnny Oates, coming on the club last year and playing so well—maybe Boone needed that push. Maybe it's just being on a winning club, or maybe he's suddenly grown up, found himself. Now, over on the Dodgers you see this catcher Yeager, who's never been much of a hitter. The club has just traded away Joe Ferguson, who did a lot of the catching, and you wonder what kind of effect it will have on Yeager. Will he begin to hit better? Will he pick up because he feels less threatened? All the time, you keep thinking, 'What about this man? Can this man help the Angels? Does he fit our plans?' I'm here to improve the club I'm working for. Right now, our prime needs are catching, a topnotch center fielder, and a home-run-hitting first baseman. I may not find anybody in those positions who's available for a trade, but you don't always have to have a perfect fit. Sometimes one trade can set up another. You keep watching and listening."

In the third inning, Ray made admiring noises about a fine play and peg to first by Mike Schmidt, the Phillies' third baseman. "In Elizabethtown, Kentucky, that would have been a double," he said. "You have to remember, baseball in the big leagues always looks a lot easier." A few minutes later, Greg Luzinski, the big Philadelphia left fielder, was a bit sluggish going after a drive to left by Reggie Smith, and because the center fielder, Garry Maddox, failed to back up the play, Smith wound up with a triple. "There's no excuse in the world for *that*," Ray said.

The Phillies' starter, the veteran Jim Lonborg, appeared to be struggling. "His arm looks a little slow tonight," Ray said. "He's not using his fastball at all—just sliders and that forkball, or whatever it is. That's what you have to do, but it's awful hard to win with just two pitches."

The game wore on, and the great crowd, with nothing at all to cheer about, fell into an irritable silence. Bobby Tolan, the Philadelphia right fielder, grounded weakly out to first, and Ray said, "He didn't have a chance on that pitch, up on his hands like that. He's got a big hitch in his swing, and you've got to be awful strong to come back up again with the bat and hit the ball with any kind of power. Reggie Jackson can do it, or maybe Lee May, but it certainly isn't advisable. But that was some kind of pitch Hooton made."

Hooton, in fact, threw a two-hit shutout, winning by 6–0, and Ray Scarborough was overcome with admiration for what we had seen. "That's as good a night's work as you ever want to see in the major leagues," he said later that evening. "Hooton was throwing more overhand than I'd ever seen him. Maybe you saw sometimes he even had to lean his head over to the side to make room for his arm comin' over. He had more stuff, velocity-wise, than I'd ever seen, and he used that overhand curve just enough to make the fastball work. He was just eatin' up that outside corner. He sold that pitch to the ump"—it was Bruce Froemming—"in the very first inning. He showed him right then that he could hit that front corner. That *alerts* the umpire—puts him on his toes—and if he sees you can do it he'll give it to you all night long. If you're sort of wild—throwing up here, then down there, then way inside or someplace—he'll sort of lose interest, and he won't give you that little corner even if you do hit it. Control is *so* important. It makes the catchers look better, as well as the umpire, and the infielders do a lot better, too. They will anticipate the play. Hell, even the fans are better!"

I pointed out to Ray that he and I had seen three remarkable pitching exhibitions in succession.

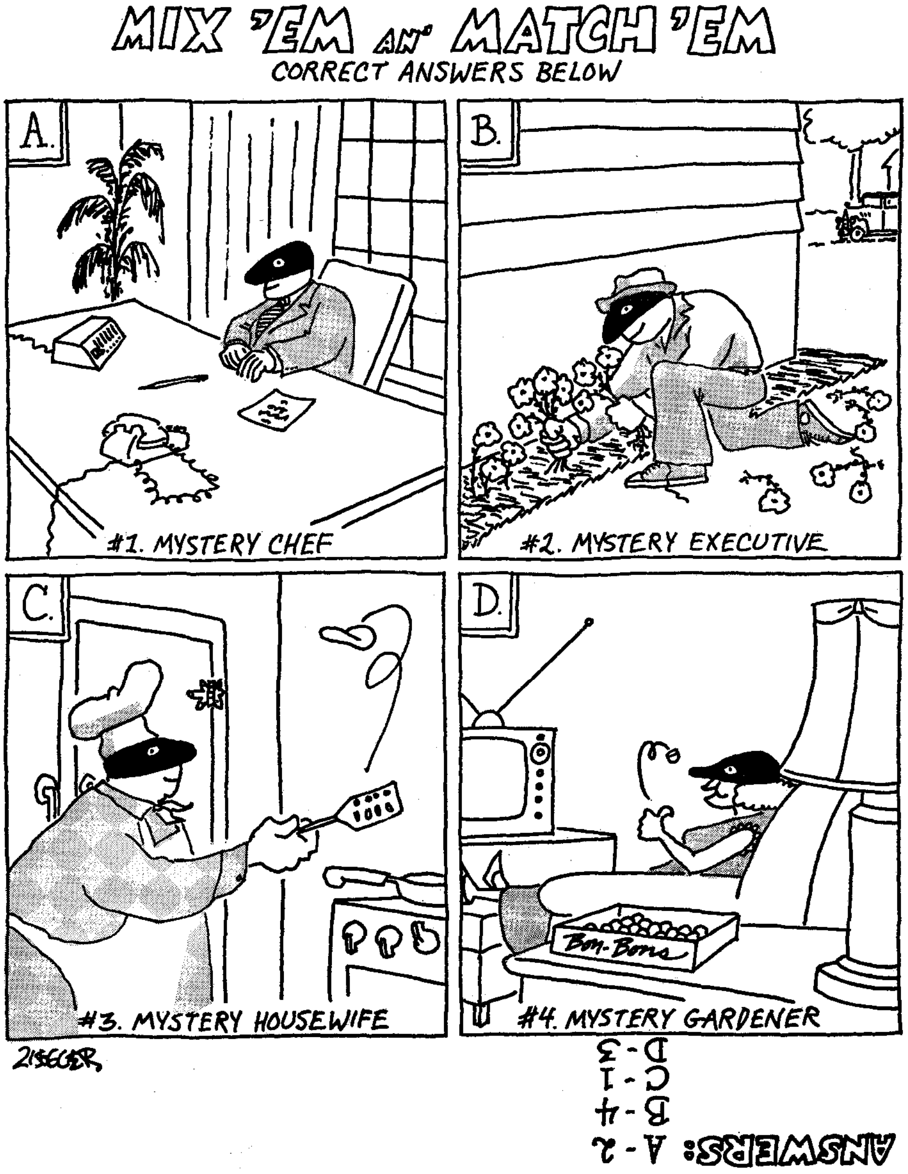
"Well, there's no doubt that pitching is much better now than it was when I was playing," he said. "There aren't any better arms, but pitchers are much better coached, and they have amazing poise, even when they're just breaking in. The biggest difference now is the slider, which was just coming in when I was pitching. A few pitchers had it naturally back then—Bob Muncrief, he was one of them. We called it the short curve. I was a curveball pitcher, but mine was a real old-fashioned curve, and that took a lot more effort to throw."

He groaned and rolled his eyes comically. "When I first came up to the Senators, I was one of the wildest goats in the A.L.," he said. "I used to throw that big four-foot curve, and if they didn't swing at it it was a ball. I pitched a long time in the majors when every game was a struggle, and I guess it was five years before I got control and knew how to *pitch*—knew how to get a man out. I finally learned that with a good hitter you never threw him the same pitch twice. Never put it in the same place or at the same speed. That's how I got them to hit my pitch—the one I wanted them to swing at, whatever it was. I never threw a change of pace in my life that I didn't want the batter to swing at.

"I always had a lot of luck against Ted Williams, because I knew he was a great one for timing a pitch. He was always thinking, and I could think along with him. But Hank Majeski, who wasn't a great batter—he could always hit anything I threw. A lot of baseball is just confidence, of course. I finally got to feeling that if I threw a pitch *behind* Hank Majeski, he'd hit it somehow. I think he sometimes froze in the batter's box on a curveball, and that always made me afraid I'd hurt him someday. George Kell was the same way."

I asked if he'd been known as a knockdown pitcher.

"Well, we didn't have the slider then, but what we did have was that good, hard inside pitch." He said this with considerable relish. "The umpires have taken that away now, but I always felt I *deserved* to have that pitch. I needed to keep that batter honest—let him know that I was out there earning my living against him. What I used to hate to see was a batter stepping in and holding up his hand for time while he scratched around in the back of that batter's box with his spikes and dug himself a toehold for his back foot. I remember a game once when Luke Appling came up against me and started that. He kicked and dug and scraped around in the box and finally got all set, and I walked halfway in and said, 'You sure you got that all fixed up just the way you like it, Luke?' He looked at me sort of puzzled, and I could see Cal Hubbard, the plate umpire, beginning to shake his shoulders laughing. Luke said, 'Sure, Horn. It's fine.' I said, 'You don't think you ought to improve that some and dig it a lot deeper back there, Luke?' He said, 'What for?' And I said, ''Cause I'm going to *bury* you!' Well, sir, I popped him on that first pitch as pretty as you please! Got him right on the hip. He went down like a sack, but he jumped up and went on down to first, and then he called over, 'Say, you really meant that, didn't you?' I said, 'Don't you *ever* dig in against me.' "



I had already looked up Ray Scarborough's pitching record, which came out to eighty wins and eighty-five defeats in ten years of campaigning, mostly with terrible teams. (He missed the seasons of 1944 and 1945, when he served in the Navy.) Later, I went back and checked his fifth year in the majors, 1948—the year when he had finally learned how to pitch. That summer, he had an earned-run average of 2.82 and won fifteen games and lost eight for the Senators, a seventh-place club that hit thirty-one home runs for the season and finished forty games out of first.

RAY and I went to one more game together—the meeting between the Phillies and the Dodgers on the following night, which the Dodgers took by 5–1, scoring all their runs in the third inning. There was a much smaller crowd. Doug Rau pitched well for the visitors, though not as spectacularly as Hooton. Ray Scarborough took only a few notes. He told me that he had had a call that afternoon from Harry Dalton, who had asked him to curtail his report on the Phillies for the moment and come out and help the Angels with a full-scale evaluation of their own minor-league players—a preparation for the coming American League expansion in the fall, when all the A.L. clubs will have to contribute some of their players to an expansion draft to man the new teams in Seattle and Toronto. Ray was leaving the next day, and would go first to El Paso, to look over the Diablos, the Angels' team in the Class AA Texas League, and then move along to Salt Lake City to study the Gulls, their Class AAA team in the Pacific Coast League.

Scarborough looked a bit worn, and he told me he had already spent a lot of time scouting that day—scouting by telephone. He had been talking about various players on the Philadelphia club with local baseball people—people he declined to name. "This is confidential information," he said. "It's absolutely essential, and it comes from your friendships and contacts all around the league. You have to have facts about a player that you can't pick up just by watching him play or seeing him throw in infield practice. What is his club not telling you about this man? Does he have a physical drawback they're keeping quiet? How good a man is he in the clubhouse? How much does he care? Will he fight for his team, or is he a troublemaker, a complainer? Does he drink? Does he use drugs? I could tell you the names of some bad customers in the major leagues who have absolutely torn some clubs apart. If we're going to spend half a million dollars on an article, we have to know what we're getting. His club isn't going to tell you, but there are ways of finding out. You have to be careful and avoid a suggestion of tampering, so you learn how to listen and how to get the facts in an informal way. Everybody does this. It's what a lot of the friendships in baseball are for. I'm loyal to the Angels, but I wouldn't hesitate to tell a good friend of mine about one of our players who was less than he seemed."

Ray looked unhappy as he said this, and I wondered if it was because he disliked this aspect of his job. "We have something in baseball that we call 'the lower half,' " he went on. "It means the personal makeup of the individual player—what he's like inside, how he lives, what he believes in. I think finding that out is the biggest thing in scouting today. Individuals are changing, and I don't just know how to evaluate the changes. I don't know for sure how many of the kids today have the dedication you need in order to play this game. All these players who haven't signed their contracts, because they want to move along to some other club for a lot of easy money—I never dreamed we'd see something like that. Why, I know some young players who are just starting out their careers—barely been up a whole season in the majors yet—and *they're* playing out their options. They've got some agent who's telling them to hold back and get on one of those expansion teams for a lot of money. I just—I don't know how to comprehend that."

He shook his big head two or three times and stared out at the field. His face had become clouded and heavy. A few minutes later, he gestured with his scorecard at the Phillies' first baseman, out on the field. "Now, there's a man, Dick Allen, who once walked out on a two-hundred-thousand-dollar contract in the middle of September," he said. "Just walked away. Now his bat looks as if it's begun to slow down a lot, and I wonder if he isn't kicking his tail for the time he's missed. We never had anybody in our day who would have done anything like that."

I tried to think of something to say. Ray and I had talked several times about the Messersmith decision, which last year suddenly ended baseball's reserve clause, and about the turbulent labor relations and enormously inflated contracts and million-dollar deals that had marked this baseball summer, and I had found him profoundly unsympa-

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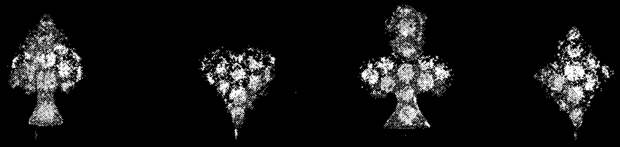

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thetic to the Players Association and to the players' side of things. This should not have surprised me; I had deliberately sought out Scarborough, after all, because he represented a part of baseball that seemed fixed and unalterable. Now I had run headlong into a paradox: I badly wanted Ray to feel better about the real shift in style that has recently come to the sport—a shift which may be the result of the new beliefs that many young players and black players hold about personal independence and corporate loyalty and other considerable issues. I hoped that Ray might become less unhappy about this change than he seemed to be, because I liked him so much and so admired his spirited and generous nature. On the other hand, I also wanted him obdurate and preserved, because I had begun to sense that he still embodied the classic attitudes of baseball—the sunlit verities of the game that had first moved and attracted so many of us when we were young. At times, he almost seemed to encompass the entire history of the sport. His own country beginnings in the game sounded exactly like the boyhood memoirs of famous early-twentieth-century baseball stars that I had read in Lawrence S. Ritter's splendid book "The Glory of Their Times," and yet Ray had survived in baseball into the superjet age—into a time when his own hard-won professional judgments were in competition with computerized data, and his long hours and months of work could be nullified in an instant by the cold economics and deadly luck of the business draw. If this game, in achieving its inevitable contemporary alterations of form and attitude, could not continue to reward a man like Ray Scarborough, it would have lost something precious and probably irretrievable.

I stole a look at Ray and said, "What will it be like down in El Paso?"

"Hot!" he said instantly. "You watch a game and then you jump back to your motel—back into that air-conditioning. But at least they have grass down there—not this carpet. Baseball is an outdoor game. And we have some good boys down there. Our second baseman, Fred Frazier, is leading the whole league in hitting, and we have a kid at first base named Willie Mays Aikens, who's already hit about twenty home runs. Willie Mays Aikens! With young players like that, you only want to be sure not to bring them along too fast. I'm certainly looking forward to seeing them."

—Roger Angell

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GOVERNMENTS are bound by inertia, and the policymaking establishment of the United States, like that of any government, prefers rest to movement—the status quo. The changes that have recently taken place in the strength and the role of the West European Communist Parties have therefore provoked anxiety in Washington. In Moscow, of course, the reaction has been even stronger. A victory for the Italian revisionists and a last laugh for Tito would have been bad enough, but these changes threaten to reintroduce into Eastern Europe the kind of pre-Leninist Marxist thought that has already produced upheavals in East Germany in 1953, in Poland and Hungary in 1956, and in Czechoslovakia in 1968. The Russians apparently concurred in granting official endorsement to autonomous national versions of Communism at a Party meeting in East Berlin this June only because they had fallen into a tactical situation where it was either give way or risk a new public split in the international Communist movement. Just two months earlier, the most senior of Soviet ideologists, Mikhail Suslov, had condemned those "opportunists" who devised "regional or national versions of Marxism." Revisionism may have made possible recent gains by the Italian Communists, facilitated the development of a Socialist-Communist popular front—the Union of the Left—in France, and given a new significance to the Communist Party in Spain, but revisionism must still be anathema to the old men of the Politburo, many of them veterans of the suppression of the Left deviationism of Trotsky, the Right deviationism of Bukharin, and a variety of later heresies, up to the "Socialism with a human face" of Alexander Dubček, in Czechoslovakia.

Probably what American and Soviet leaders would both like best would be for time to stop: for the two countries to be frozen in their present places as the world's two superpowers, the men who now lead them fixed equally in history as superleaders. The Soviet leaders could rest from the worries provoked by idealists and hotheads in Italy and Portugal, and even in Poland. Secretary of State Henry Kissinger could go on forever glamorously managing our foreign affairs and offering counsel to the Soviets on how to manage theirs. For there is obviously a kinship felt between American and Soviet leaders, across the barriers of ideology. Richard Nixon found Leonid Brezhnev especially congenial; he is said to have been convinced that only the two of them could understand each other and could understand the burden of leading a superpower. They were, he is said to have believed, "the only two members of the most exclusive club in the world."

At a lower level of the new aristocracy, Dr. Kissinger's chief adviser, Helmut Sonnenfeldt, has made it plain that he, too, feels a warm sympathy for the problems faced by his Soviet counterparts. It was Sonnenfeldt who last December told a gathering of American ambassadors in London that the United States should do what it could to regularize the Soviet Union's control of the East European nations. He noted that the Russians had failed to bring to their rule of Poland, Hungary, Rumania, Czechoslovakia, and the other East European areas those "ideological, legal, cultural, architectural, organizational, and other values and skills that characterized the British, French, and German adventures." Since they have instead (Sonnenfeldt did not specify this) brought to their distinctive adventures in imperialism the secret policeman, the purge, and the brutalization of intellectual and political life in a region that in any case was barely emerging into modern parliamentary politics, tensions have been created, and, according to Sonnenfeldt, these tensions threaten world peace. "This inorganic, present unnatural relationship," he said, "is a far greater danger to world peace than the conflict between East and West." An upheaval in Eastern Europe could risk "causing World War III." Why it could, particularly if the United States lends positive support to a Soviet sphere of influence there, was not made clear. An upheaval in the region would obviously threaten peace there, or the peace of the Soviet Union, but the United States and the rest of the world would seem out of it, unless one fancies that in order to reimpose their power over, say, a rebellious Poland, the Russians would see fit to attack Western Europe or the United States. They have already put down rebellions in Czechoslovakia, Hungary, and East Germany, two of them at the height of the Cold

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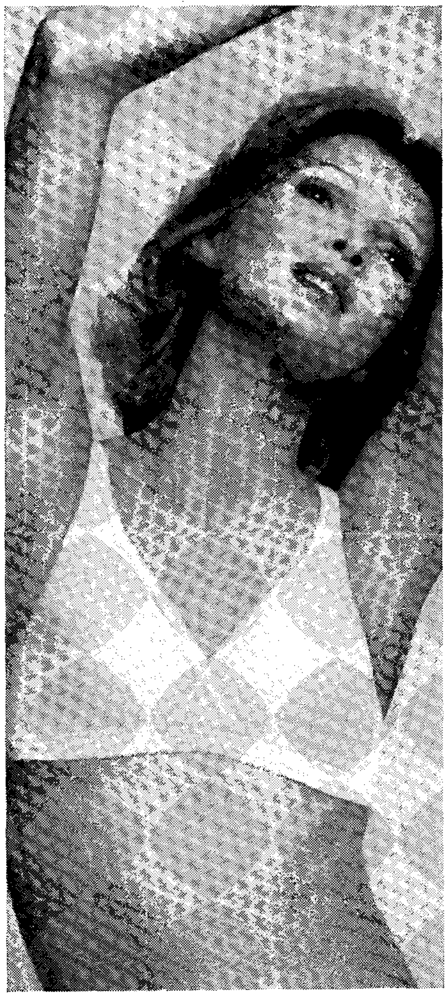

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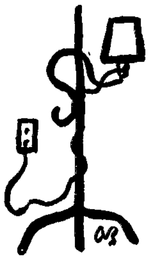
War, without doing anything so suicidally rash. In any event, Sonnenfeldt argued that American diplomacy should "strive for an evolution that makes the relationship between the Eastern Europeans and the Soviet Union an organic one." The State Department has since insisted that nothing in our East European policy has changed, but, of course, words like Sonnenfeldt's are not called back. They clearly spring from a genuine impulse, a belief about the world, a warm concern.

SUCH an American concern for improving the Soviet imperial position is not as odd as it might seem. It can be interpreted as the latest development in the American official impulse toward interventionism—as a kind of apotheosis of interventionism. In this interpretation, our senior officials, thwarted in the Third World, transfer their attentions to correcting and manipulating the Soviet Union's use of its own power, in the hope of bringing about an evolution by which the Soviets can win the hearts and minds of the East European peoples. But there is perhaps another, more fundamental explanation for this preoccupation with improving the position of the Soviet Union: Like the Austrians and Russians of the Holy Alliance, in the era of Metternich's counter-revolutionary policy, we Americans and the Soviets are established powers at a time when new political and ideological trends pose disturbing and disorienting threats to the existing order. We and the Soviets are at the pinnacle of world affairs, and are united in being jealous of the right to conduct our rivalry without uncontrollable and even revolutionary disruptions within either camp. The Soviet leaders were among the most stubborn defenders of Richard Nixon against the forces that brought him down. According to the director of the Soviet press agency, Watergate was merely "given the appearance of a conflict between the executive, in the person of the President, and the legislative power, represented by Congress." There was, he added, "a very definite brainwashing of public opinion . . . both on radio and television." Club members stand by one another.



It is not only the State Department of Dr. Kissinger and the conservative Republican Administrations of the last eight years which seem content to recognize that we have a unity of interests with the Russians despite our formal rivalry with them. Liberals have indicated the same impulse in their reaction to nuclear proliferation. Last March, Senator Abraham Ribicoff, of Connecticut, urged that we and the Russians act collaboratively to penalize France and West Germany for selling certain nuclear equipment to Pakistan and Brazil—whereupon Secretary Kissinger himself went before Ribicoff's Government Operations Committee to say that it would be a serious matter for us "to coöperate with the Soviet Union against the nuclear policies of two of our closest NATO allies." Senator Ribicoff had wanted the two nuclear superpowers to threaten to cut off enriched uranium, a fuel for nuclear-power stations, from the French and the Germans, in order to keep them from "thumbing their noses at us." Senator Charles Percy, of Illinois, another liberal and internationalist, thought that the United States should make use of the "tremendous leverage" provided by its troop commitment to Europe to discourage these French and German sales of plants that were to be used for uranium enrichment and the reprocessing of plutonium and uranium. (The facilities being sold in Asia and South America would operate under international supervision, but the possibility would exist of excluding inspectors and making material for nuclear weapons.) There has also been much American criticism of the French for agreeing to build South Africa's first nuclear-power plant. The *Times*, in June, called for "a summit-level approach" to Germany and France in order to halt all of these transactions. Yet we ourselves, in a consortium with Dutch and Swiss groups, had offered to sell the South Africans the same equipment they will now buy from France. Moreover, it has come out that, in return for the uranium ore we bought from the South Africans in the fifties and early sixties, we have been selling them highly enriched uranium—a material that is directly convertible to weapons use—as fuel for a research reactor. In other words, if the South Africans want nuclear bombs they don't need anything from the Europeans. They have been getting the raw material for bombs from us for years. But, of course, in our eyes what we do is fundamentally different from what others do. There is adequate supervision, we say, of the materials and plants we supply, and so we are safe dispensers of nuclear materials and equipment; others make dangerous contributions to nuclear proliferation. We and the Soviet Union are "mature" possessors of nuclear weapons and dispensers of nuclear patronage. We feel not only a common interest but an obligation to impose the existing order of things on those less worthy of trust.

BY now, our relationship with the Soviet Union has become to a significant degree an alliance to perpetuate status and self-esteem—qualities that surely rank among the less creditable interests of governments and of those who make their careers in government. Heretofore, being President of the United States was a great distinction, but did not confer one of the two available places in the most exclusive club in the world. In the days of Roosevelt, Truman, and Eisenhower, the club had more members than two. At the height of the Second World War, there was a "Big Four" on our side, and Hitler, General Tojo, and Mussolini on the other. The Presidents who succeeded F. D. R. took Winston Churchill, Clement Attlee, Harold Macmillan, Charles de Gaulle, Konrad Adenauer, and Alcide De Gasperi quite as seriously as they did the Malenkovs, Bulganins, Kaganoviches, Molotovs, and other *apparatchiki* who jostled for Stalin's power after he died. Only when an adulatory press made Kennedy and Khrushchev the "Big Two" was the world's most exclusive club really brought into being. And since then have come the grand intoxications of Presidential power in the United States—all those Marines standing at attention and those trumpeters on the staircases at parties, the helicopters and the fleets of private jets, the Margaux '66, and the Lincoln shipped to Moscow as a personal gift to Leonid Brezhnev, leader of Russia's revolutionary alliance of workers, peasants, and intellectuals. We never gave a Lincoln to Winston Churchill.

Indeed, it may be that the biggest uncertainty in East-West relations today is how the Soviets interpret the public judgments being currently made about them in Washington. Secretary Kissinger has repeatedly told the world that the Soviet Union is an "emerging superpower," coupling this with gloomy reflections upon the supposed "self-destructive isolationist course in American life" and the possibility that the United States might be forced into becoming "an isolated fortress island in a hostile and turbulent global sea, awaiting the ultimate confrontation." His gloom also takes the form of an argument that those who refused to support his policies on Vietnam and Cambodia and his calls for intervention in Angola have caused the United

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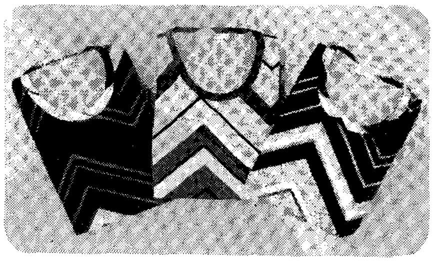

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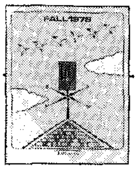

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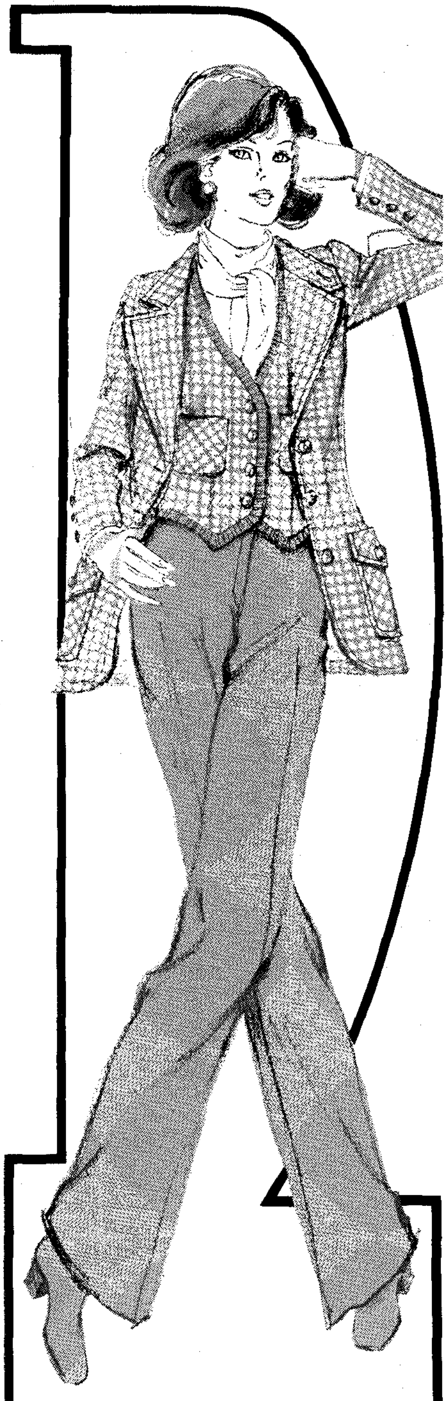
States to forfeit its leadership at a time when Russian power is growing. He seems to see it as his own final duty in office to moderate the consequences that this default will supposedly have for the nation, to play Talleyrand with bad cards (but still, as a reader of Kissinger's book on the subject will know, with considerably better cards than Talleyrand himself possessed at the Congress of Vienna). Thus a metaphorical darkening of the skies. "The problem of our age," the Secretary of State has said, "is how to manage the emergence of the Soviet Union as a superpower."

This is a curious choice of words. Why should the United States "manage" the "emergence" of the Soviet Union—which in any case has for many years already enjoyed the reputation of being a superpower? In 1947, George Kennan, writing the paper that provided the basis for America's early postwar foreign policy, said that America needed to "contain" the power of the Soviet Union, adding the observation that while Soviet power seemed great, it nonetheless included contradictions that could eventually undermine the Soviet regime, possibly even very suddenly. He alluded to "Buddenbrooks," in which Thomas Mann noted that "human institutions often show the greatest outward brilliance at a moment when inner decay is in reality farthest advanced." Kennan's message, sober though it was, constituted a doctrine of confidence and optimism. Thirty years later, Kissinger finds the reverse of what Kennan predicted: that flaws and fissures have opened up in our own society while Soviet power is still growing. And Sonnenfeldt has declared that our effort to "affect the way in which that power is developed . . . is what détente is all about." Détente is a means of coming to terms with a Soviet Union whose power is in the ascendant, by gaining influence over how the Soviets use that power—that is what the men who run our State Department are saying.

Despair about the West is fashionable, and Alexander Solzhenitsyn recently attracted wide attention when he said on the BBC, "It is with a strange feeling that those of us who come from the Soviet Union look upon the West of today. It's as though we were neither neighbors on the same planet nor contemporaries—and yet we contemplate the West from what will be *your* future or look back seventy years, to see our past suddenly repeating itself." To Solzhenitsyn, the explanation of Communism's supposed success is the existence of a religious crisis in the West, an abandoning of God for materialism, which leaves us defenseless before the evil embodied in the Soviet regime. Moreover, he sees many of the secularizing trends within Western society as being related to those in Russia's past. That there is a link is undoubtably true. That the link is causal is not evident. And that the West today closely resembles the politically and morally shaken absolutist regime of the final czarist years in Russia is simply not true. It is with these assumptions, though, that he says, "We, the oppressed peoples of Russia, the oppressed peoples of Eastern Europe . . . offer you the experience of our suffering; we would like you to accept it without having to pay the monstrous price of death and slavery that we have paid." This, of course, is not at all the argument of Secretary Kissinger and Mr. Sonnenfeldt: They are concerned with managing an American accommodation to Soviet power, not with confronting that power and defeating it.

IS it true that Communism is in the ascendant? The West European Communists have certainly strengthened their positions in several countries. They have made an inconclusive but significant gain in Italy, as the Christian Democrats and Socialists have defaulted. Their alliance with the Socialists in France has helped the Socialists there make important electoral gains, although the Communists themselves did not. They have done badly in Portugal; they may yet do better in Spain. But it is important to recognize that all of their gains have followed from revisionist changes in their political programs, and that these changes have culminated in a formal end to the old doctrine of a unified world Communist movement led by the Communist Party of the Soviet Union. Whatever the gains for Communist Parties in Western Europe, this doctrinal change is deeply humiliating to the Soviet Party leaders. And yet, astonishingly, this change, which serves to undermine the basis of Soviet power in Eastern Europe, is seen by our government as a threat. A year ago, Secretary Kissinger seemed to be able to find only dangers in the Portuguese situation. He had reportedly all but written off Portugal to the Communists by the time of the legislative elections, in which the Communists actually won less than fifteen per cent of the vote.



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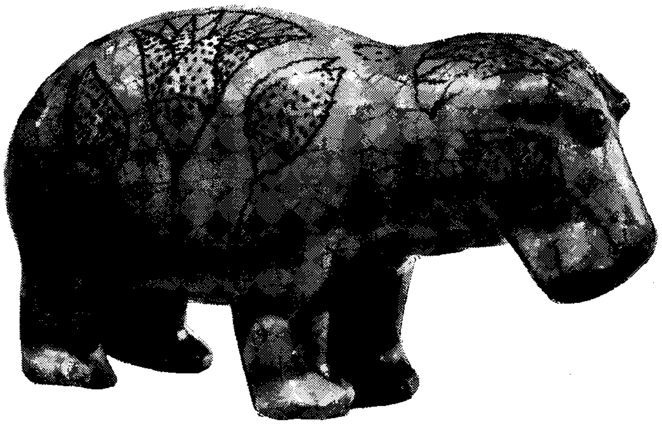
The truth of the matter seems to be that Secretary Kissinger is simply unreliable in assessing Communist strengths. In Indo-China, during year after year of war and "Vietnamization," he based American policy on a stubborn underestimation of the real strength of the Vietcong and the North Vietnamese. Now, perhaps in reaction to those errors, he credits the Communists in Western Europe with much more influence than can be demonstrated by any evidence of voting trends or public-opinion polls. He also seems to attribute to the Communists a capacity for seizing power in defiance of the political institutions—to say nothing of the police powers—of the European democracies. Last December, the Secretary said he could foresee a situation in which the United States would become "an island in its own values . . . forced to manipulate various Communist centers of power against each other," adding that we would then "have lost the moral foundation we have operated on for our entire history." It would be surprising if the leaders of the Soviet Union did not find in such words a real, if confusing, compensation for the humiliations being inflicted upon them by the West European Communist revisionists. What must concern us is that they might be misled by such statements into making some grave miscalculations about the United States. It could be dangerous if, listening to this kind of official pessimism in Washington, they began to believe that the long-awaited contradictions have actually begun to appear inside the capitalist West, with the American élites demoralized, the country weakened, and its alliances compromised, and with the Soviet Union—as the Secretary of State suggests—now the one nation of redoubtable global power.

Though Dr. Kissinger speaks of Russia's "emergence," others may think that what is most striking about modern Russia is its failure to "emerge," and its stubborn and even deepening resemblance to the historical Russia that was supposedly killed off, superseded when the "new man" of Bolshevism was created. This new man has proved, in the event, to be very much like the old man. The new Russian government has also proved very like the old Russian government—one of elaborate and inefficient bureaucracy and a ubiquitous and oppressive secret police. Even the great novelists that the country produces seem hardly changed—pessimistic and passionate men, convinced that God has singled out Holy Russia for a special destiny,



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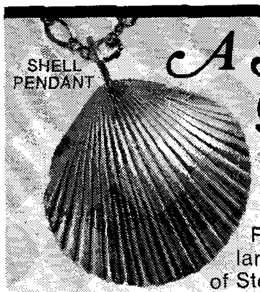

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even if that destiny is to endure a unique evil, a suffering not like any other. "Russia, which people considered a backward country, had to leap forward a whole century, overtaking all the other countries in the world," Solzhenitsyn says. "We endured inhuman experiences, experiences of which the Western world . . . has no real conception and which the West is frightened even to think about."

It is true, of course, that we Americans resist thinking about the camps and the madness of the purges, and are often bothered when men like Solzhenitsyn insist on talking about them. But perhaps one reason we do not think so much about them is that we grasp, without necessarily articulating, the point that a society which still torments itself in such a way can hardly be a strong one. It is a divided society; it may be a very weak one. National strength and capacity arise from unity and coherence in a just society, not simply from military strength. A case can be made that the Soviet Union today is a nation of waste and failure by virtually every material index except the most narrow calculation of military power. It certainly is a military and naval superpower, and a growing one. It commands a strategic nuclear force of very large size (but unknown efficiency). It has had a space program but its efforts have been beset by accidents and failures. We know now, from our astronauts' collaboration with the Russian cosmonauts, that the Soviets' space equipment was crude and that they never offered serious competition in the moon race. The Soviets have built a supersonic air transport, rival to the Concorde, having started the project when they thought we Americans would also be in the supersonic race. But the Soviet plane came apart in the sky during an air show at Le Bourget, and its successor is now flying the mail from Moscow to Alma-Ata; apparently, it still is not trusted to fly passengers. Meanwhile, the Soviet authorities had to go to Italian engineers to obtain a factory able to mass-produce serviceable automobiles. With one of the largest areas of arable land of any nation on earth, sixty years after the Russian Revolution the authorities must contract for annual supplies of grain from abroad in order to feed their people.

The new Russia has astoundingly little, tragically little, to show for all that it has endured. It has failed in the simplest material things. It still cannot manufacture enough ordinary and decently functioning home appliances for its people, or good shoes and well-cut dresses and suits, or solid homes and apartments of the kinds and in the numbers taken for granted in every other developed industrial country. Virtually every scientific and technological resource possessed by a country of two hundred and fifty million people has been devoted to a handful of military and space projects meant to defend the Soviet Union against the United States or to compete with the United States in prestige. And this frantic and narrow materialism has been supported by a reactionary and obscurantist rule over the Russian people—arbitrary police, political and intellectual repression, Siberia or a psychiatric asylum for those infected with the "madness" of dissidence. There is an awful pathos in this. We Americans, simply by representing a national challenge, have played a far more damaging part in the life of modern Russia than we could ever have expected.

As much evidence can certainly be adduced for the view of Russia as a failed nation as for our official view of Russia as a great power in the ascendant. That Dr. Kissinger prefers to see Russia as powerful and growing is a matter for which a simple explanation suggests itself. He is near the end of a remarkable public career. In a few years, he went from obscurity to the Nobel Peace Prize and to a kind of world adulation without precedent. But now, with his career in Washington nearing its end, he sees that almost every one of his policies has failed. His Vietnam policy was a disaster; he would have done far better to settle the war on the best terms he could get on the day he joined the Nixon Administration, in 1969. His Cambodia policy was not only a failure but an act of gratuitous aggression which turned what had been a country mostly at peace with itself into a place of hecatombs and silenced cities. He has not improved American relations with Europe. His career in Washington has seen the disintegration of American relations with Latin America, Africa, and South Asia. The United States is now talking with China again, but surely this change was brought about because China decided to recognize us and make use of us in its balance-of-power policy rather than because of any special genius manifested by our leaders. Arms-control agreements have been made with Moscow, but they probably would have been made under any other Secretary of State. The surviving positive achievement of Secretary Kissinger is the Israeli-Egyptian pact that he negotiated. In sum, the Kissinger record offers almost nothing to sustain the reputation he enjoyed just four years ago. It can hardly surprise us, then, that, in the decline of his career, the Soviet Union should suddenly appear as "an emerging superpower" overshadowing the United States. With Russia grown so great, the failures of American diplomacy and policy become more comprehensible, and more easily forgiven.

But it is not only Dr. Kissinger who prefers to think of the Soviet Union as a great and growing power. We are all drawn to that interpretation. For if our rival is not a great power, how are we to account for having spent so much of our moral capital as well as our wealth in the frenzied competition? If the Soviet Union is not soaring in power, why do we feel ourselves so diminished today compared to what we were when George Kennan could write, with evident confidence, in 1947, "The issue of Soviet-American relations is in essence a test of the overall worth of the United States as a nation among nations. . . . Surely, there was never a fairer test of national quality than this." That test has since become obscured, even though it is not finished. The competition has lost its vigorous clarity as we have found interests in common with the Soviet Union—the interests of shared superpower status. What has recently been happening in Western Europe, as the Communist movement there revises its strategies and makes a new kind of bid for power in the democracies, is important, but not because it promises to succeed. It is almost certain to fail. Where the new revisionist forces can succeed, with unpredictable consequences, is in Eastern Europe. Everyone with a stake in the fixed order in Europe is naturally dismayed. Europe has been a continent locked in ice for thirty years, as a consequence of the moral and military catastrophes of 1914 and 1939. Now rivulets can be seen; the ice shifts beneath our feet. —WILLIAM PFAFF

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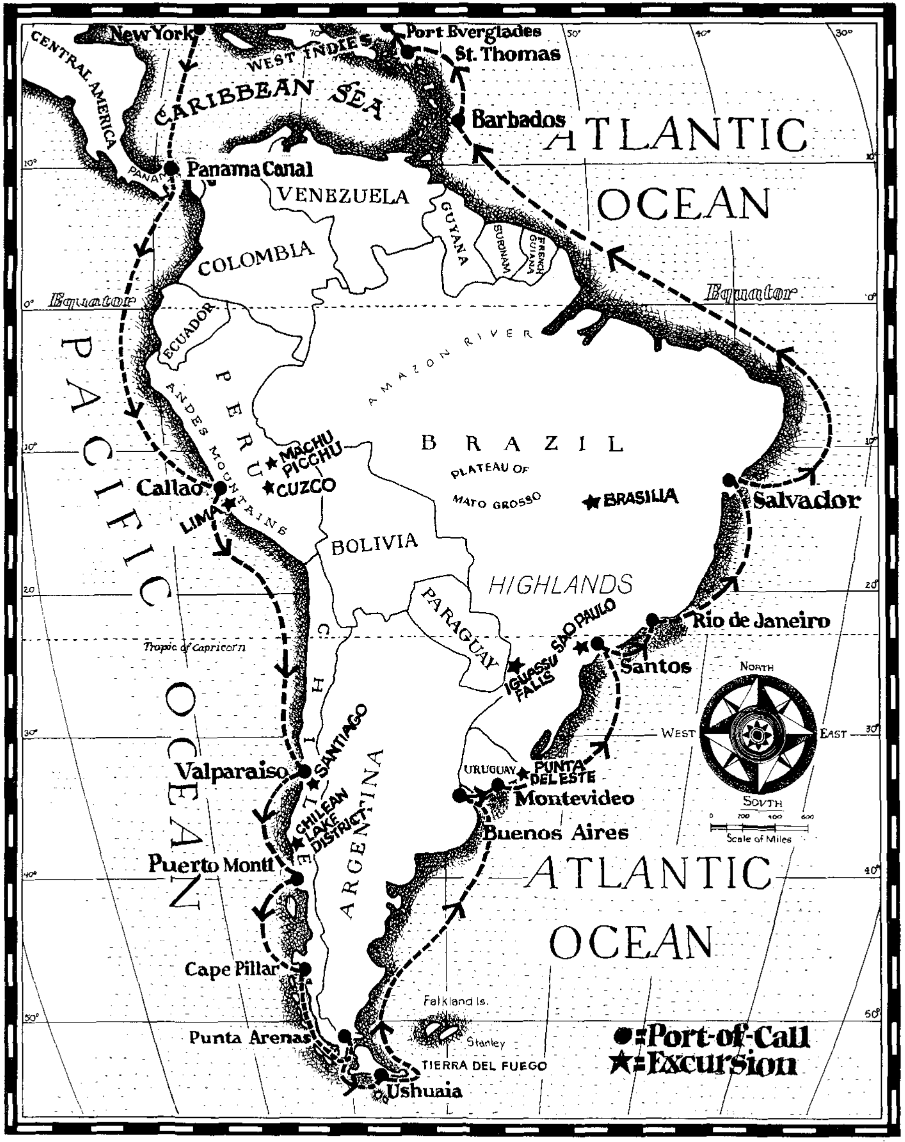
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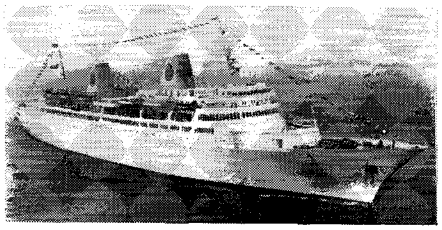


U.S. JOURNAL: CALIFORNIA

CONFESSIONS OF A CRAB EATER

WHEN I read in the *Times* that Dungeness crabs were being caught in California this year almost faster than they could be eaten, I didn't rush right out there the way some crazed Wedgwood collector might have dashed off to London this spring as soon as the pound got down to a dollar seventy-five. I did manage, though, to make an appearance on the West Coast well before the end of the season. I try to show some restraint and still get plenty to eat. Someone who has a serious interest in eating Dungeness crabs cannot dally indefinitely on the East Coast; the Dungeness is a West Coast creature. Even on the West Coast, anyone who wants to eat a Dungeness crab that was alive and crawling twenty minutes before the meal has his work cut out for him. On either coast of the United States, a lot of fish seem to leap out of the sea straight into a flash freezer. Even fish restaurants on harbors often seem to have chosen the spot more for the scenery than the source of supply—the fish caught in the lovely waters visible through the fishnet-covered windows having apparently found their way by truck to Boston, where they were frozen and sent back, without unseemly haste. For a long time, I have had the suspicion that Alaska and Florida are providing each other's shorefront restaurants with bland frozen fish, in the way that some countries with cultural-exchange agreements provide each other with overly polite high-school students.

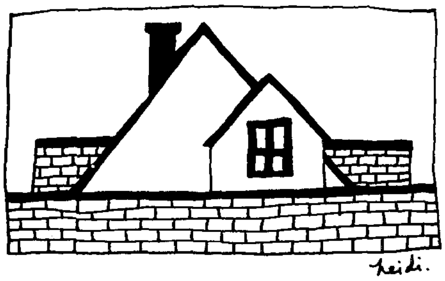
My wife and I once spent several days in an Alaskan seaport whose restaurants offered the traveller less chance of coming across a fresh piece of fish than he might have if he were entrapped in a farm county of Arkansas—where he might at least have the luck to fall upon an only recently dispatched catfish. The Alaskan seaport had a fish plant that processed Dungeness crabs—boiling them as they came in off the boats and then freezing them in brine to produce what the trade calls "brine-frozen whole cooks"—and finally, in desperation, I paid what I allowed myself to think of as a courtesy call on the manager.

"Nice operation you have here," I said, sidling up to one of the huge boiling pots. "A shame all of these get shipped away."

"Would you like one of these crabs?" my host said, snatching from the cooling table a crab that must have been ten inches across the shell.

I took it and ran. Back at the motel, my wife and I had already supplied ourselves with Portuguese wine and Hydrox cookies—the pick of the provisions in that seaport—and I spread a newspaper on the floor to prepare the main course, only to discover that the crêpe-soled shoes I was wearing were totally useless for cracking a crab shell. Fortunately, my wife had some sturdy wooden heels, which did the trick, and we settled down to the best meal we had in Alaska. "Alice," I said when we had polished off about half the crab, "I'm certainly glad you decided to come along."

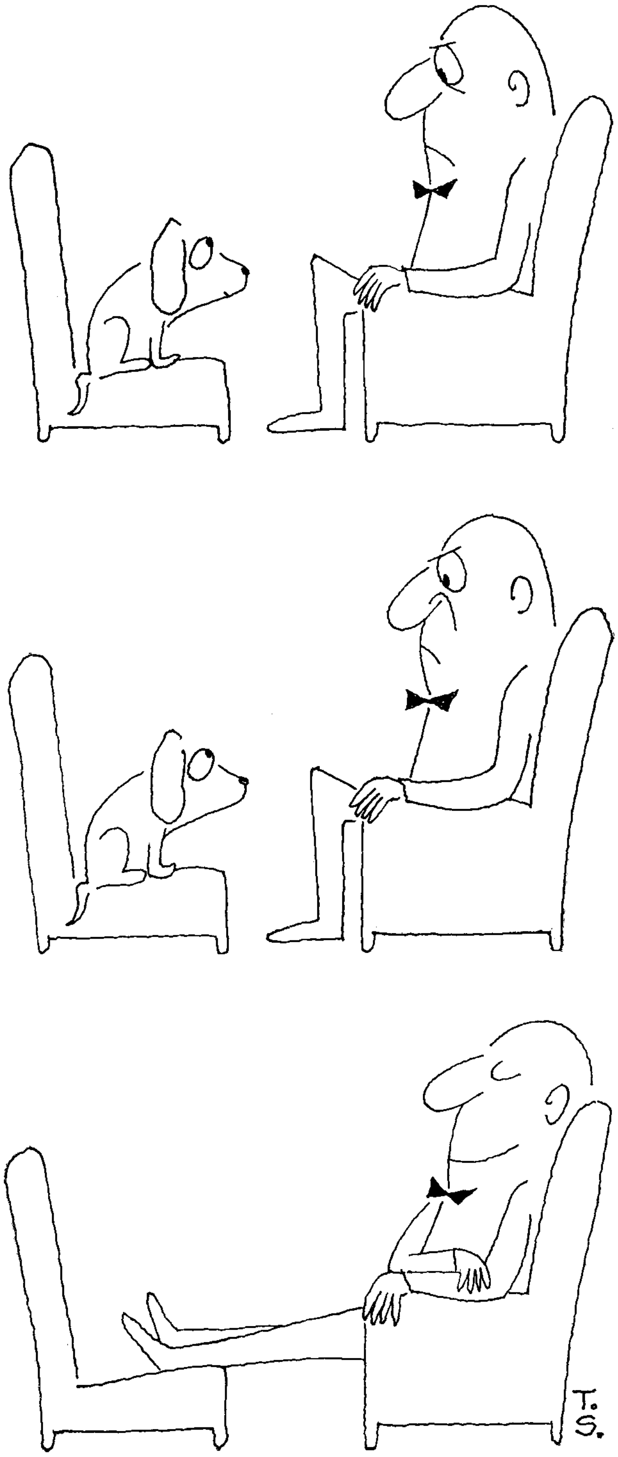
The fact that I would go to some trouble to get my hands on a Dungeness crab—the fact that I would do a little polite panhandling in Alaska, or even transport myself to California with barely seemly haste—does not mean that I prefer Dungeness crabs to all others. I have spent some happy evenings in Baltimore in one of those restaurants where all that is required for happiness is a pile of Maryland blue crabs on a piece of butcher paper and a wooden mallet and a supply of napkins. I have spent similarly happy evenings in the New Orleans lakefront restaurants where boiled shellfish are served up on beer trays and the only problem left in life is whether to attack the crabs or the boiled shrimp first. Driving through the wheat fields of Kansas or the mountains of eastern Kentucky, I have found myself daydreaming of the cracked-crab salad at Mosca's, outside New Orleans, or of she-crab soup at Henry's, across from the city market in Charleston, South Carolina. (The mixed blessing of an American city's maintaining a cultural identity is expressed for me in the question of whether or not I would be willing to endure a lecture on the authenticity of detail in the historical renovation of Charleston south of Broad Street if I were allowed to eat Charleston she-crab soup while I listened.) In a coastal town in Oregon, I once had something called a crabburger—openly, in full view of the other diners—and I loved it. It tasted like a crab cake from the Eastern Shore of Maryland that had been demeaned but not destroyed by a hamburger bun. For me, the coming of spring has nothing to do with the appearance of crocuses or robins; spring is here when soft-shell crabs begin appearing on the menus of fish houses and West Side French bistros in Manhattan. When I am in Florida, I search out a stone-crab palace and tell my dining companions to quit comparing stone crabs unfavorably with blue crabs or favorably with lobsters and just enjoy themselves. When it comes to crabs, I'm ecumenical.



"IT was because of the crab that the Wharf became so popular," the guidebook in my San Francisco hotel room said of Fisherman's Wharf. "It is one of the world's most delectable catches, one of the most remembered treats of San Francisco. Descendants of the Italian fishermen who had first cast nets into the sea off San Francisco in the 1850's began to line the Wharf with huge iron pots, cooking live crabs and selling them to passersby." The huge iron pots are still there. So, of course, are the passersby—so many that I often had difficulty passing by them on my way to the crab pots. The crabs were magnificent, but, as it turns out, those most remembered treats of San Francisco have to be trucked in from Eureka, two hundred and forty miles up the coast. The fishermen who go out of Eureka and Crescent City for crabs may have had a spectacular year, but San Francisco fishermen couldn't catch enough crabs to supply even the Fisherman's Wharf crab pots for more than the first two or three weeks of the season. The crab hawkers on the Wharf are now in the position of country farm-stand operators who, having sold off too much of the farm for real-estate development, find themselves importing fruits and vegetables from the city market in order to supply the summer people.

For reasons that are not certain to anyone, the supply of Dungeness crabs off the West Coast of the United States rises and falls in cycles of about eight to ten years. The catch in northern California—processed mainly in Eureka—went from twelve million pounds a year in the late fifties down to one million pounds a year in the early sixties and back up to fourteen million pounds in the season of 1969-70. The catch in central California—the vicinity of San

Francisco Bay, which has historically acted as a nursery for crabs—followed the same sort of pattern until 1962, when the low end of the cycle levelled off into a dismal norm. The California Department of Fish and Game has been carrying on a study to try to discover what has gone wrong with the central-California crab crop, and, as soon as I felt full enough to travel, I drove from San Francisco to Menlo Park to talk with Dr. Harold Orcutt, the project's director. Orcutt emphasized that he and his fellow-researchers are still a long way from accumulating enough data to discover precisely what is causing the dearth of crabs in the waters outside of San Francisco Bay. They may never know. Scientists are still not certain why the sardines that used to be so prevalent around the same area were some years ago replaced by anchovies; it may even be that the sardines existed in such profusion for what seemed like so many years merely because of some temporary imbalance in the ecological system, and that everything has now returned to normal. Orcutt's project is working on the theory that any one of several factors could have crippled the crab crop—some natural environmental variation such as a change in water temperature, or man-made pollution in San Francisco Bay, or fishing pressure, or some combination of factors that reduced the crab stock below the level at which it could "snap back" from the low end of the cycle. Orcutt was certain of the answer to one question I had—why crabmeat that has been out of the shell for some time tends to taste like chopped balsa wood. Exposure to the air, he said, oxidizes the crab's natural fats, and the fats are the source of the crab's flavor. The scientifically correct complaint to make when served tasteless crab in a restaurant is, I now know, "Waiter, this crab's natural fats have been oxidizing since last Tuesday."

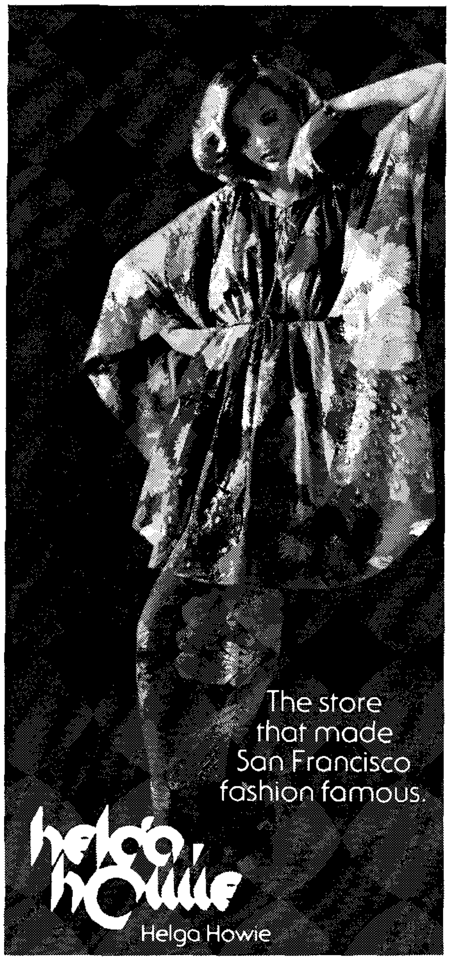


The fishermen who hang around Fisherman's Wharf are not as cautious as Orcutt about explaining why the crabs have disappeared. A fisherman asked about an unnatural absence of fish tends to speak with the assurance of an orthopedist who has been hired as an expert witness in a negligence case—and, like the orthopedist, he is not troubled by hearing a colleague present conflicting testimony with equal authority. There are fishermen who believe that the crabs were destroyed because cities were dumping their garbage into the ocean, and there are fishermen who believe that the crabs were destroyed because some fools forced the cities to stop dumping garbage into the ocean, thus depriving the young crabs of food. There are many fishermen who believe the problem was caused by the dumping of industrial wastes in San Francisco Bay. There are fishermen who believe that the crab drought, like a lot of other problems, can be traced to Russian trawlers. According to a fish processor I spoke with in Eureka, the Russians may actually be helping the crab supply there by taking a lot of hake, which feed on baby crabs, but that is not a theory I heard from fishermen. American fishermen tend to resent the Russians not only for where they fish but for how they fish—from huge trawlers that are to the average American fishing boat what the largest supermarket in southern California is to a mom-and-pop corner store. A group of American fishermen standing around a wharf are more likely to drop a kind word about gale-force winds than about the Russians.

IF a research team systematically interviewed serious shellfish eaters about their most memorable shellfish experience, I suspect that the unifying theme of the testimony would be messiness. Ask anybody who truly loves shellfish about the best he has ever had, and the answer tends to be a story ending with the table being hosed down after the meal or mountains of shells being shovelled into trash bins. It is apparent to serious shellfish eaters that in the great evolutionary scheme of things crustaceans developed shells to protect them from knives and forks. Extracting fish from a shell tends to be time-consuming, but shellfish eaters are, as a group, patient. In fact, the worst of them—the crab pedants who loiter around Chesapeake Bay—sometimes seem more interested in extracting crabmeat with expertise than in eating it. Compared to the sort of crabs found in Maryland or Louisiana, Dungeness crabs are reasonably accessible to prying fingers—partly because they are so much larger, a Dungeness that measures six and a quarter inches across the shell being the legal minimum. Even a Dungeness crab, though, requires some effort and some napkins.

All of this is, of course, contrary to the current canons of approved American eating. Americans who go out to eat are said to be interested in speed and convenience. I suspect that the popularity of frozen South African lobster tails in America can be accounted for partly by their being so easy to eat. In this country, restaurant proprietors as well as restaurant customers tend to prefer food that can be polished off with dispatch. Even one of those East Side New York steak joints that bully the innocent into paying twenty-three dollars for a lobster would probably lose money on the most thorough lobster eater I know—a friend of mine in Nova Scotia named Russell Harnish—just as a matter of how long he kept the table tied up. Russell takes a lobster apart the way a senior infantry sergeant disassembles an exceedingly complicated machine gun, and when he finishes eating, the lobster looks as though it might have been staked out on an anthill for a couple of weeks. I suppose that in the time it takes Russell Harnish to eat a lobster McDonald's sells several million hamburgers.

Most American restaurants operate on the premise that the customer does not want to do a lot of dirty work just to get at the food he is paying good money for. Tarantino's restaurant on Fisherman's Wharf has on its menu something called Lazy Man's Cioppino, described as "Famous local shellfish stew of the native fishermen. Prawns, clams, crabs, eastern oysters—with all meat removed from shell." Not many restaurants in San Francisco are the sort of plain fish houses that are likely to serve a Dungeness crab as a Dungeness crab, and those that are tend to be far from Fisherman's Wharf—where less emphasis seems to be put these days on the edible part of a shellfish than on the ashtrays or hula dolls that can be made out of its shell. Walking through the souvenir stands of Fisherman's Wharf, a stroller suddenly turns the corner and comes upon fishing boats—real fishing boats, with names like Skip-A-Lou and Baby Carl. My reaction is always the same as it is when I see a pair of cormorants or a pelican in the Atlantic forty feet away from a Florida condominium complex: What hardy creatures to survive amidst all of this! The fishing boats, of course, are not the source of the crabs being cooked in the huge crab pots—the signs that say "Fresh Local Crab" are completely accurate only if Eureka is taken to be in the Greater San Francisco area—but the crabs are in fact the freshest that can be found in San Francisco, since the Eureka processors send trucks down overnight specifically to service



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the crab stalls and the relatively few restaurants in town that are particular about freshness. The best way to eat Dungeness crabs in San Francisco is still to wait patiently while one is being boiled on Fisherman's Wharf, ask the crab hawker to crack up its shell ever so slightly, buy a loaf of sourdough bread in the bakery a block or so down the Embarcadero, and adjourn to a bench overlooking the fishing boats.

Not many tourists do that; it's too much trouble, and it's too messy. (Tolerance of messiness, of course, is based partly on familiarity with the mess; there are undoubtedly Midwestern tourists on Fisherman's Wharf who would recoil at taking apart a crab but think nothing of being up to their elbows in fried chicken or barbecued ribs.) The most popular item offered by the crab booths is not a freshly boiled crab but something called a Walk-Away Cocktail—crabmeat taken from the shell early in the morning, put into small paper cups, and kept on ice. The natural fats in Walk-Away Cocktail crabmeat have, to say the very least, been oxidized, but it isn't messy. A Walk-Away Cocktail is also popular with equally tasteless shrimp instead of crab, or a combination of shrimp and crab. Eating a combination shrimp-crab Walk-Away Cocktail has all the excitement of eating bologna between two different brands of packaged white bread. A crab hawker I talked with on the Wharf—while I was waiting for my crab to boil—said that most tourists are simply unwilling to face the prospect of digging the meat out of a freshly boiled crab, even though he does his best to persuade them that they are up to the task. "I keep telling them," he said, " 'You peel them just like you peel a peanut.' "

—CALVIN TRILLIN

•

Mr. Moyers became a television journalist with WNET/13 after having served several years as publisher of Newsday.

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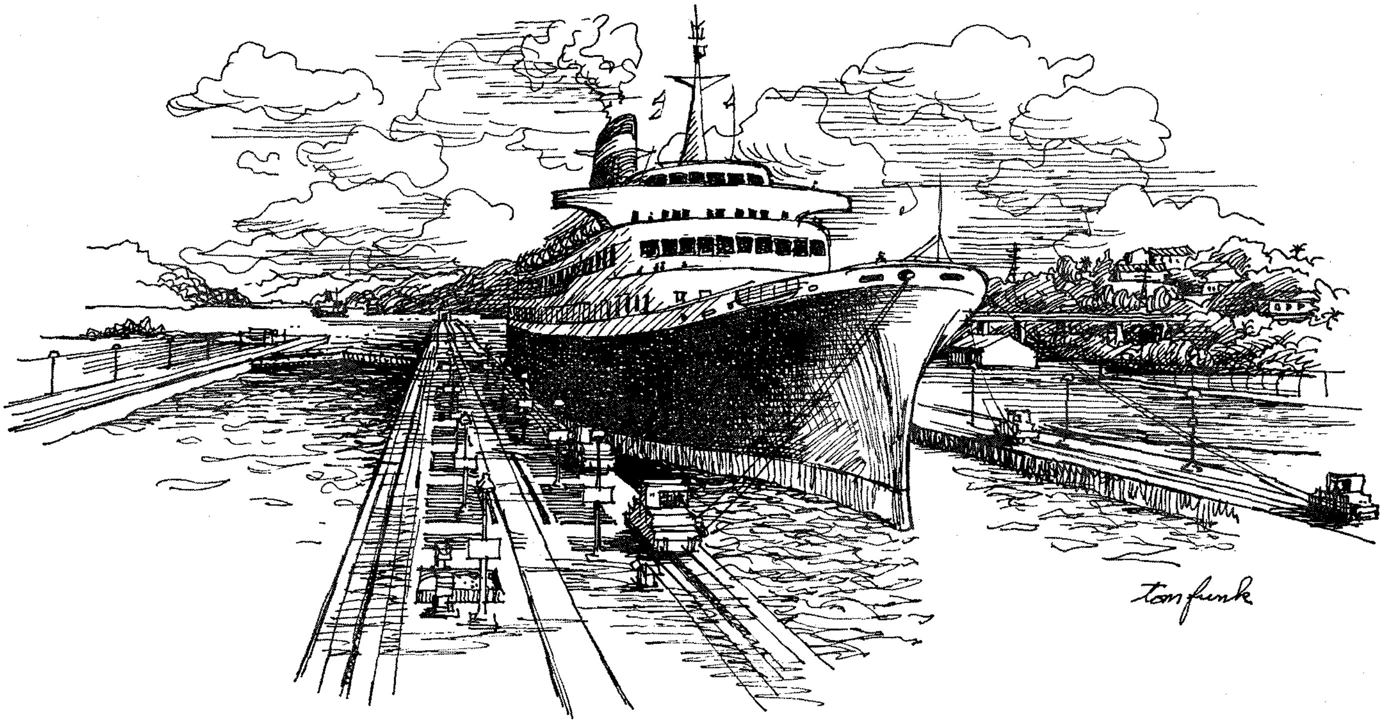
LETTER FROM PANAMA



THE fact that William Howard Taft, a Republican, was the most recent President of the United States to be denied reëlection because of a split in his Party may have encouraged Ronald Reagan to ignore what Taft, as Secretary of War in 1905, had to say about the Panama Canal Zone to President Theodore Roosevelt: "The truth is that while we have all the attributes of sovereignty necessary in the construction, maintenance, and protection of the Canal, the very form in which these attributes are conferred in the treaty seems to preserve the titular sovereignty of the Canal Zone in the Republic of Panama." Whether or not Reagan succeeds in adding Gerald Ford to the slim roster of unrewarded Chief Executives, the upstart Californian will long be remembered down here. One local newspaper recently recommended that the Panamanian government give him a medal for having made the outside world far more Panama-conscious than it usually is. The suggestion was facetious; among all the varied groups that inhabit this isthmus, Reagan is on the honors list of only one. His sole admirers are the majority of those roughly ten thousand American civilians—mostly whites in managerial and technical jobs and their dependents—who live within the six hundred and fifty square miles of the Canal Zone, and it is a group with quite a few members who have never bothered to learn Spanish and who hardly ever venture into the enveloping Republic except to buy lottery tickets. There have been no formal Presidential polls taken in the Zone, but a good guess is that most of its now nervous American residents would be happy to vote for Reagan. Even if he should be nominated, not all of them could. Some, who are second-generation or third-generation Zonians, have no home address in the States, and a Canal Zone address is not a national-election voting address. However Mr. Reagan may choose to view the matter, it is a fact that if the United States *were* sovereign over the Panama Canal Zone, anyone born within its confines would automatically enjoy American citizenship. It is also a fact that only children born in the Zone to Americans thereby become American. Many examples can be adduced to illustrate the zaniness of Reagan's territorial claims. A small one that I spotted here was a copy of Festival USA 1976, a bicentennial-events calendar published, in Spanish, by the Department of Commerce's Travel Service. It lists celebratory occasions for all fifty States of the Union and for the District of Columbia, Guam, Puerto Rico, American Samoa, and the Virgin Islands, our only officially acknowledged pieces of sovereign soil. It contains no mention of the Panama Canal Zone.

The confusion about the status of the Canal which Mr. Reagan began sowing several months ago and from which he has evidently been gaining political capital ever since—"We bought it, we paid for it, we built it, and we intend to keep it"—can be straightened out only if one goes back to Ferdinand de Lesseps. Flushed with his Suez Canal success, the French promoter organized a private company in his native land, persuaded thousands of Frenchmen to buy shares in it, bought the concession from Lucien Napoleon Bonaparte Wyse—an earlier promoter who had obtained it from Colombia, which then had sovereignty over the interoceanic isthmus—and set out to carve a sea-level canal similar to his first one. But de Lesseps miscalculated. The Suez soil was dry and could readily be dug. The tropical rains of Panama caused frustrating landslides, and the tropical mosquitoes were literally murderous, for they carried yellow fever and malaria. By 1900, as many as twenty thousand of de Lesseps' workers had perished, and almost three hundred million dollars of his backers' money had vanished. De Lesseps gave up.

Meanwhile, the United States, having just won the Spanish-American War, was interested in other points south, and had it in mind to take up where de Lesseps left off, if not necessarily on precisely the same territory. The idea of cutting a navigable trench somewhere across Central America was by no means new. It had occurred to the Emperor Charles V in 1534, after several attempts to find a strait linking the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans had failed. By the nineteenth century, the notion had begun to appeal also to those descendants of the Spanish adventurers who then, along with the native Indians, populated the isthmus. There had been an independent entity called Panama (which, following one etymology, in an old Indian dialect means "full of fish") as early as 1821, and subsequent declarations of Panamanian independence were boldly issued in 1830, 1840, and 1863. Each time, however, Colombia reassumed sovereignty over the area. So when the United States began negotiating about the possibility of a canal here, it was with Colombia that we talked. A treaty was drawn up in 1902, but Colombia rejected it, on the ground that the terms were too favorable to the United States.

The following year, a new generation of Panamanian nationalists—prominent among them Dr. Manuel Amador Guerrero—was having still another go at independence, and aspired to United States support. That support would surely be forthcoming, the Amador group reasoned, if the United States should commit itself to a canal in Panama. But the United States Senate, which would have to approve any treaty, was wavering between a canal in Panama and one in Nicaragua, and there were powerful forces arguing for the latter. Dr. Amador found a shrewd lobbyist for his cause in Philippe Bunau-Varilla, a Frenchman who had worked for de Lesseps and was hoping to salvage something from the French company's debacle by selling its remaining tangible assets—mostly land, buildings, and construction equipment—to the United States. Ultimately, the United States did pay forty million dollars for them. He also persuaded the Panamanians to appoint him their plenipotentiary in negotiating a treaty. He helped win the Senate over to his side by sending every member a Nicaraguan postage stamp that showed the volcano Momotombo there in fierce and frightening eruption. Learning that a Colombian rifle battalion was approaching Panama by steamer to put down the latest independence move and that the United States was sending the gunboat Nashville from Jamaica to deter the Colombians, Bunau-Varilla led the Panamanians to believe that he had arranged for the warship's interfering presence. Learning, further, that Dr. Amador was en route to Washington, and that he had been secretly authorized to displace Bunau-Varilla and to negotiate and sign the treaty himself, Bunau-Varilla signed one with Secretary of State John Hay three hours before the Panamanian and his associates arrived in Washington. A documentary film about these 1903 shenanigans which

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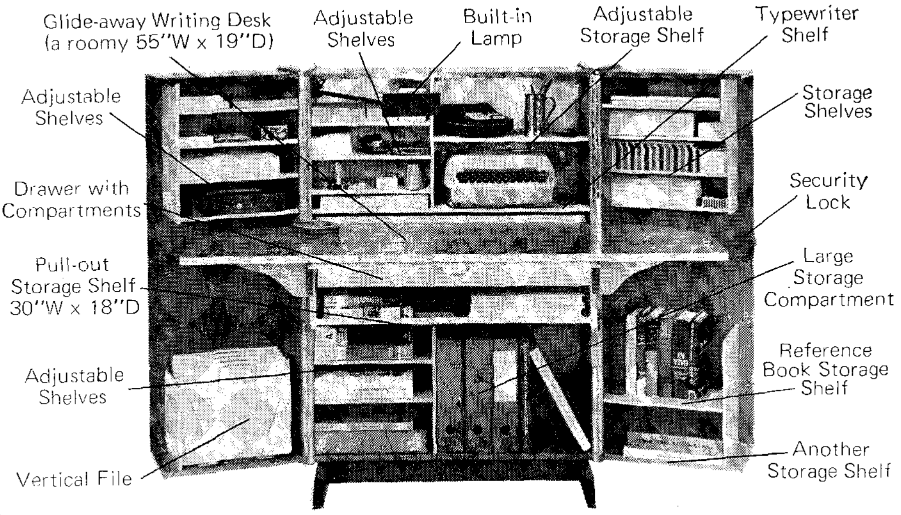

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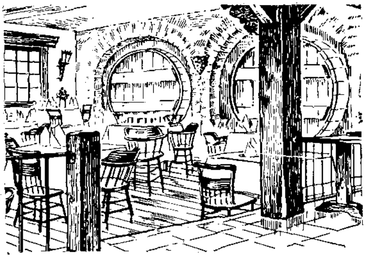

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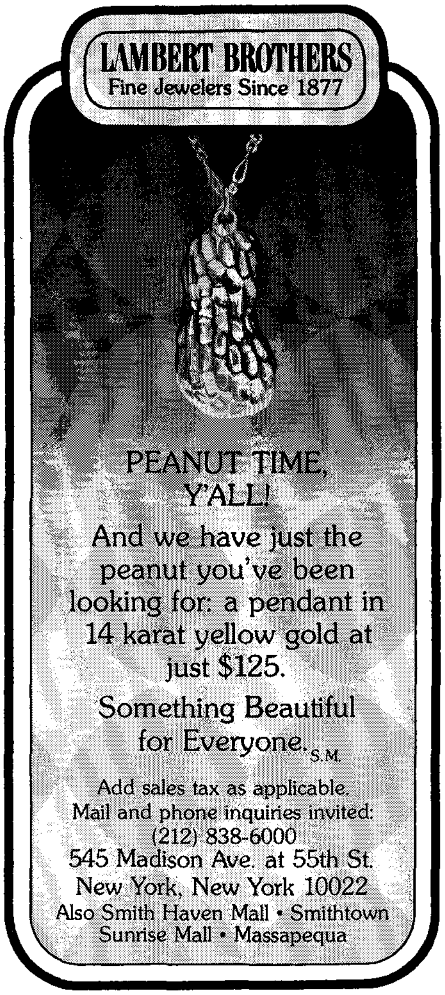

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was recently shown in theatres here was entitled, accurately and pointedly, "The Treaty That No Panamanian Signed." The document that Bunau-Varilla drafted and Hay was glad to sign was even more favorable to the United States than the one that Colombia had spurned. The rejected treaty would have given the United States occupational rights in the proposed canal zone for a hundred years, and it put the width of that zone at ten kilometres, or slightly more than six miles. Bunau-Varilla's version made the zone ten miles across and gave the United States its rights in perpetuity.

Secretary of State Hay realized what a bargain he had struck. He called the 1903 treaty "very satisfactory, fully advantageous to the United States, and, we must confess, not so advantageous to Panama," and he told one senator, "You and I know very well how many points there are in this treaty to which a Panamanian patriot could object." The Panamanians did, as soon as they laid eyes on it; Bunau-Varilla retorted that the treaty guaranteed the protection of their independence by the United States, and that if they reneged on it they could expect to be once again at the mercy of their longtime Colombian oppressors. (The United States subsequently mollified Colombia with a twenty-five-million-dollar pourboire.) Bunau-Varilla was not a lawyer, and he omitted from the text of the agreement provisions that most treaties contain, such as arrangements for termination and for arbitration. The sticky provisions were the second and third articles. Article II granted to the United States "in perpetuity the use, occupation, and control of a zone of land and land under water for the construction, maintenance, operation, sanitation, and protection of said Canal." Article III said, "The Republic of Panama grants to the United States all the rights, power, and authority within the zone . . . which the United States would possess and exercise if it were the sovereign of the territory within which said lands and waters are located to the entire exclusion of the exercise by the Republic of Panama of any such sovereign rights, power, or authority."

That phrase "if it were the sovereign" is what Reagan has been hanging his hat on. But if the United States *were* sovereign, the words "if it were the sovereign" would be irrelevant; when we bought Alaska, there were no ifs, ands, or buts attached, and our rights, power, and authority there are not governed by any extant treaty. We purchased clear title to that tract. Bunau-Varilla himself later declared (and the italics are his), "The United States, *without becoming the sovereign*, received the *exclusive use* of the rights of sovereignty, while respecting the sovereignty itself of the Panama Republic." In no small part because of the murkiness of his wording, the Panama Canal has often been described as "a body of water entirely surrounded by trouble."

THE Panama Canal is an astonishing feat of engineering, and has rightly been likened to the Great Wall of China and, more recently, to the excavation of Mars. Looking out a window of the restaurant in the American Legion Club, in the Zone, at one of some thirty-five ships that would traverse the Canal that day, a chauvinistic employee of the Panama Canal Company, which runs the waterway (there is one share of stock in the company, and it is held by whoever happens to be Secretary of the Army), exclaimed, "Compared to this, the pyramids are pimples!" The United States began work on the Canal in earnest in 1907, after a no less astonishing medical accomplishment—the elimination from the area of yellow fever and the control of malaria. Forty-five thousand laborers, many of them West Indians from Barbados and Jamaica, were hired to dig the Canal, and quite a few of their descendants are still residents of its environs. West Indians were not easily assimilable, being largely black, English-speaking, and Protestant in a largely white or mulatto, Spanish-speaking, and Catholic community. At the start, the Americans here were paid in gold coins, the West Indians in silver, and until 1947, when segregation was partly abolished in the Canal Zone, toilets and post-office counters were euphemistically marked "Gold" and "Silver." Housing in the Zone has traditionally been allocated by job category. The blacks have had, by and large, the most menial jobs, and have tended to end up living together in the least inviting residential areas, which are in effect racial ghettos. There are still in the Canal

Zone neighborhoods that are almost entirely black.

The Panama Canal officially opened on August 15, 1914, when the steamship Ancon, which had been used as a cement carrier during the construction of the Canal, was ushered through it. The Canal is fifty miles long, and has three sets of locks, made up of twelve chambers, and each chamber is a thousand feet long and a hundred and ten feet wide. Even today, it can accommodate all but a thousand or so of the twenty-two thousand merchant vessels afloat, though it is too shallow for an additional one thousand seven hundred ships when they are fully loaded. More than half a million ships have availed themselves of it so far, nearly fifteen thousand of them in fiscal year 1975, paying, on the average, ten thousand dollars per transit. In 1974, the toll was raised, for the first time in sixty years; it went from ninety cents per Panama Canal ton—a weight that equals a hundred cubic feet of below-decks cargo space—for laden ships to a dollar and eight cents. Even so, the trip is generally considered a bargain compared to the cost of circumnavigating Cape Horn. Over the years, the Canal has contributed substantially to the economy of the Republic of Panama, and today about thirteen per cent of the country's gross national product is derived, directly or indirectly, from the Canal. Nonetheless, Panamanians have persistently asserted that they have been shortchanged. At the outset, in addition to a flat payment of ten million dollars for our as-if-sovereign rights, we agreed to give Panama two hundred and fifty thousand dollars a year. The 1903 treaty has twice been modified, both times in Panama's fiscal favor. In 1936, the annual fee was raised to four hundred and thirty thousand dollars, and in 1955 to two million. Allowing for two subsequent devaluations of the dollar, the fee is now two million three hundred thousand. The 1936 treaty revision, moreover, seemed to clarify the sovereignty question once and for all by referring—in Reagan's eyes, to no avail—to the Canal Zone as a "territory of the Republic of Panama under the jurisdiction of the United States."

Whatever the specific provisions of the various treaty documents, the Panama Canal Zone was in essence a colonial outpost, and as colonialism became unpopular around the world, resentment mounted in Panama. For one thing, Panama was becoming increasingly nationalistic. "You don't mind being a colony if you don't feel yourself

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a nation," one Panamanian told me. In the indigenous view, there have been numerous subsidiary irritants, and Panamanians contend that they have, on the whole, reacted rather mildly toward them, with forbearance typified by the stickers some of their motorcycle cops now have pasted on the inside of their windshields: "Control your emotions." One of the irritants is that a Panamanian accused of a crime in the Canal Zone is tried in an American court and, if convicted, is lodged in an American jail in the Zone. Because any American sentenced to imprisonment after a trial in the Zone is sent back to the States to serve his time, the Zone prisons are populated exclusively by Panamanians. The boundary between the two areas in the capital, Panama City, is the junction of a sidewalk and a street; if a woman is mugged on the sidewalk (which is in the Republic) but does not yield up her purse until she is dragged into the street (which is in the Zone), the crime is considered, at least by Zone authorities, to have occurred on the American side of the border. The Canal Zone—administered by a governor who is traditionally a major general in the Army Corps of Engineers—is a purer company town than one run by any mining operation: the Panama Canal Company not only hires the sheriff but is also the landlord (no one may own a home in the Zone; civilians rent them from the company), the school board, and the proprietor of all the stores. Inasmuch as the 1903 treaty left little room at either terminus of the canal for a seaport belonging to the Republic, Panama's two coastal cities, Panama City, on the Pacific, and Colón, on the Atlantic, or Caribbean—as every American schoolchild has been told, in Panama the Pacific is east of the Atlantic—are hopelessly misshapen, to the despair of urban planners trying to cope with water-supply and sewage-disposal problems.

The petty grievances that had been accumulating came to a tragic climax in 1964. In November of 1959, Panamanian nationalists staged a peaceful march on the Zone with the intention of planting the Panamanian flag there. Rioting followed when American authorities prevented the marchers from entering the Zone. Mobs in Panama City attacked the American Embassy. Rioting broke out again later that same month. In early December, President Dwight Eisenhower declared that "in some form or other . . . we should have visual evidence that Panama does have titular sovereignty over the region," and subsequently a joint commission, to which representatives were appointed by the Presidents of the two countries, "agreed that the flag of the Republic of Panama will be flown together with the flag of the United States of America on land in the Canal Zone where the flag of the United States of America is flown by civilian authorities." In due course, a list of places where both flags would fly was drawn up. Because schoolchildren, especially those of United States soldiers and Canal Zone employees, were thought to be extremely touchy about the expression of patriotism (the Canal Zone has more Boy Scouts per capita than any other place on earth), schools in the Zone had been carefully omitted from the roster of dual sites. At the end of 1963, the Governor of the Canal Zone announced that "locations at which the United States flag has currently been flown alone and at which no flags will be flown on or after January 2, 1964" would include the schools. American students at Balboa High School nonetheless ran up the Stars and Stripes on its single flagstaff at the start of 1964 and defied anyone to lower it. About forty Panamanian students from nearby Panama City marched to the school to protest the flag-raising and tried to run up their colors, too, and a scuffle ensued. The tug-of-war erupted into a full-scale, four-day riot, by the end of which about twenty Panamanians and four Americans were dead. Americans living in the Republic fled to the Zone, and diplomatic relations were broken off for three months. President Lyndon Johnson concluded—after first soliciting and obtaining the concurrence of Eisenhower and Truman—that it was time to start a new round of negotiations on the Canal. These began in 1965, and in June of 1967 the Presidents of the two nations announced that new treaties had been agreed upon, but they were never ratified, partly because Panama had a Presidential election coming up the following year and didn't want treaty negotiations injected into domestic partisan politics. By then, there were two flagpoles at Balboa High School, separated by a bust of its namesake, with a flag on each side of him. In June of 1976, at the end of the school year, the American students painted the old explorer's head a Bicentennial red, white, and blue.

The winner of the 1968 election in Panama was Arnulfo Arias, a physician and owner of a coffee plantation. He had been chosen President twice previously, and had twice been deposed with the help of the military. Dr. Arias, whose first aborted administration began in 1940, is a Peron-like figure (our State Department considers him pro-Fascist) with a recurrent appeal to the Panamanian populace, and also to Ronald Reagan, with whom Arias conferred in Florida last fall. (According to a report by David Binder, in the *Times*, Reagan indicated during the meeting that he would like to see Arias returned to power, and Arias said he would offer the United States "softer" Panama Canal treaty terms than those currently under consideration.) The never-say-die doctor's third term lasted eleven days. He was thrown out by the Panamanian National Guard, which exercises both military and police functions. The Guard officer who rose swiftly to the top of the heap was Omar Torrijos Herrera, who by now has been running the nation continuously for nearly eight years—longer than any of the previous chiefs of state in Panama's seventy-three tumultuous years of existence. One of twelve children of a schoolteaching couple in the rural province of Veraguas, Torrijos, who is at present the only general officer in the National Guard, has lately spent more of his time out in the countryside than in his capital. He likes to hop around by helicopter, dropping into rural villages to inquire of the residents what they want or need. His avowed goals are to provide them with better health, education, food, and roads than they have ever had before. How much the Panamanians remote from Panama City and Colón know or care about the present Canal flap is moot. The story goes that on a recent visit to some *campesinos* General Torrijos asked, "What do you think about the Canal?" The word "*canal*" is Spanish for "channel," and Panama has two television outlets, Channel 2 and Channel 4. (The American Army has one other in the Zone.) The answer the General got was "Which *canal*—*Dos* or *Cuatro*?"

General Torrijos has attained a level of preëminence rare even among Latin-American dictators. When he gave Panama a new constitution, in 1972, he had his own name written into it as "Maximum Leader of the Panamanian Revolution." His dictatorship is by most accounts a comparatively mild one, with few arrests without due process, and our State Department, eager to maintain tranquil relations

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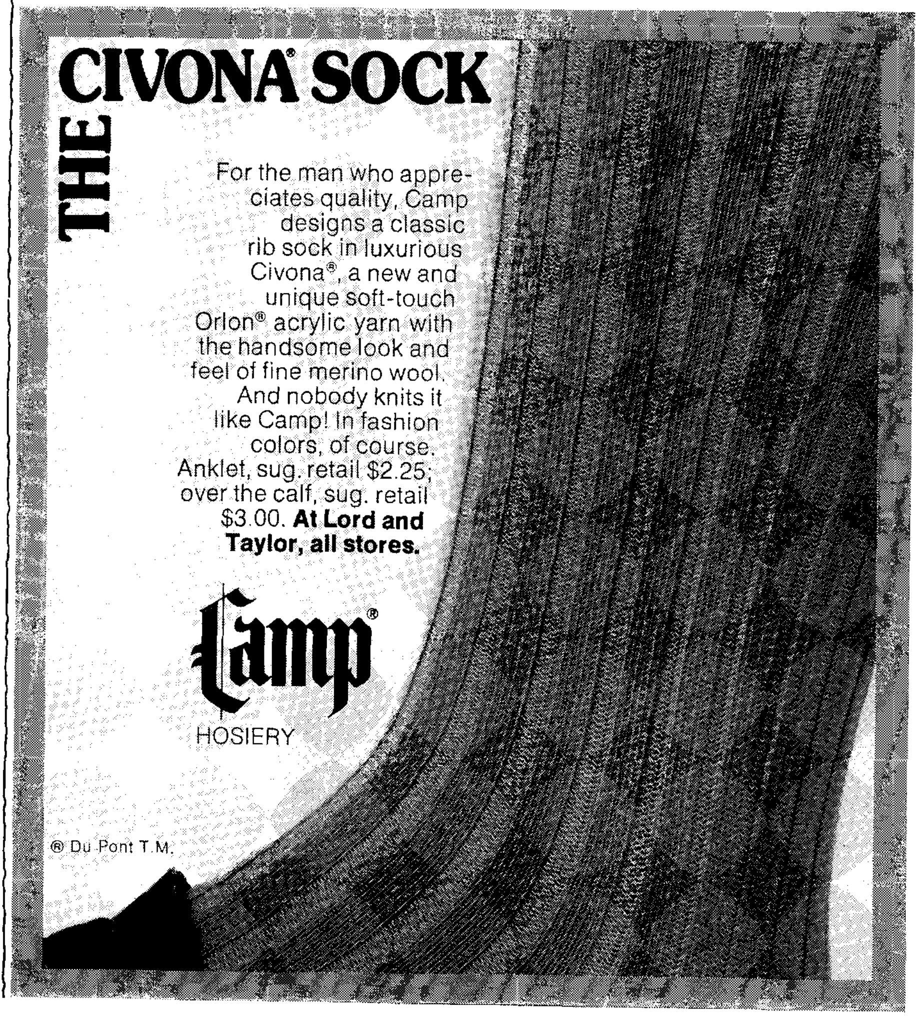

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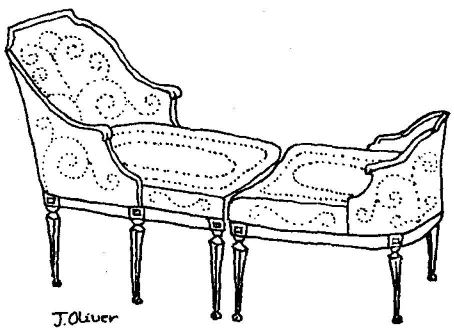
while Canal negotiations are under way, credits him with having introduced a kind of representative democracy. He has established elections for assemblymen in five hundred and five districts. Once a year, all the assemblymen come to Panama City for a month and usually enact whatever statutes Torrijos lays before them.

So chary are the Americans in Panama today of offending General Torrijos that none of them here—in the Embassy, in the AID program, in the military, or in the Canal Zone administration—will speak to a reporter, on or off the record, without having the conversation monitored by a public-information person. This odd state of affairs is all the more surprising since the incumbent American Ambassador, William J. Jorden, used to be a reporter for the *Times*. Torrijos, unlike President Ford, has no significant opposition to contend with, either within his party or without. He declared all political parties extinct in March of 1969. Nor is there any opposition press. Most Panamanians get their news by radio. The radio stations get a good deal of their news from the newspapers. Of six daily papers, four are owned by the government and the two others by the family of Torrijos's Vice-Minister of Foreign Affairs. The sort of lead editorial a Panamanian newspaper is apt to run nowadays is one hailing the career of Lowell Thomas after the eighty-four-year-old newscaster announced that he was giving up his radio program. The papers can, however, say with bold impunity anything they like about Ronald Reagan. One of them had it recently that if the Statue of Liberty could weep, Reagan would have driven her to tears.

General Torrijos has announced that if the Canal negotiations are not soon acceptably concluded he will unilaterally proclaim Panama's control over the Zone, and that if aroused Panamanian students march into it, he, with a choice of either stopping them or leading them, will not stop them. Much of this sort of talk is probably rhetoric for home consumption, because although he has power, he also has problems. He has had them from the start. In June of 1971, a priest who set up some farm coöperatives in the hinterland and, as a result, incurred the enmity of local shopkeepers mysteriously disappeared. The Catholic hierarchy suspected foul play, but the National Guard didn't seem interested in investigating the incident. The Church protested. Torrijos forbade all priests from anywhere to enter Panama, even as tourists, for a short period of time. Lately, there has been something of a rapprochement between Church and state, owing partly to some effective lobbying in the United States, on behalf of Panama's getting eventual control over the Canal, by the Archbishop of Panama, Marcos Gregorio McGrath, a Notre Dame graduate and trustee who frequently appears before religious groups in the States to plead for a more sympathetic understanding of Panama's position.

Torrijos's current troubles are both political and economic. He had hoped to put on a splashy observance, toward the end of June, of the hundred-and-fiftieth anniversary of the first gathering of the newly independent Latin-American republics, which Simón Bolívar convened in 1826 in Panama City. Most of the dictators who run other Latin-American countries, including Fidel Castro, had agreed to come, but after Cuban troops went into Angola—an intervention that drew from Castro the affirmation of Cuba's right to come to the armed assistance of revolutionary movements generally—many of the other dictators backed off. The observance took place anyway, but was downgraded to the foreign-ministerial level. (The United States, which was invited to send observers to the 1826 gathering—one died before reaching Panama, and another arrived after the meeting had ended—diplomatically asked not to be invited to this one at all.) On the economic front, Torrijos has lately been hard pressed, even though Panama has received the most American AID funds per capita (one hundred and ninety-seven million dollars in grants and loans in fifteen years for a population that now stands at one million six hundred thousand) of any Latin-American country. As it happens, Panama also has the highest external debt per capita in Latin America. General Torrijos did find another foreign ally in Yugoslavia, which helped him build an eighty-two-million-dollar hydroelectric-power project. (When the dam crucial to it was finished, Torrijos jumped



into the Bayano River, fully clothed, for a jubilant swim.) Ideologically, he has seemed to lean closer to Cuba and the Soviet Union than to most other countries, but in May, presumably not without his concurrence, a sixteen-person delegation of the Panama Chamber of Commerce visited the People's Republic of China. The host Vice-Minister of Foreign Trade took an approach to the current treaty negotiations more radical even than that of most Panamanians; according to the New China News Agency, he "warmly praised the Panamanian people for their heroic struggle to *recover* [italics mine] the Panama Canal."

General Torrijos's difficulties at home have stemmed in large part from two laws of his own promulgation. One made it all but impossible for landlords to evict tenants for nonpayment of rent; the other made it equally awkward for employers to fire employees, no matter how incompetent or dishonest. This past winter, Torrijos, with an entourage of more than two hundred, paid a state visit to Cuba. According to the General's own official spokesmen, he was not entirely enchanted with what he found there, and he took pains before leaving Havana to state publicly that Castro's brand of Socialism, while perhaps suitable for Cuba, was not appropriate for Panama. (Castro's image must appeal to Torrijos, however, for the General has a large photograph of himself with a cigar in his mouth displayed on the exterior of a Panama City building. The appended caption says, "*Panama es soberana en la Zona del Canal.*" The word "*soberana*"—"sovereign"—also appears on all Republic of Panama license plates, though obviously not on those issued by the Zone.) Torrijos is becoming adept at seesaw politics. Having appeased the far left in his country by going to Cuba, and having then appeased the far right by sort of dissociating himself from Cuba, he next zigzagged again and announced a deal to sell Panamanian rice to Castro below the prevailing world-market price. Some Panamanian businessmen protested. Torrijos had the National Guard round up eleven of them, including the president of the Chamber of Commerce, and pack them off to Ecuador without a change of socks or a passport. Only three have since been allowed back. Other businessmen thereupon called for a general strike, which lasted just a few days. With the National Guard standing by and doing nothing, gangs of hoodlums broke up their meetings; the Guard still occu-

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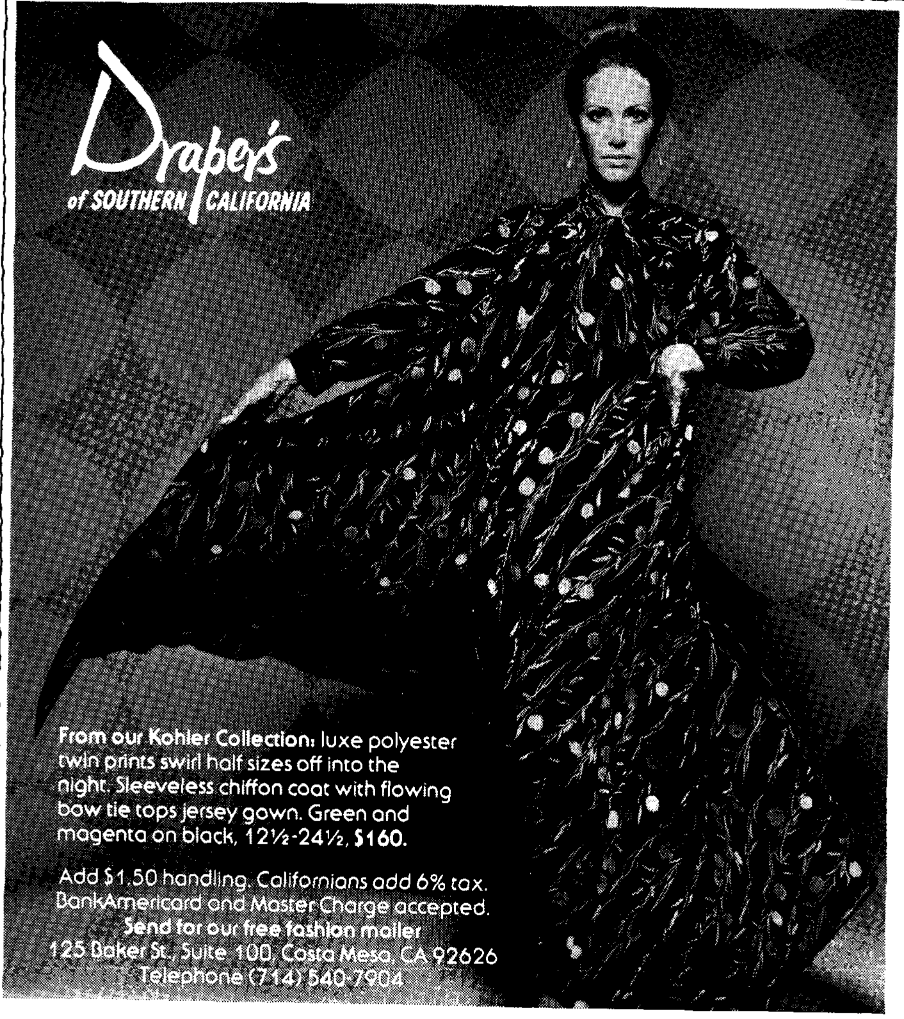
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pies the ground floor of the headquarters of the Association of Panamanian Business Executives—an organization that was set up with the assistance of AID officials. In the last few months, Torrijos has begun to edge toward an accommodation with business and has proclaimed himself in favor of private enterprise—specifically, of a thousand new enterprises with ten employees each. Torrijos used to be fond of describing Panama in terms of a yoke, its two bovine components being government and labor. Now he has an equine figure of speech—the troika. The third animal is business.

In the early nineteen-seventies, Panama enjoyed a building boom, and it was said here, with mixed feelings, that Panama City was becoming a bad copy of Miami Beach. There was a proliferation of condominiums and apartment houses—a good thing, nearly everyone agreed, because some of these replaced flimsy wooden shacks that had been built to house Canal construction workers three generations ago. But a number of by no means brand-new condominiums still stand unoccupied (the Panama Lions Club raffled one off in June, and the winner may have a Pyrrhic victory), and other structures that were optimistically begun a couple of years ago are still unfinished. The foundation of a new convention hall that the government hoped would attract international gatherings is all there is to it so far, and no one will venture to predict a completion date. Most of the new buildings on which work is proceeding apace are banks. The Panamanian medium of exchange is the American dollar, although change is made in indigenous coins. Along with a more or less stable currency, Panama now has, under Torrijos, banking laws of alluring flexibility: numbered accounts like Switzerland's, no local taxes on offshore earnings, no restrictions on taking money out of the country. There were at last count sixty-eight banks in Panama City, sixty of them branches of foreign institutions, including thirteen branches of American banks. Latin Americans from nations with softer currency and stricter regulations have been pouring funds into Panama banks, which now have among them nine billion dollars in deposits. Graft being endemic in Panama, Torrijos himself is said to have eight figures' worth of dollars deposited somewhere.

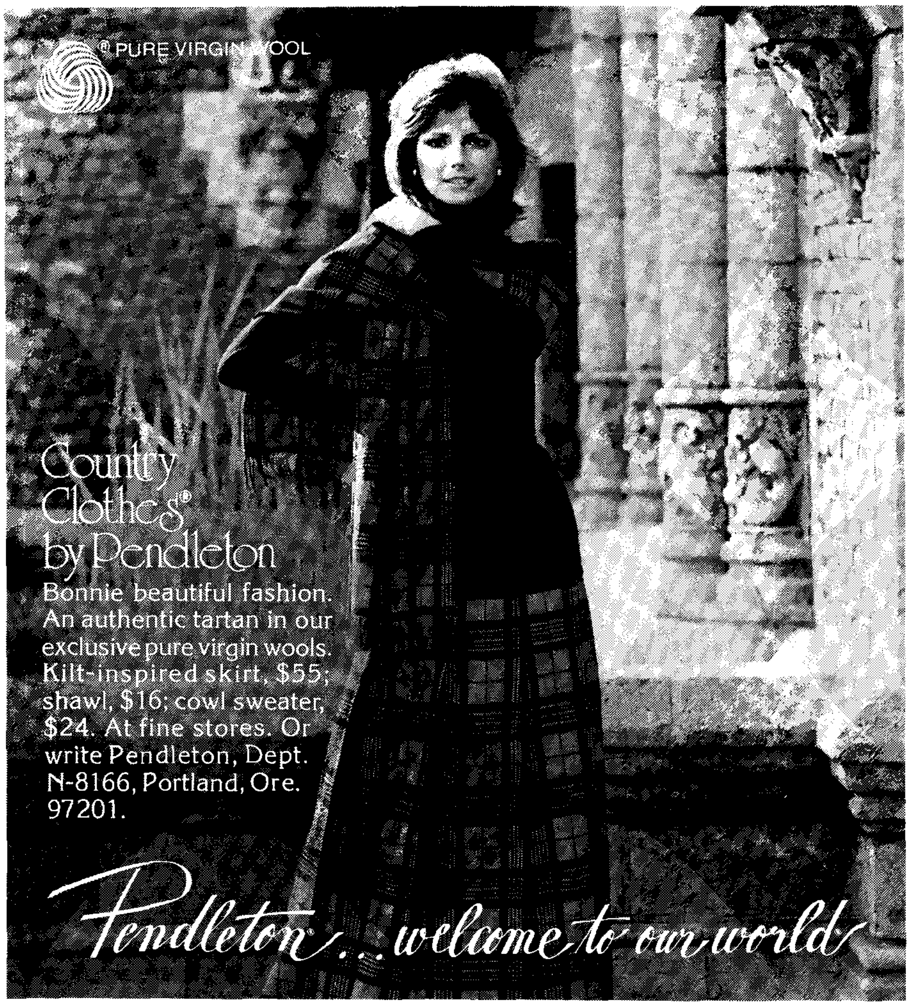
The Torrijos administration did manage, in 1974, to finish the refurbishing of the elegant National Theatre, in Panama City, a late-nineteenth-century playhouse in the old, pre-Canal quarter of the capital. A recent production that played a five-night stand at the National was "Lobo Go Home," a latter-day variation on "Little Red Riding Hood." Little Red Riding Hood was Panama, and the Wolf was the United States. Panamanians are not much for theatregoing, though. They prefer horse races and prizefights, and have successfully exported jockeys, boxers, and baseball players. So, despite the seeming attractiveness of the play's subject matter and the plastering of Panama City with "Lobo Go Home" signs (every palm tree in front of the United States Embassy was emblazoned with one), practically nobody except relatives of the children in the cast bothered to attend.

It has been said that international banks won't invest in a place unless they are convinced that it is politically stable. Presumably, then, Chase Manhattan and Citibank and all the banks from Colombia and Brazil and Switzerland and the Netherlands and Japan that seem to be trying to convert Panama City into a Latin-American version of lower Manhattan have good reason to believe that the treaty negotiations will, Reagan notwithstanding, be serenely concluded. Most Panamanians certainly hope so. Having been under the sway of the United States for so many years, they are on the whole much more used to and tolerant of North Americans than many other foreigners are; Panamanians speak English more than most Latin Americans do, and it is a small local jest that the parrots here are bilingual.

The current round of negotiations began in the fall of 1973, when Ellsworth Bunker, recently returned from six years as the American Ambassador to South Vietnam, was put in charge of them for our side. On February 7, 1974, Henry Kissinger and Juan Antonio Tack, then the Panamanian Minister of Foreign Affairs, jointly agreed on eight principles, the first of which was "The treaty of 1903 and its amendments will be abrogated by the conclusion of an entirely new interoceanic canal treaty." The second principle was, in part, "The concept of perpetuity will be eliminated," and the fourth said, in part, "The Panamanian territory in which the canal is situated shall be returned to the jurisdiction of the Republic of Panama." Nineteen months later, Kissinger ruffled the waters he had earlier calmed by telling a get-together of American governors that the United States would insist on the right to defend the Canal unilaterally for an "indefinite" period; that single infelicitous adjective caused the American Embassy in Panama City to suffer the smashing of just about all its window glass.

A dozen negotiating sessions have been held during the past two and a half years. The most recent one was in late April. The next one, Bunker has assured me, will be "soon," but there is no indication of exactly when. Of the sessions to date, one was held in Washington and the rest in Panama, the majority on the offshore island of Contadora, where pearl divers used to settle up with their customers. (There is no reason to believe that these treaty negotiations were foreseen by a Panamanian government tourist-brochure writer who said of Contadora in 1971, "Who knows? You might like it so much that you'll want to stay on permanently, and that can be arranged on Contadora, too.") So far, it has been agreed by the conferees that, no matter who may be presiding over either country a year or two hence, Panama will ultimately get jurisdiction over the Zone, provided that no more than a third of the members of the United States Senate dissent. In Panama, dissent being dangerous, the only demurrers are likely to come from a few people on the extreme left, who would prefer a festering sore to any healing, and from a few on the right, who would prefer not to have Torrijos's already firm hand further strengthened by a treaty achieved during his tenure. One of the principal Panamanian negotiators, the lawyer and diplomat Carlos Alfredo Lopez-Guevara, told me, "Most Panamanians have felt friendly to your country despite everything that has happened, but we cannot help remembering, all the more in your Bicentennial year, that we haven't fulfilled our goal and established *our* independence, and that aim won't be achieved until what is called the Canal Zone is dismantled. Perpetuity is against the concept of a nation. We can't countenance a colonial outpost forever. It's wrong. You could say it's un-American."

Sovereignty is not an issue in the negotiations. Not a single word of the treaty to come, however, has yet been written down, much less approved by both sides, although there has been what diplomats call "conceptual agreement" on a number of points—princi-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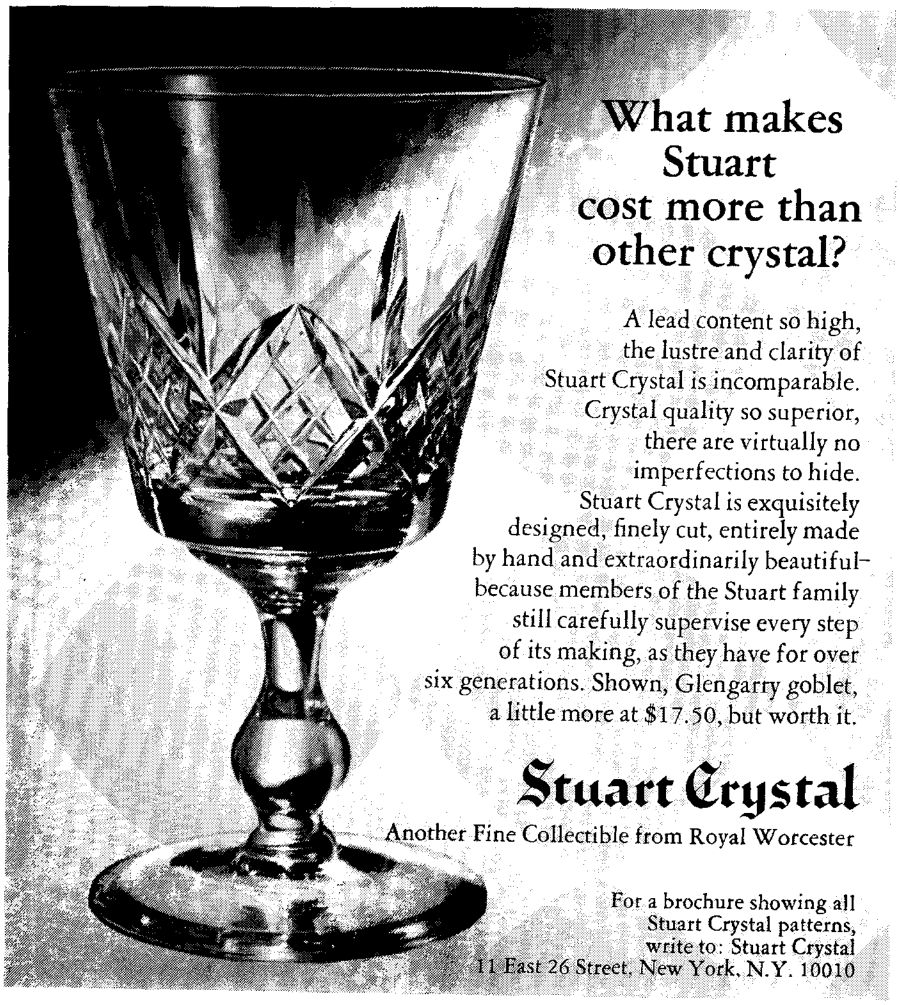
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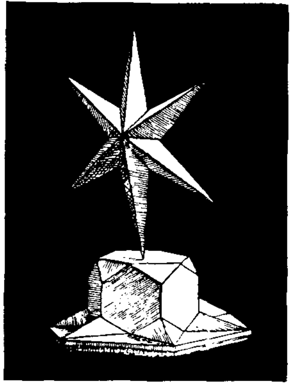
pally, that until some not yet determined date the United States will continue to have chief responsibility for operating the Canal, through some not yet determined "entity," and that Panama will participate in the defense of the Canal. (Heretofore, we have always conceived of its defense as something to be conducted not only without Panama but possibly even *against* Panama.) There remains much to be worked out—most notably, how many years the new treaty is to be in effect. "It's a long process, and I don't see any immediate conclusion to it," Bunker told me. "The problems are very complex." Panama has said that it wants to take over everything not later than the year 2000. The United States has been talking about fifty years. Some compromise seems attainable. The Panamanians certainly don't want the Canal to cease functioning. They are so fond of it that one of the suggested features of a new amusement park proposed for Panama City is a miniature canal ride, with boats and locks to pass through, just like the big one. The Panamanians are also getting ready to run the big one themselves. Late in May, two hundred Panamanian engineers, engineering students, and architects participated in the proceedings of their country's first National Civil Engineering Congress.

MEANWHILE, along the thoroughfare that connects—or, depending on one's point of view, separates—the Republic and the Zone (it is known to Americans as Fourth of July Avenue, though its official name is John F. Kennedy Avenue, and to Panamanians, since the 1964 flag riots, as the Avenue of the Martyrs), angry anti-American murals have been splashed across quite a few building walls; and on billboards throughout Panama City one sees, with reference to the American military presence in the area, a tersely scrawled "Bases No." At the moment, some nine thousand American servicemen are assigned to the Canal Zone, of whom a third have as their chief mission the defense of the Canal. It is basically indefensible, however, and there are no soldiers on guard duty at any of its locks. This spring, a carelessly driven American Army truck belonging to the brigade that is charged with the protection of the Canal fell into the water just north of the Gatun Locks, and maritime traffic in the east lane of the Canal was tied up for a couple of hours while it was fished out.

The gravest threat to the Canal is generally conceded to be sabotage, because the whole complicated mechanism operates by the gravity flow of fresh water from the man-made Gatun Lake: if a sluiceway were ruptured and the reservoir drained, it might take two years to replenish the lake. What appears to be of particular concern to the Panamanians who paint the murals and annotate the billboards is that some of the American military people now on the local scene cannot be said to be even theoretically concerned with the defense of the Canal. Prominent among the targets of displeasure is an academic institution, on the edge of Gatun Lake, called the United States Army School of the Americas. Its mission is to give instruction—exclusively in Spanish—to officers and enlisted men from Latin-American nations more or less friendly to the United States. There are no Cubans enrolled at present, though there were before Castro. The school's detractors hint darkly that it teaches counter-espionage and torture and other deplorable subjects. On a visit to it, I could not perceive it to be different, language aside, from any other Army school I have known; and its commandant told me, "We don't do anything here that is in violation of the Constitution of the United States, and we don't train people how to lead coups d'état, either. We can exist only as long as we're totally apolitical." Still, of the thirty-four thousand two hundred and fifty-two Latin Americans who have graduated from the School of the Americas since it opened, in 1946, quite a few have floated to the top of the political pond later on; an Ecuadorian officer who was a guest instructor in 1967 ended up as chief of state. The school's graduates include three thousand and five Panamanians, and of a thousand students who have attended the school so far this year, eighty-three were Panamanians. General Torrijos is a School of the Americas alumnus himself. He has said for the record that the school's mere existence is a violation of the Canal treaties, but has added, in the best old-school-tie tradition, that it is a noble violation; on a number of occasions, he has taken some of the students out in his personal plane for a weekend in the country.

Of all the Americans here, the most apprehensive about the future are the Zonians, whose status, if any, under the new treaty has not yet been even conceptually determined. They have their own view of the School of the Americas. "We get a lot of questions from Zonians," a member of its staff told



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me. "They ask, 'What the hell are you training Panamanians here for—so they can shoot at us?' " Including dependents, there are forty thousand residents of the Zone—twenty-five thousand military, ten thousand United States civilians, and five thousand non-United States employees of the Panama Canal Company and the Canal Zone. It is the American civilians who are the most agitated. They fear that their comfortable, secure enclave is doomed. They could be in Rhodesia. Torrijos has declared that the services of many of them will be required to run the Canal no matter who controls it, but the Zonians do not believe him. Some of them say that the reason they do not cross the border into the Republic more often is that when they do, their cars—easily identifiable by their Canal Zone plates—are spat upon or, worse, stoned. In March of this year, to call attention to their plight, Canal pilots staged a "sick-out," and cross-isthmus water traffic was stopped cold for six days. Other Americans here think that the Zonians are hypersensitive, and perhaps expendable as well, and charge them with having been the source of a recent rumor that three thousand Cuban troops were in Panama. Both General Torrijos's government and the American military and diplomatic authorities on the scene deny this, and say that it could not have happened without their knowing about it. If Ronald Reagan knows for sure, he hasn't been telling.

Poor Reagan! He made the Panama Canal a campaign issue, and he knew he could count on the near-solid support of almost all enfranchised Zonians. The only drawback is that while the Canal Zone, in 1912, was given—conceivably in perpetuity—the right to vote at the Democratic National Convention, the Republican Party, by what may now appear to Reagan to have been a dreadful oversight, never granted the embittered Zonians any votes at all.

—E. J. KAHN, JR.

•

"Of The Icing," the pulitzer prize winning comedy musical written by Ira and George Gershwin and George Kauffman, will be featured at the Berkshire Theatre Festival in Stockbridge.—*Saratoga Leisure.*

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January, a lean, sunburned Texan who walks with a drawl, is 46.—*Los Angeles Times.*

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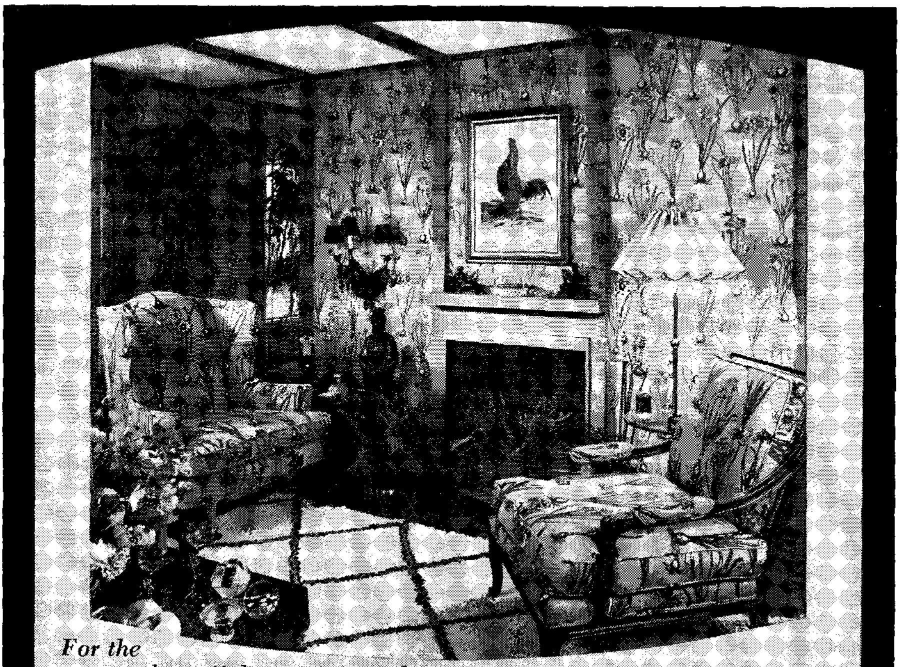

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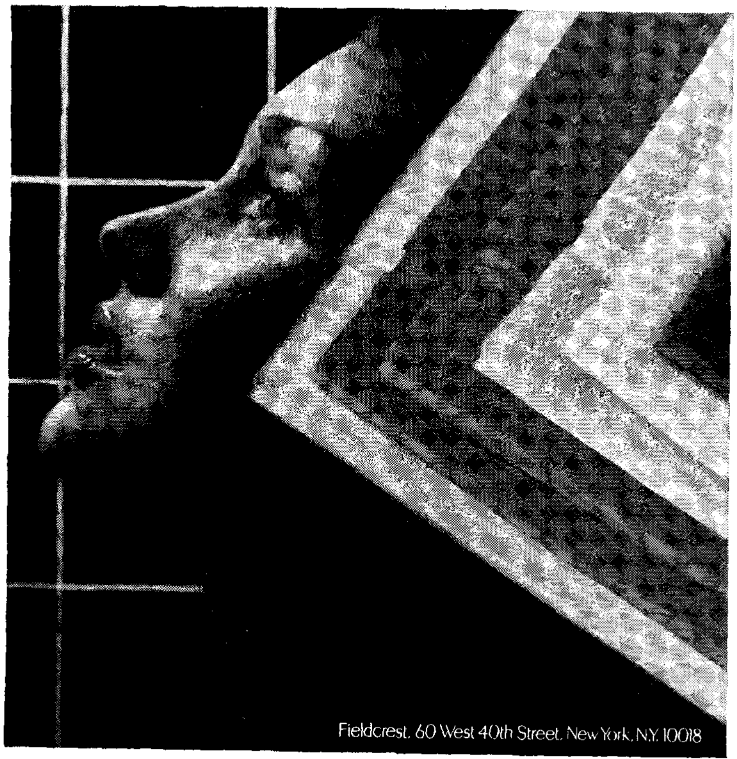
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THE ART WORLD

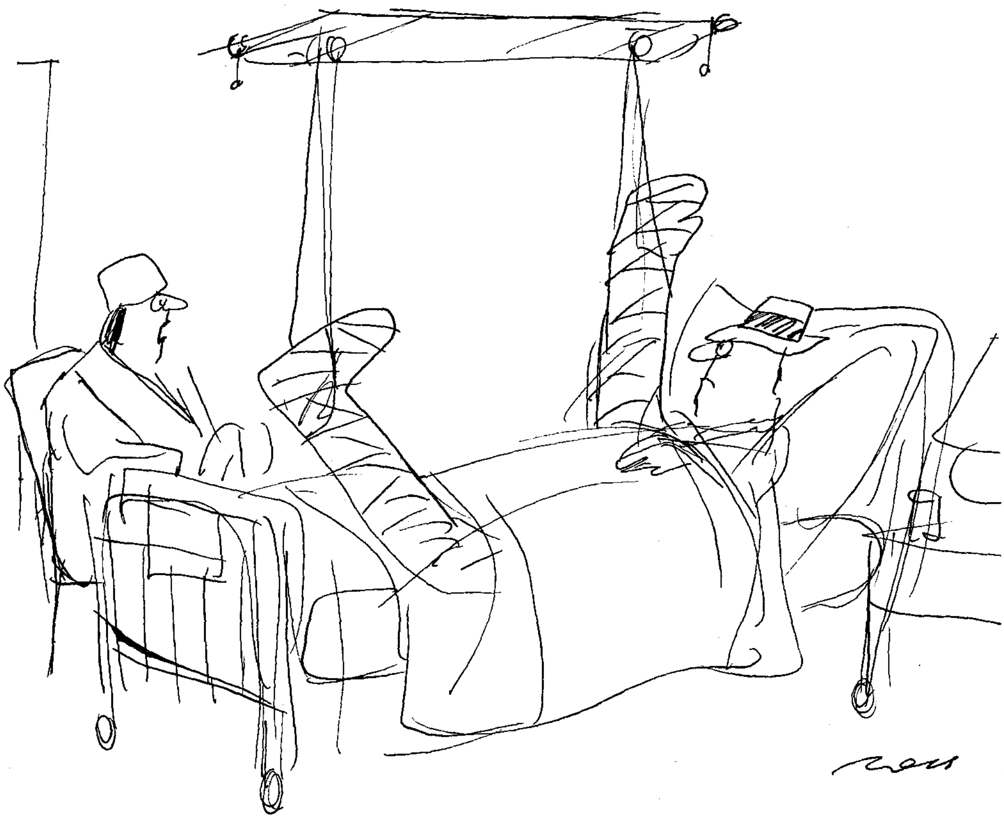
Mediumistic Artist

THE André Masson retrospective at the Museum of Modern Art is an exhibition beset by problems. One of the earliest Surrealist painters, Masson, now eighty years of age, has been an outstanding personage in advanced art for half a century, his reputation on a par with that of such distinctive figures as Arp, Magritte, Schwitters. Masson has had numerous shows in the United States since the thirties, he was one of the Paris vanguard who took refuge in this country during the Second World War, and he is said by critics—including, with nationalist vehemence, André Malraux—to have exerted a considerable influence on the American Abstract Expressionists, and particularly on Jackson Pollock. For all his large body of creations, however, and his art-historical importance as a link between postwar American painting and the immediate European past, the art public has no clear image of what "a Masson" looks like, in the sense that it recognizes a Miró, a Giacometti, a Dali.

Unfortunately, the show at the Museum of Modern Art does not make it easier to know a Masson when one meets one. Not only is the exhibition uneven in quality but it lacks stylistic coherence to a degree that, even in this century of weak and changeable identities, is extraordinary in an artist of Masson's eminence. The effect of the show is to throw the spectator into a state of aesthetic bewilderment. Occasionally, he comes upon a drawing or a painting ("Rape," "A Knight") that seems to be the key to an original sensibility, only to have this response cancelled by adjacent pictures in entirely different modes. He is left with the impression that the retrospective could represent the creations of three or four artists, perhaps half a dozen, one of whom might be "the" Masson. The 1938 "Ariadne's Thread," a fluid improvisation in black and orange calligraphy on an even ground of red sand, shares, with its interjections of erotic signs, the austere lyricism of Miró, while "The Labyrinth," also of 1938, is a garish "precisionist" personification with cut-open head, torso, and limbs, densely packed with imaginary viscera, not unlike a poster for a horror movie. Paintings in dark, viscous browns, reds, blues, and purples with symbolic overtones ("Iroquois Landscape," "Meditation on an Oak Leaf") seem especially out of tune with what is important in Masson, as do his dream stage sets ("Aragon Sierra," "The Landscape of Wonders"), his metaphysical compositions ("Portrait of Goethe"), and his orthodox Surrealist fantasies ("Louis XVI Armchair," "Gradiva")—although some of these paintings are undoubtedly among his major efforts.

Even the organizers of the retrospective, professionally committed to displaying their subject in the best possible light, confess to embarrassment at the failure of the show to reveal an aesthetic persona. In the catalogue, Carolyn Lanchner, a curator of the museum, mentions "much criticism" of Masson on the ground of his "frequent radical divergence of styles." William Rubin, the director of the museum's Department of Painting and Sculpture, who with Ms. Lanchner organized the exhibition, adds the interesting comment that Masson has *resisted* "that commitment to a stylistic identity which is sought by most professional painters." Both curators attempt to rectify their subject's deficiency by attributing to him a unity beyond that manifested in his paintings. Ms. Lanchner perceives in Masson's thinking the ingredients of a philosophy that has remained basically unchanged through most of his life—it has to do with his expressed belief in "the precariousness of existence and its continual cohabitation with the void"—and she makes use of this outlook and of his vocabulary of erotic signs to explicate the pictures. For Mr. Rubin, in contrast, the unifying principle of Masson is biographical; it resides, he says, not in Masson's style or imagery but in his "unique personality . . . the unity is thus that of the man."

The difficulty is that neither Masson's sense of precariousness nor his psychological singularity can resolve the spectator's confusion over the works that confront him in the museum. The curators' concepts are tools of interpretation, and they indicate theoretical relationships that can be grasped only through the text of the catalogue. Their exposition may aid in understanding how Masson made his way from one painting to the next and from style to style, but getting a glimpse of Masson's thinking is not an effective substitute for the impact of an expanding style manifest in visual images. What is wrong with the Museum of Modern Art show is that it is a retrospective—a format that is poorly suited to artists who do not evince either a steady evolution or a dramatic transition from one mode to another. Why present a survey of a lifetime of creations that fail to illuminate one another or to deepen a common idea or vision?



"For heaven's sake, face it! You're going to be here for months!"

There is no more reason to expect that the entire career of a painter will lend itself to a valid exhibition than to expect that the life story of a field commander will demonstrate the originality of his battle maneuvers. The biographical obsession has less to do with art than it has to do with the need of museums for significant-sounding shows. The retrospective has come to be the prize offered to both the artist and the public. Presumably, such an exhibition, together with the catalogue that inevitably accompanies it, conveys the full spiral of the artist's development and marks off his place in art history. Not that retrospectives always reflect the full accomplishments of their subjects. Some artists suppress portions of their creations in order to highlight a style for which they have become known. Curators make selections that will support their critical conceptions. Decisive pieces are often omitted because they are unobtainable. Whatever the degree of its comprehensiveness, however, the retrospective is put forward as the final synthesis of what needs to be seen and known about the artist.

The Masson show at the Museum of Modern Art is a model retrospective without being an acceptable exhibition. The drawings and paintings on the wall represent the major phases of Masson's half century of production, and the catalogue leaves very little to be learned about Masson or about the imagery and formal meaning of his various modes. Mr. Rubin has coördinated the events of Masson's career with the history of art in our time and, to his credit, has urged that Masson be appreciated on his own merits rather than as a forerunner of American Abstract Expressionism. With enormous patience, erudition, and ingenuity, Ms. Lanchner has pursued the twists and turns of the artist's attitudes into changes of style and iconography and has elucidated the philosophical, literary, and erotic references in each of the works. But all this is of little help to the spectator floundering among exhibits in different styles and moods. The excellence of the catalogue only emphasizes the disparity between art scholarship and the experience of works of art. Masson has had two or three periods of genuine inventiveness, and an exhibition of the products of these intervals would make his work as easily recognizable as his signature. In establishing identity, the whole is less than some of its parts.

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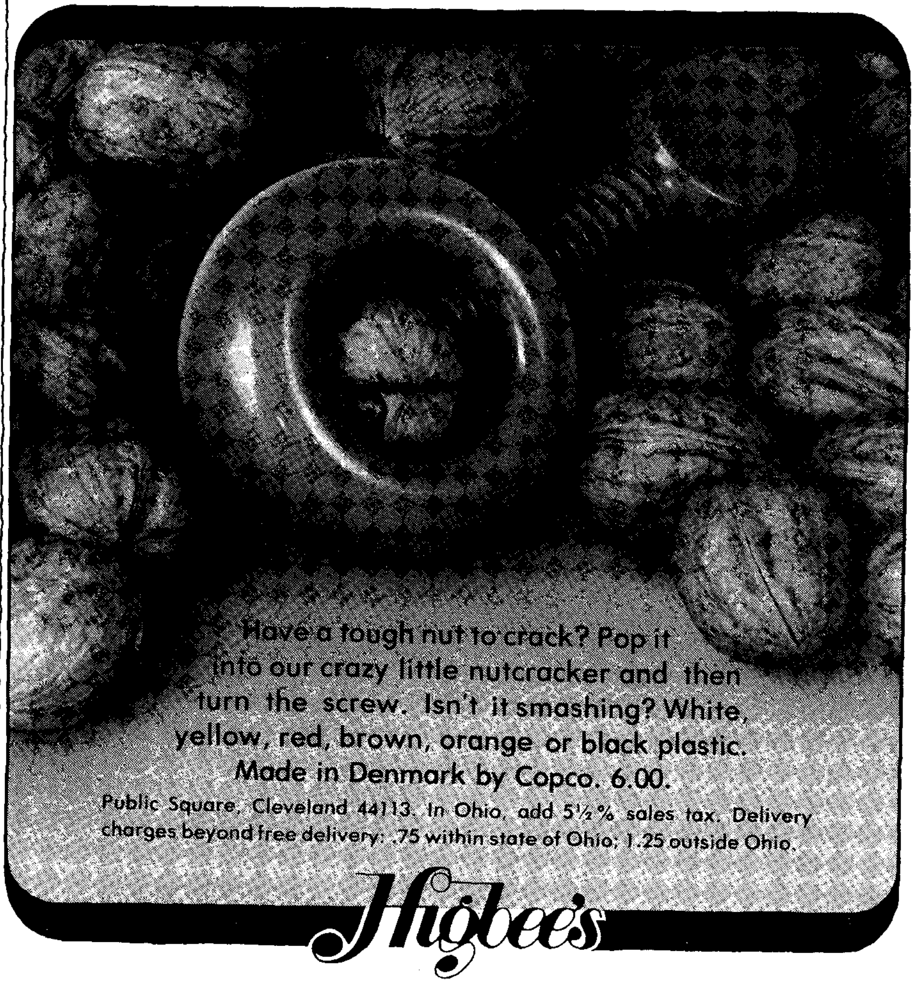
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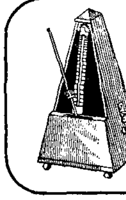

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verse, said Kahnweiler, is "not a world of forms . . . but one of forces." His is an art of encounters, in which is enacted the ritual of loss and recovery of identity—titles such as "The Rendezvous," "Animals Devouring Themselves," "Cosmic Song" indicate aspects of this celebration. Only recently, Masson again recalled that his ego was "pillaged forever" in the First World War, when he was severely wounded and then sent to a mental hospital for defying a military superior. Automatic drawing, in which he pioneered before it became a standard resource of Surrealism, is a practice of setting aside the ravaged self in order to replace it by the flow of impersonal energies. This effort is the line at which art touches on metaphysics (religion), and which unites artists—in this century of widespread immersion in the waters of destruction—from Klee and Ernst to Pollock and Rothko.

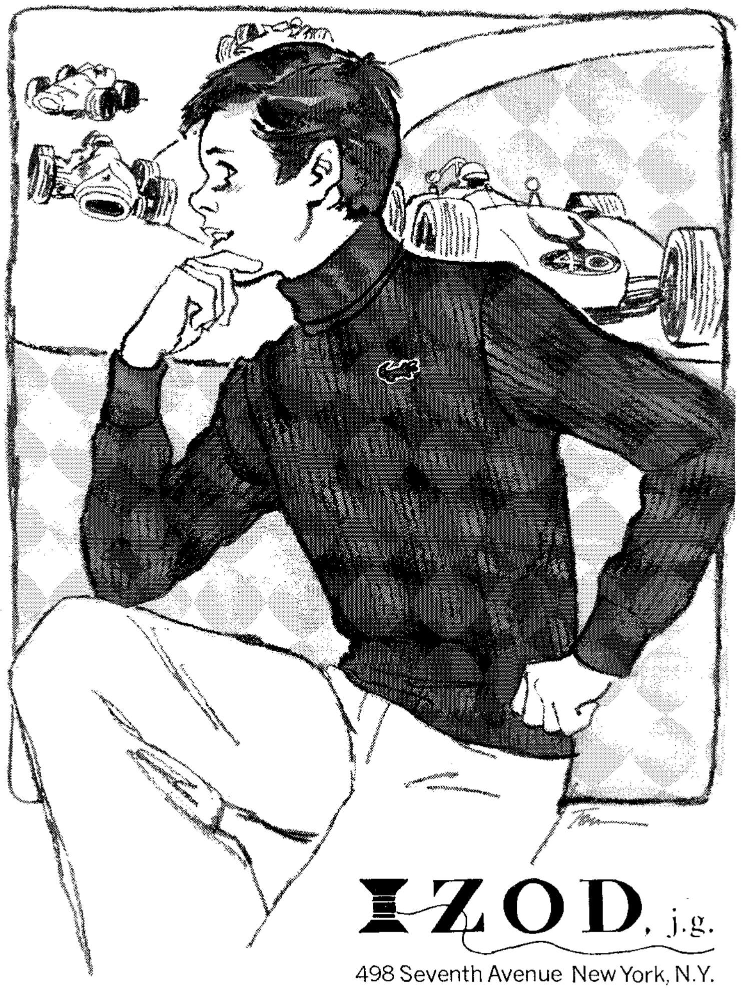
Placing himself in the tradition of Heraclitus and Nietzsche, Masson strove ("if our eye were only more acute") to see everything in flux and metamorphosis. His invocation of outside powers begins in the activated Cubism of the canvases he executed in the years after his return from the First World War. Masson has said of the paintings of this period that "always forms have a tendency to interpenetrate and to melt into each other." A 1925 painting such as "Bird Pierced by Arrows," with its sharpened, elongated wedges speeding up and down the diagonal of the canvas, distinguishes itself from other Masson Cubist paintings of that year as the creation of a sensibility heightened by the apprehension of forces in motion. "Bird" is Masson's equivalent of Futurist activist composition—represented by, say, Balla's "Fist of Boccioni; Force-Lines of the Fist of Boccioni" or Boccioni's "Riot in the Gallery"—in which static objects are replaced by linear tracings of the flight of birds and machines and the rhythms of combat. Like the Futurists, Masson resolved to make collisions rather than things the subject matter of painting, and he went on to discover in struggle the principle of a reconstituted self. In notes on a recent gallery showing of Masson, L. Saphire writes that the artist has long believed that the violence of combat results in a "metamorphosis of the participants," and that he "developed this idea as a major component of his art," settling on such symbols of physical destruction as the detached feather, blood, the whirling of contestants. Unlike the Futurists, Masson did not extend his action aesthetics into a political position, though his political inclinations are shown by his activities in support of the Loyalists during the Spanish Civil War.

The darting forms of "Bird" link Masson's Cubist canvases visually with his later automatic compositions, his "Massacre" paintings, and his restless calligraphic abstractions ("Rape," "Entanglement"). Together with two or three highly dynamic canvases of the same period ("Nudes and Architecture," "Man," "The Amphora"), "Bird Pierced by Arrows" sets the spectator on the road to the "essential" Masson—provided that such static emblematic compositions in Cubist format as "Opened Pomegranate," "Man with an Orange," and "Still Life with Candle," which are done in a different spirit, are excluded. The misty landscapes of the preceding years and the portraits of friends (Limbour, Leiris) might, for all their biographical interest, also be excluded to Masson's advantage, at least until the artist's distinctive note has been conveyed.

Through his discovery of automatic drawing, Masson passed from the quasi-Futurist picturing of force-motions in "Bird" to the acting out of conflicts within himself. At this point, the issue of style in Masson's compositions is decided by their degree of abstractness, by the ability of the artist to abandon the juxtapositions of images—head, heart, feet, flowers—of "The Armor" and "Woman" in favor of initiating movements of the pen and brush as a means of evoking unnamed tensions, as in "Horses Attacked by Fish." Quoting Masson's description of his canvases of 1924-25 as "space furnished with forms arranged as in a showcase," Ms. Lanchner asserts that in the automatic compositions this formula has been discarded. Masson never sought pure abstraction, any more than did de Kooning or Hofmann, but his strongest work is that in which his subject has been left in abeyance, to emerge of its own accord. In the sand-and-glue paintings that represent his earliest liberation from preconceived motifs, and from Cubist structure as well, intimations of human and animal figures, landscapes, and hostile encounters emerge from the action of the materials. From "Battle of Fishes" and "Horses Attacked by Fish" (1926), through "Horses Devouring Birds" (1927), to "Fish Disembowelling Another" and "Great Battle of Fish" (1929), movement, conflict, merging bodies spring into being before they are conceived by thought. Masson's line swings in curves, sharpens into angles, quakes and trembles; "Painting (Figure)," of 1926-27, anticipates de Kooning's almost cartoonlike improvisations of the sixties, probably because it is the product of a similar kind of unleashed drawing.

Totally automatic drawing is not possible. Even under drugs, the mind exercises a certain degree of selection. *What distinguishes automatism* as a discipline in art is not absence of direction by the intellect but suspension of intention by the will. A hack writer working at top speed functions more automatically than a master of free association, but the hack is aware of not only *what* he is doing but *why*. Automatism makes lack of intention positive; its surrender of the self is practiced as a program, a discipline. The artist gives himself up to the unknown; that is to say, to processes inherent in the brain and the hand. He renounces himself in order to be a passive medium of supervening influences, though this may make him the agent of their aggressions. Automatism is a form of affirmation, a gearing of vital resources that is capable of transforming itself into action. Masson says of his "Massacre" paintings of the nineteen-thirties that they are "so spontaneous, they are nearly automatic drawings," and this underlines the distinction between the passive and the willed—although the difference is difficult to discern in compositions where, as one observer puts it, "every movement crosses another movement, where each act proceeds from the other act by a secret and rigorous development."

Masson's sand-and-glue painting is the high point of his self-assurance in self-abandonment, and the style in which he comes closest to postwar American Action painting. Having discovered that automatism tends to decline *into repetition* (*as it did also in* the case of Pollock), Masson brought the series to a close after some twenty pieces. Another defining movement occurs in his "Massacre" series, though the overliteral figuration in some of these (which remind me of Carl Holty's playing-field abstractions) seems retrograde in comparison with the magical personages of the sand paintings. Instances of inspired letting go which diverge from but complement the sand and "Massacre" compositions occur in the decades that followed: "Rape" and "Entanglement," 1941; "The Kill," 1944; "Genesis I" and "In Pursuit of Birds," 1958; "La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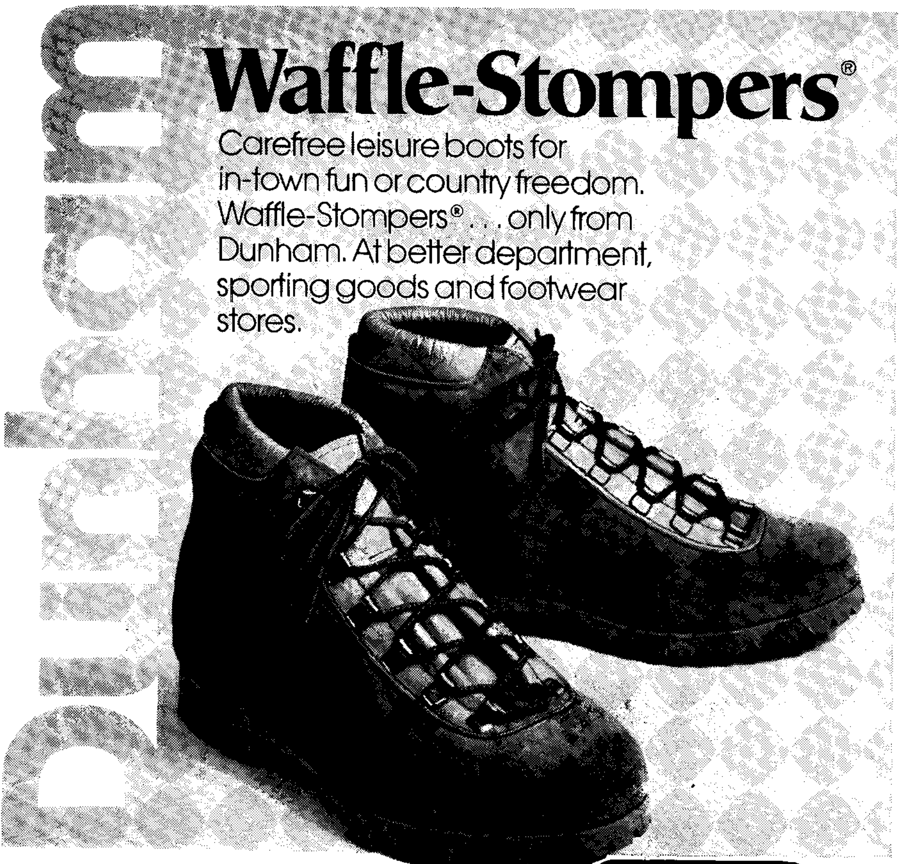
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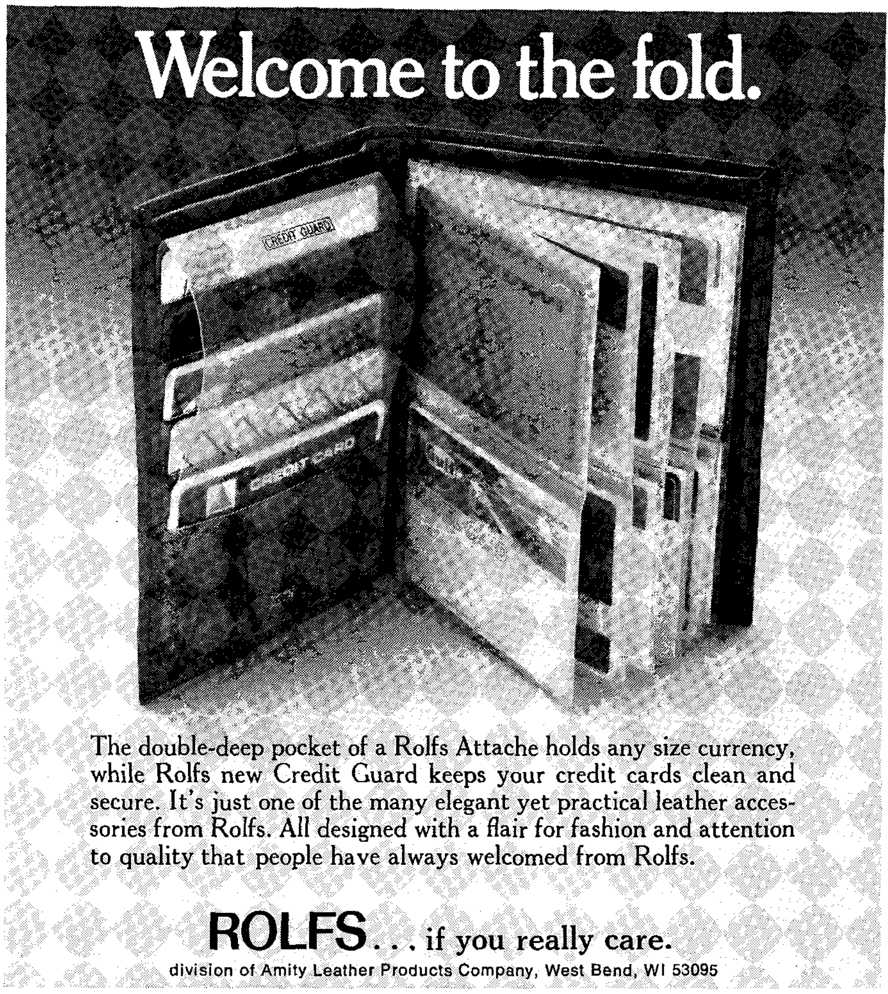

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Chute des Corps," 1960; "In Pursuit of Hatchings and Germinations," 1967. An interesting bypass is indicated by the painting "The Rendezvous," 1929, and the collage "Street Singer," 1941. In the first, Masson represents an event in terms of abstracted gesture; in the second, he augments gesture with lyrical symbols (a leaf, sheet music, a skirt pattern). But the possibilities inherent in these works were not pursued.

Against such flights, there is in Masson a pressing atavistic didacticism that diverts him from the activity of self to metaphorical clutter, metaphysical emblem-making, and a glossary of sex symbols à la D. H. Lawrence. The extreme of this tendency is exemplified by the one sculpture of the first twenty years of his career: an amorphous, visually pointless plaster entitled "Metamorphosis," described as "an animal-mineral-vegetable being in the process of devouring itself." He was attracted, too, to explicit references to Greek myths—the Minotaur, Andromeda—which were a major vein of Surrealism, and which survive today in American art derived from that movement; for example, in David Hare's recent show of powerful paintings and sculptures devoted to the Cronus legend.

Perhaps the paradigm of Masson's art is his remarkable ink drawing "Torrential Self-Portrait"—an aesthetic summation equivalent to Gorky's "The Artist and His Mother." Concentrated in the center of the drawing paper, the artist's face floats up in an entranced, inwardly directed meditation from eddies of curves, flecks, and flickerings of line in varying lengths, thicknesses, and "speeds." Concluding his study, Mr. Rubin contrasts Masson with "most professional painters" for having abandoned the sand paintings when he found that automatism could, as he said, "become routine." To Rubin, this is evidence not only of Masson's refusal to commit himself to a stylistic identity but of "an attitude of doubt and suspicion with regard to the métier of the painter." Rubin's accusation that Masson hesitated to turn out Massons because he was "unsure . . . of art itself" amounts in my mind to the highest praise both of the artist's insight and of his integrity. There are enough professional painters with identities contrived, like trademarks, to insure their public recognition. If Masson's practice was not regulated by the success drive of the professional even to the extent of restraining divergent impulses, it was because he saw painting in our time as a means by which the artist could achieve the portrayal of his deepest self.

—Harold Rosenberg

THE RACE TRACK

Rainy Afternoon

RAIN dampened the running of the Whitney Handicap at Saratoga Springs last Saturday, but it didn't keep a crowd of more than twenty thousand from coming up to the old track on Union Avenue and seeing Gedney Farms' Dancing Gun lead American History, Erwin Boy, and four other runners home in the forty-ninth running of the fixture. Dancing Gun—he is by Gun Bow, who won the Whitney for Gedney Farms in 1964—did the mile and a furlong in 1:50. The rain upset the plans of two trainers: John Gaver scratched the Greentree Stable's Hatchet Man, and John Russell scratched Ogden Mills Phipps' Intrepid Hero, who if the going had not been sloppy would have been the favorite at odds-on.

Saratoga is booming. Observers say there hasn't been a first-week meeting like it at the Spa in years. The turnstile count on opening day was 19,934—a record—and adding the horsemen, grooms, exercise boys, and others who come in on a badge would have brought the count to at least twenty-one thousand. To top it off, favorites won the first five races, causing slightly bewildered horseplayers to mutter to themselves, "How long has this been going on?" The first stakes race of the meeting—the Schuylerville, for two-year-old fillies—went to Mrs. Taylor Hardin's Mrs. Warren, who turned in a performance worth remembering. She had been drawn eleventh in the field of twelve; taking the overland for most of the six furlongs, she went around the leaders in the stretch to beat Tickle My Toes (the names of new two-year-old fillies seem to be getting better) by a length and a quarter.

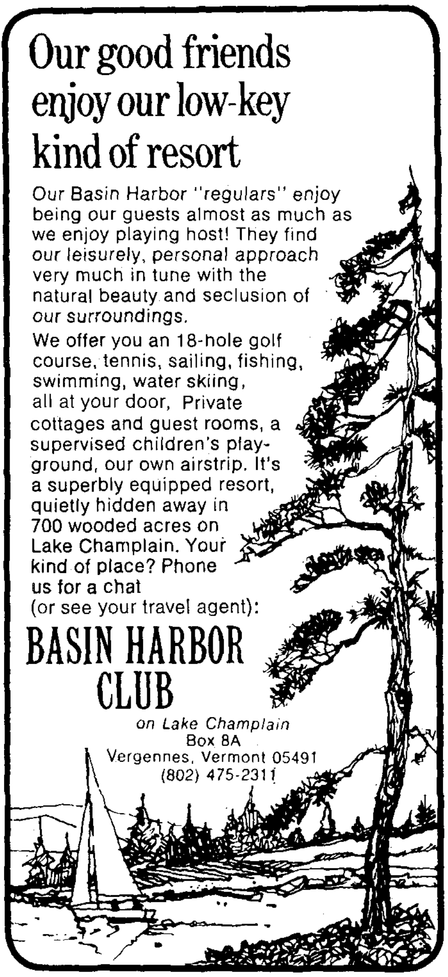
THE Alabama, a Saratoga classic and the oldest stakes race for three-year-old fillies in the country, will come up for its ninety-sixth running on Saturday, and this department thinks that Paul Mellon's Ivory Wand will win it if she runs for it. She did well enough in the Test Stakes, the conventional prep, two days after the Schuylerville. Although she was quickest out of the gate, she dropped behind Doc Shah's Siren, who stepped the first quarter in 0:22 and the half mile in 0:44⅗. But then in the stretch she went around the leader to win by two lengths, going away, in 1:23 for the seven furlongs. (Optimistic Gal, who had come in second in her three most recent starts, was odds-on favorite in the race but finished sixth.)

Ivory Wand is by Sir Ivor out of Natashka (winner of the Alabama in 1966). She was bought by Mr. Mellon, as a weanling, for $220,000 at Keeneland in 1974. She did not race last year, but when Elliott Burch brought her out during the first week at Belmont this past May, she won comfortably, and she reeled off two more races before the meeting ended. If she enters the Alabama, she will carry 121 pounds—scale weight for the mile and a quarter—which is seven pounds more than she carried in the Test; also, she will be running three furlongs farther. At least, her stable won't have to worry about her meeting Revidere, winner of the Coaching Club American Oaks, who is taking a rest until Belmont's autumn meeting opens at the end of this month.

HAD the footing been fast at Saratoga, Intrepid Hero would probably have won the Whitney and started a dandy double for Mr. Phipps, whose Majestic Light took the Monmouth Invitational Handicap at the Jersey racecourse later the same afternoon. Majestic Light won by six lengths, in a new track-record time of 1:47 for the nine furlongs. Appassionato, a 27–1 chance, beat Honest Pleasure and Zen, who finished third and fourth. Honest Pleasure, ridden by Perret, led into the turn for home, but then Majestic Light took over.

As you have probably heard, the final break between Baeza and Leroy Jolley, who trains Honest Pleasure—something that backstretch gossips had been predicting for a long time—occurred on the day of the Test Stakes. (The coolness between them began when Jolley said that Baeza hadn't ridden to orders in the Blue Grass Stakes at Keeneland, just before the Kentucky Derby, and it has continued ever since.) After Baeza finished sixth on Optimistic Gal in the Test, he rode Latrobe, the even-money favorite (also trained by Jolley), in the next race, and finished second. It was said that as he was walking back to the paddock after weighing in, he and Jolley exchanged words. A little later, Jolley made it known that he was through with Baeza. Baeza had no comment.

—AUDAX MINOR



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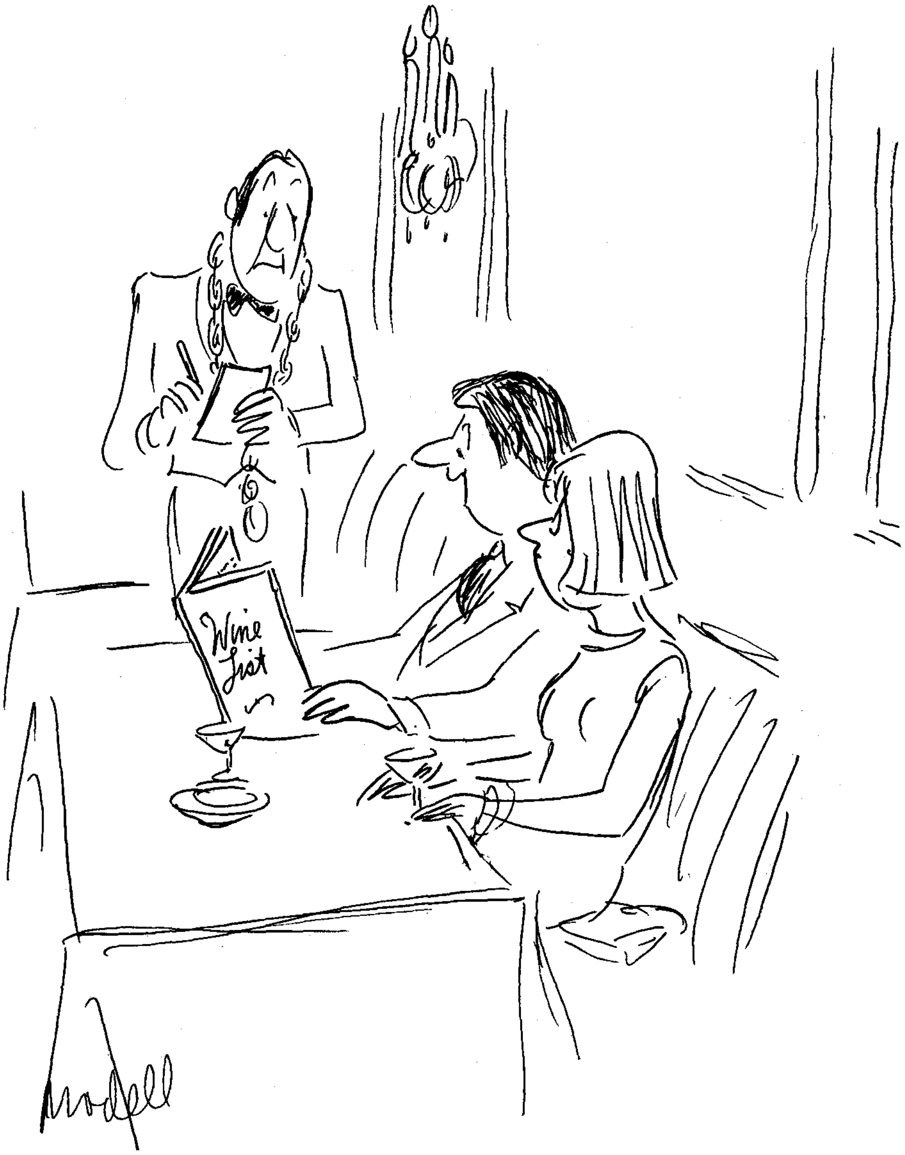
THE CURRENT CINEMA

The Stronger Sex

LINA WERTMÜLLER'S "Let's Talk About Men" (1965) opens with photographs of stiffly posed turn-of-the-century strong men. Masculinity reigns. Biceps bulge. The credits take us back to an era that had a notably romantic view of differences between the sexes. But Wertmüller's gaudy, droll humor is not of a kind to indulge longing thoughts that the past was better. If her characters are sometimes showoffs, cowards, piratical buffoons, that is because they are of the multitude's making; they are the crowd's flunkies. Wertmüller sees her characters with a sense of context. They are struggling individuals held back by their origins: products poorly manufactured by society.

In a prologue, we meet a man, played by Nino Manfredi, who has been awarded a fellowship at the Institute for Tropical Diseases, in Rome. He is staying at a friend's apartment. Having a shower, at the moment. One feels sure that not a germ, tropical or otherwise, would dare to approach him. But, this being Rome, the water suddenly subsides as he sings. Plumbing's blow to manliness. He goes out of the apartment door, naked, and yells for the porter in a male rage unweakened by either soapiness or nakedness. The door clangs behind him, of course, the mode of the tale being farcical. And he has no keys on him, of course. He calls again for the porter. Silence. Non-porterish voices drift up from the street. He hides in a broom closet. Peering out at the noise, he sees a funeral procession. There is much talk about the honor of the dead man. The strut of male pride and *omertà* has long been a staple of farcical humor in Southern Italy.



"I know there's one I like, but I always get the name mixed up with a cheese."

The film proper is made up of four episodes—all linked by returns to the plight of the distraught, naked scholar—about honorable men. Nino Manfredi plays the lot. In his first appearance after the prologue, he wears a suit. He looks as if he certainly took important decisions at work, but he is rather overborne in his house. The house seems not so much elegant as like a failed meringue, being decorated throughout with deflated-looking white furniture. The overbearing element is his very successfully criminal beauty of a wife (Luciana Paluzzi), who is an unsuspected jewel thief. One evening, when he is back from work, pearls can be seen dripping out of a drawer of her bureau. He is extremely inexpert about penetrating her secret. A letter-opener that he uses on the drawer turns out to be functional only as a bureau-wrecker. The foiled carver says in a casual manner to his lounging wife—who by stealing from their friends makes an infinitely more efficient living than he does—that it amuses him to break up furniture. Mortified by the discovery of her offhand financial brilliance, he turns to the telephone and masculine affairs, telling her that there's a revolution in Syria. Not, as she visibly thinks, that there isn't always a revolution in Syria at moments of domestic combat. A cat, meanwhile, having sense, takes the wife's part and butts in on the call. We are ruined, he tells his wife a moment later. But she is maddeningly cheerful at the idea of having to live in a garret. He responds with grim stories of his former sufferings in garrets. Only one lavatory. And the added trial of learning English: but he had to, or the Americans would have cheated him. Her good humor at the prospect of poverty is galling. He tells her that she will grow fat, and that she will sprout a mustache, because he sees the lire disappearing. He has been brought up to look on husbands as cake-winners, and on their wives as reflections of their success. Politically, Wertmüller is an economic determinist. Well, all the same, a husband's sense of being the careerist half of a couple is to be honored. Jewel thievery is no career, we can see the wife thinking humbly. With unmarred self-respect, he makes arrangements for a black-tie party, for the sake of the jewelry it will bring into the house. Leaning on his wife's efficiency, he disguises himself as the butler: in extremity, says Wertmüller, the sustaining of the appearance of high living counts for more than male superiority, especially if groundless male pomp can find a grand enough guise.

In the second episode, the same actor

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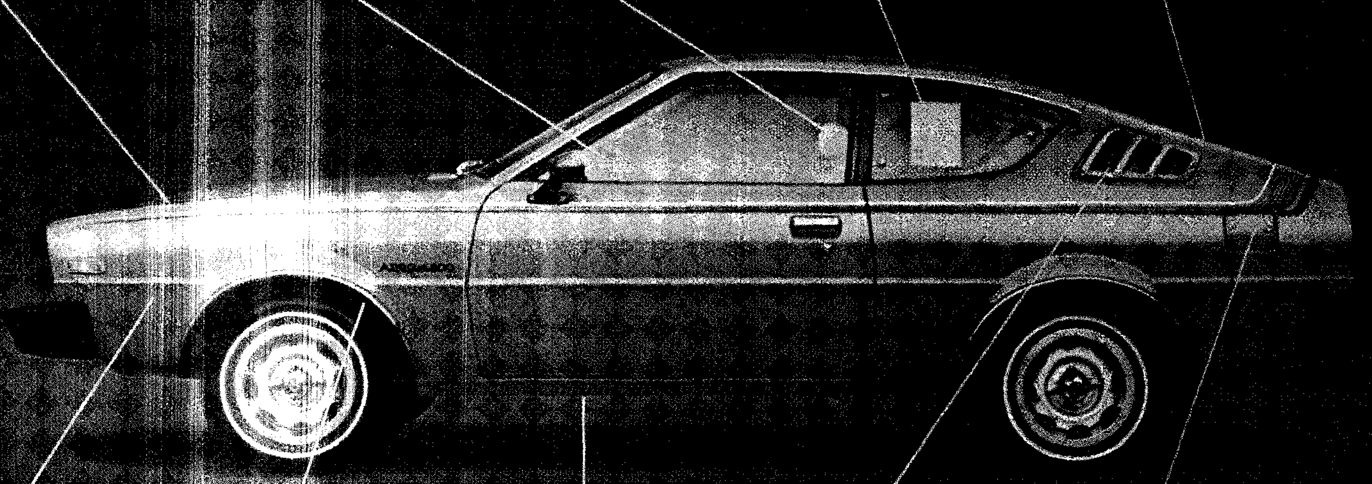

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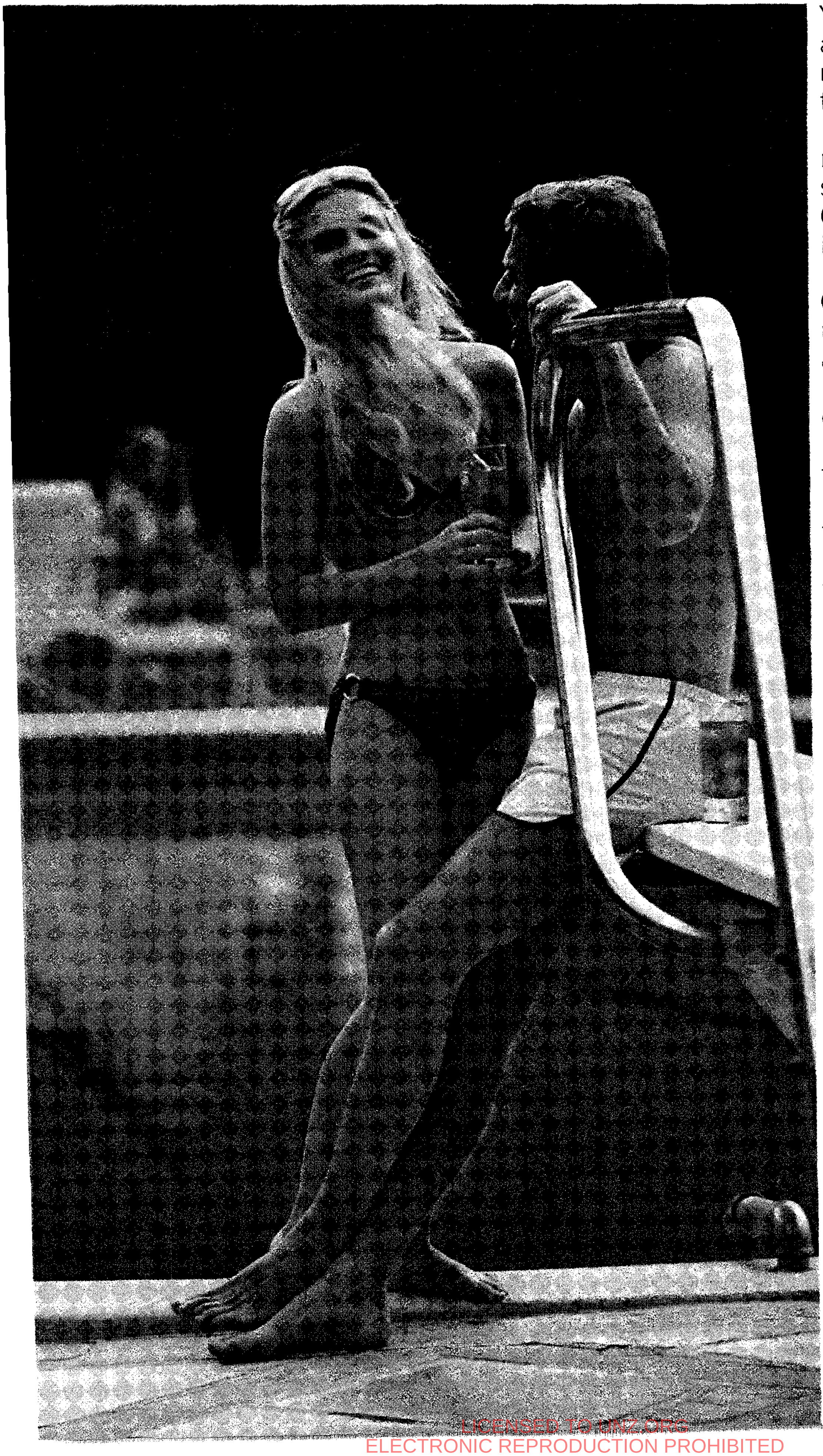

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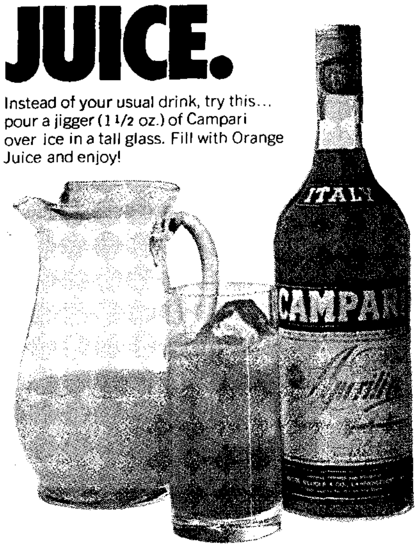

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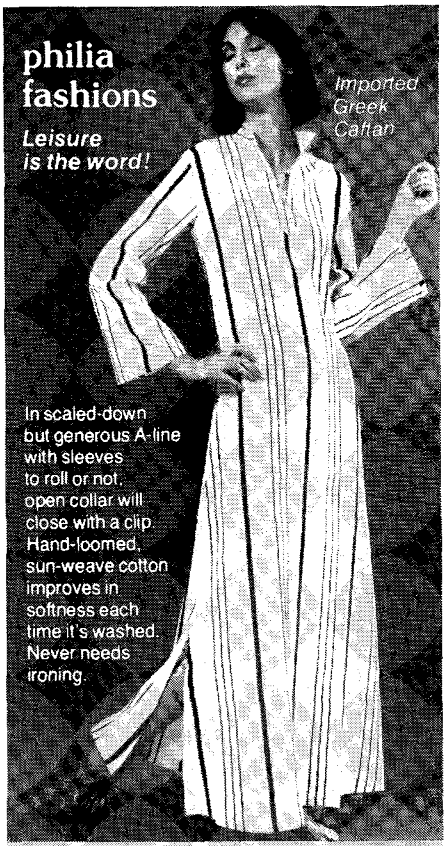
and Milena Vukotic are an aged circus couple. He is a knife-thrower, but not the most accurate. She is one-legged and has a patch over one eye. He wears glasses. His crochetiness is alarming, especially in a knife-thrower. She wants him to get new spectacles. This is a slur on male honor. Sharpening his knives, he makes nasty remarks about her wooden leg (acquired after one of his poorer throws, in Ethiopia), and tells her that in Calabria, where he got her in the eye, they called her the Pirate Queen. He threatens to find a new girl, young and beautiful, and even scolds his wife's patron saint, which is an insult that could give hurt only in Italy. Love for him takes over; in the midst of his grumbles, she has a hallucinatory picture of her husband costumed and feathered and elegantly competent, although the present truth is that he is an old man who can barely muddle through. He cleans his glasses for the knife-throwing. She is not to make him nervous. He misthrows, and kills her. In inadmissible agony and remorse, he leans again on male self-esteem and harangues the corpse of his beloved, abused wife for not being a good trouper. The film makes us know that he will greatly miss her.

The third superior man is a scientist with a wife (Margaret Lee) who looks like a sumptuous Marilyn Monroe. She wears a sailor costume and seems fed up with it. Wertmüller makes it clear that she herself agrees, recognizing the costume as a sexual uniform worn merely to please the husband. The pity of the character of the wife is that her moment of rebellion only diminishes into further obedience. Black negligee and black stockings. There follows a funny attempt by her to poison her husband with flavored toothpaste. But it is the wrong flavor. Wertmüller ends the scene with a hoax killing in which the wife fails a dare to kill him. She fails, says the film, not because of the inferiority of being a woman but because she has been schooled to be a fluttery member of our species. Wertmüller's women are not masochistic in their compliances; they are merely making the best of a bad job.

The woman in the fourth episode (Patrizia De Clara) is, by training, a good wife and mother. The father lies in bed snoring and then complains of the noise that the children make as they get ready to go to school. The mother, a pack mule, washes the kids' clothes while her husband, at work, puts tops on bottles of mineral water. No job for a man of his gifts. This man of vision is blind to his wife's discontent, like the film's other heroes. He is also blind to the fact that his exhibitionism has made her stingy about every lira, and that his alcoholic comradeliness with his mates has created in her a fatigued sensual uncertainty that he unlovingly mistakes for absence of longing.

Sometimes the idea is cultivated now that Lina Wertmüller, simply because she is a woman, can be judged adequately only by women's-lib theorists, who tend to have literal minds about the activities of heroes and heroines in art. But she is not a didacticist; she is a filmmaker and a writer (she wrote this film, for instance), and she surely has the due to work above the yells of current sexual scraps. Her pictures make them seem philistine and parish-pump. She directs films as if she were any dramatist of old who put something of himself into every character: Lina Wertmüller puts an aspect of her energetically intelligent temperament into everyone in her films. The four women in this robust set of stories are the men's parallels; they are made different by circumstance, not by nature. Like Wertmüller's "Swept Away by an Unusual Destiny in the Blue Sea of August," the tales can be taken as parables about that very point. Just as both sexes are ruled by economic necessity, both are ruled by the expectations drummed into them from childhood. Lina Wertmüller understands the position in Italy of women in regard to men, of women in regard to women, of men in regard to men; more poetically, she understands and transmits the ache that can underlie their bombast, and the centuries of history that have created the social rules in Europe. She realizes that ancient regulations, apt for traditional puppet-show figures, can still govern modern characters, who often find the uniforms punishing to fit into. In the European countries that she understands very well, "politics" has no narrow meaning. It asks, "How are we to live together?" This is the question that has been running through her films ever since her first, "The Lizards." She is much moved by her characters' frequent indecision about apparently simple political issues; the people are prone to doubt because in fact the issues are not at all simple. She is not a polemicist, who would so arrange things acoustically that an intellectual position transmitted by loudspeaker would seem to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be coming from many lips; she is a film dramatist, capable of creating non-intellectuals and gravely blundering pioneers. Like this one, her more recent films have been full of bunglers trapped in situations in which it is too late to take things back. The people she creates films about have weaknesses that can't be admitted, heroism that goes unrecognized, and a gentleness that Italian society insists must be masked as operatic egotism.

In the last episode of "Let's Talk About Men," Nino Manfredi discusses unemployment with friends. If we had men's work, we wouldn't be so dishonored. But there is no such work. How about a strike, though? There's an idea. If we struck, we'd be striking on principle. Wertmüller understands very well that there are many perplexities and fallacies in people's incessant hunt for principle.

She also knows that a good director, and a good writer, loves his characters equally, men and women. Wertmüller is not the balanced lover that Shakespeare was, but then who else ever has been? Though Shakespeare knew full well the constricted expectations of England in his period about the place of women, any woman in his plays has the same range of response and intent as the men around her, and she is often more intelligent. Wertmüller has not yet done for her own sex what Shakespeare did with his opposite. Technically, "Let's Talk About Men" would probably have been a better film if it had been made up of fewer episodes, allowing more time for character and less for rough-and-tumble paradox. All the same, it is elating to see that such an early piece of work by this filmmaker is already capable of giving dignity to the ridiculous, and of creating heroes and heroines who, like Brecht's, are not heroic.

SIX years ago, there was a thing called "A Man Called Horse," directed by Elliot Silverstein, with Richard Harris as an Englishman called Lord John Morgan who took up with the Sioux Indians and became their blood brother. Now there is another thing, called "The Return of a Man Called Horse," directed by Irvin Kershner, with Richard Harris as the same character as before, now called Lord Morgan, though that social near-impossibility, which would send Burke's Peerage into a fit to justify, won't matter a tinker's cuss to audiences. Plenty of people presumably enjoyed the scene in the original movie in which Lord John was initiated by the Sioux in a revolting process that involved piercing his breasts with pointed pieces of bone and then hanging him by these splinters until either they or his spirit broke. This rite, much dwelt on, is repeated in "The Return of a Man Called Horse," which could well be called "The Return of Tell Me When I Can Look." There is another gratuitous moment to be avoided, when someone's eyes are gouged out. The film is hardly "Oedipus."

"The Return of a Man Called Horse" is an alarming example of the receding brain. It isn't of much consequence that the film thinks that the Englishman doesn't know his horse's right foreleg from its left; but it is certainly of consequence that the film dedicates itself to celebrating the notion that this well-spoken white should be the one man who can save the Sioux from their enemy fur trappers. The attitude of the film toward Indians is patronizing in the extreme. It feeds notions about the Western white man as omniscient savior which are already too current. After all, we have only just got out of Vietnam.

The mystical initiation scenes propound, with the same overtone of the contemporary, a belief in purification through suffering. True? If you stand in the middle of Times Square until a car runs over you, yours is not a case of religious salvation; it is a case for overworked emergency wards. Much of this film—written by Jack De Witt—seems to be a remnant of the antirationalism modish in the sixties.

Sunk in intellectual stupor as the film is, it rather naturally has a tin ear. The score is unmusical and noisy. The obtuseness of the moments when it crashes into the fable is a sign of the film's nature. Not an arrow is shot without a burst of triumphal din. Not a death fall from a horse occurs without an elegiac response from the strings. At a funeral procession for an old squaw, there is a passage of bier music. Painted flourishes.

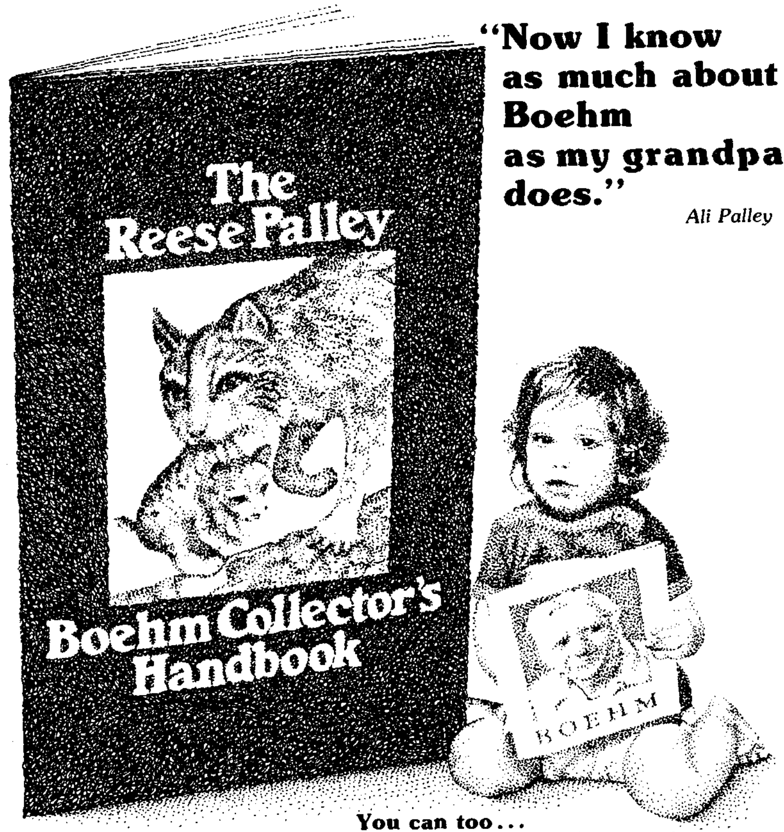
—PENELOPE GILLIATT

•

THE CLOUDED CRYSTAL BALL

[*From Popular Mechanics, July, 1909*]

Wilbur Wright has made the statement that in his opinion the use of the aeroplane for dropping bombs or explosives into a hostile army is impracticable, as the machines must rise 1,000 or 1,500 ft. above the ground to escape shell fire. At that height accuracy would be impossible in dropping explosives when moving at 40 or 50 miles an hour. He believes their only use in war will be as scouts and messengers.



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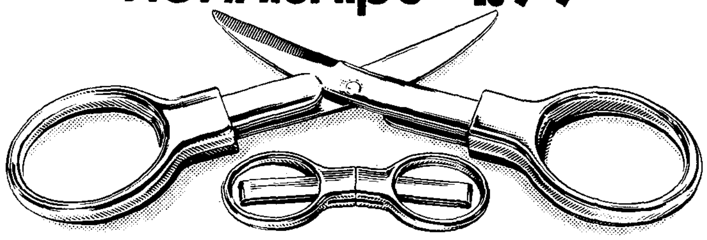
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BOOKS

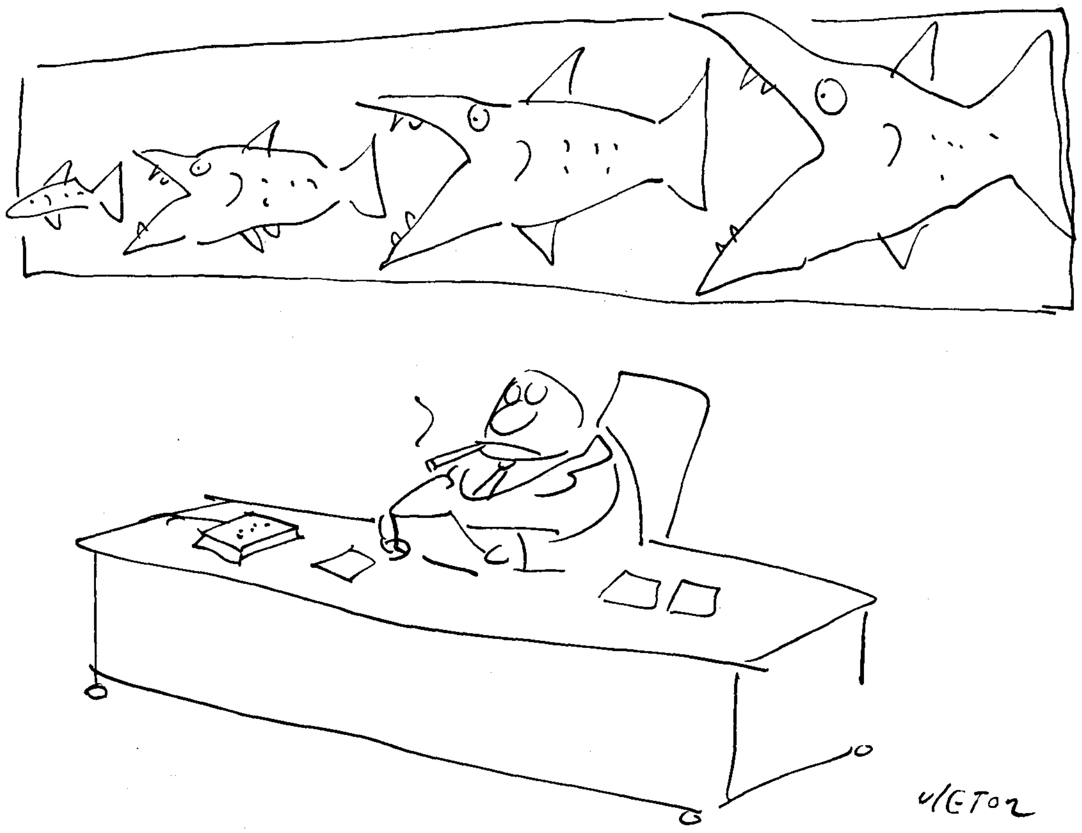
Mark Harris, Mark Harris

"Best Father Ever Invented: The Autobiography of Mark Harris" (Dial) is an attempt by the author to discover in the details of his life a pattern that will make him a significant American—and preferably a significant American writer. Being a student and professor of American literature and society as well as a writer, Mark Harris knows what he is looking for, but his findings reveal a considerably less heroic figure than he set out after: a hardworking, self-centered, truculent character with conventional big ideas, more fit for irony than for straight-faced autobiography.

I admit to doubts about the practice of autobiography in general. An autobiography inaugurated with a quotation from Albert Einstein, as this one is, causes those doubts to proliferate, and only a moment of weakness led me to stick with Harris when he passed from page 2 to page 3 with the following sentence: "I think this [fear of anonymity] lies at the basis of the anguish of my friends, who think themselves alienated from American life because alienated from public life, feeling powerless, feeling apart from history, but who are truly by these very standards wholly American, never more so than when measuring their own success or failure against the standard of being *known*."

When Socrates remarked that the unexamined life was not worth living, he was waiting for the jury verdict that led to his death, and can be excused for a lack of foresight as to the number of enthusiasts of Greek culture who would take him up on the idea in the next twenty-three hundred years. A financial incentive was added to the spiritual appeal of the philosopher's words by the publishing industry, and in the present epidemic of self-expression there are few people with the strength to resist invading their privacy in public. Certainly there seems to be no stopping Mark Harris, whose book is, despite the implication of uniqueness in the subtitle, the third of its kind. Near the end, he refers to it as his last; if he can give up cigarettes, as he says he did, he may be able to break the habit of examining his life in print. The two previous installments of this scrutiny are "Mark the Glove Boy, or The Last Days of Richard Nixon," an elaborate gloss on an article Harris did for *Life* about the 1962 California gubernatorial election, and "Twentyone Twice: A Journal," Harris's account of his adventures as a prospective and actual consultant to the Peace Corps in 1964 and 1965. This nonfiction lineup excludes a 1970 novel called "The Goy," in which the lifework of the hero is his journal. It was at the age of eleven, as Harris tells it in "Best Father Ever Invented," that he became of sufficient interest to himself to start a diary, which he has kept faithfully ever since, but it was not until the age of forty or so, after substantial brooding on the role of the writer in America, that he decided to present his self to the public in its purest form. Fending off doubts, he says, "My mind was of interest to me, and my habit had long been to write my interests down."

I called Harris hardworking. That is to say that in the last thirty years he has written nine novels, a play, and a screenplay as well as the autobiographical series, the diary, supplements to the diary which he classifies as journals, and seven thousand postcards to his mother. Two of the novels, "The Southpaw" and "Bang the Drum Slowly," published in 1953 and 1956, brought him success in the form of money and fame, and mental torment in the form of an obsession with his identity and reputation which constitutes the chief subject of his books about himself. Assessing the value of his formal education, Harris says, "I had been prepared . . . for self-recognition when I came upon myself, to see at last in myself one more classical American battling for the best of both worlds: for social approval and all the rewards it would bring; and for integrity."

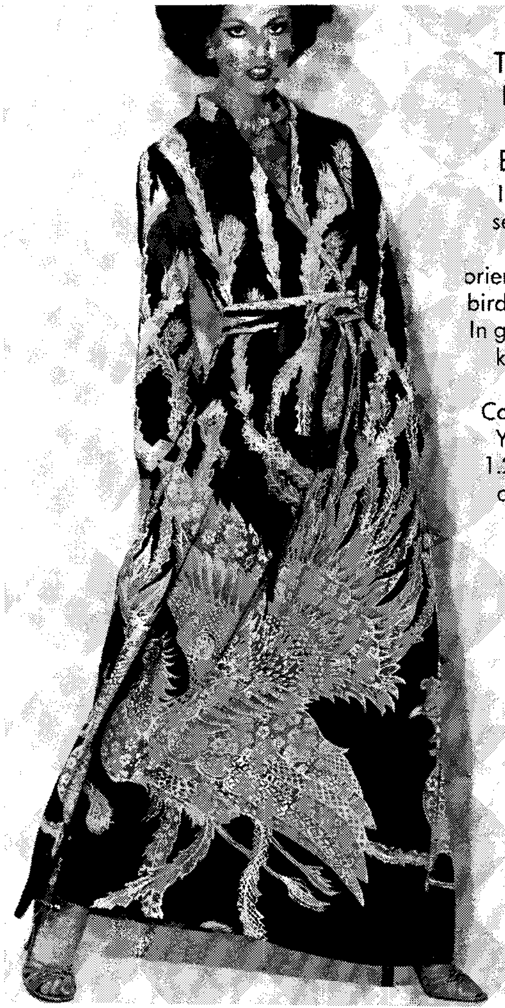


I called Harris self-centered. You may have guessed by now that there is very little about Richard Nixon in "Mark the Glove Boy;" there is just a little more about the Peace Corps in "Twentyone Twice." In "Best Father Ever Invented" Harris contemplates himself as an artist, at great expense to the rest of the cast, including his parents, his wife and three children, and S. I. Hayakawa, a colleague at San Francisco State. Professor Hayakawa was a celebrity, on the conservative side, of the West Coast academic wars of the sixties, and Harris brings him in for a momentary assault at a point where a lengthy digression would have been welcome. But Harris is not digressive.

He is, however, truculent—Homer might have called him ever-wrathful—and the prevailing tone of the book is quarrelsome. While Harris's anger is limited most of the time to "murderous fantasies" and verbal outlets, there is an alarming passage in which he refers to having once broken his fifteen-year-old daughter's nose and, another time, his twelve-year-old son's hand in fits of rage. Harris is as familiar with himself as he ought to be, considering his investment of time and effort, but he acknowledges this feature of his personality without managing to make much sense of it. "Did nobody know the sensation I knew within myself . . . the need for an antagonist as a means of one's own survival? . . . *My* antagonists were persons whose innocence or purity I envied, whose fulfillment of duty silently chastised me, and toward whom I therefore affected an hostility arising from my self-justification." This does not appear to cover most of his enemies.

Perhaps a stranger—if a reader of "Best Father Ever Invented" can count on being thought of as a stranger to its author—may speculate that Harris's chronic short temper is the result of his determination to see himself as a symbol; he is naturally impatient with people and events that don't contribute to that view. The effort to achieve a blend of worldly profit and integrity must be a strain. As I understand his thinking, Harris would judge that he had lost his battle if he were to become a member of "the wreckage of American novelists who become less *known* the older they grow," or of a group he describes as "that walking wreckage of American writers whose highest talents had never been sought." He would consider it a victory to be acclaimed a notable writer by referees of his choice, on his own terms. The problem—and I don't mean his prospects of becoming a classic, which are no better or worse than those of any other writer who thinks along such lines—is the vagueness of his terms.

As an admirer of "The Southpaw" and "Bang the Drum Slowly," I would argue with Harris over whether autobiography makes use of his highest talents, if I were sure that he would argue back. But I am not sure—although he does speak favorably of dropping fictional disguises, and claims to detect a steady improvement in his work. According to him, "Bang the



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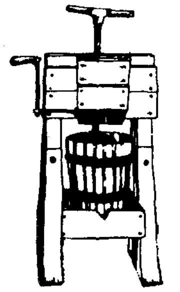

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Drum Slowly" was written on the rebound, "interrupting a pattern of growth which had reached a good height with the manuscript of 'Something About a Soldier,'" a novel that he had trouble placing with a publisher and that did not sell well. "The hard job," he explains, "had been to say my something in my own voice. Young writers fear exposure. With 'Something About a Soldier' I had come to terms with myself, with cowardice formerly hidden, with flight, with good and bad in my own skin all confessed in open court, out of disguise now, out of hiding, free, paroled, not only pardoned but rewarded for having assisted in my own capture." I haven't been able to get hold of a copy of the book, and after reading Harris as he rushes headlong at himself in some of his later works I would rather reread "Bang the Drum Slowly," a fast-moving, funny novel that evades, with pleasing sentimentality, the reality that Harris is resolved to confront. The narrator's semiliteracy is a relief from the bravado and the syntactical intricacies of Harris's maturity, his elevated personal style.

There is not much that can be said about "Best Father Ever Invented" that Harris hasn't thought of in advance and blocked with ideas of his own. Speculating retroactively (in a characteristic tangle of tenses and moods) on the ultimate value of the book, he says, "Ahead lay the arduous, exhausting excitement of the most complicated work I should ever undertake. . . . In the end I would possess a record my children might read with interest, and other people's children for whatever instruction it contained, or anyone at all for its literary sake, since the book would be as blessed as possible with a narrative, a drama, a shape, a plot. It was a story." At the very end, he relaxes into an artless pose: "When I *completed* my autobiography I'd be the envy of my friends." I'd like to leave it at that. —SUSAN LARDNER

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

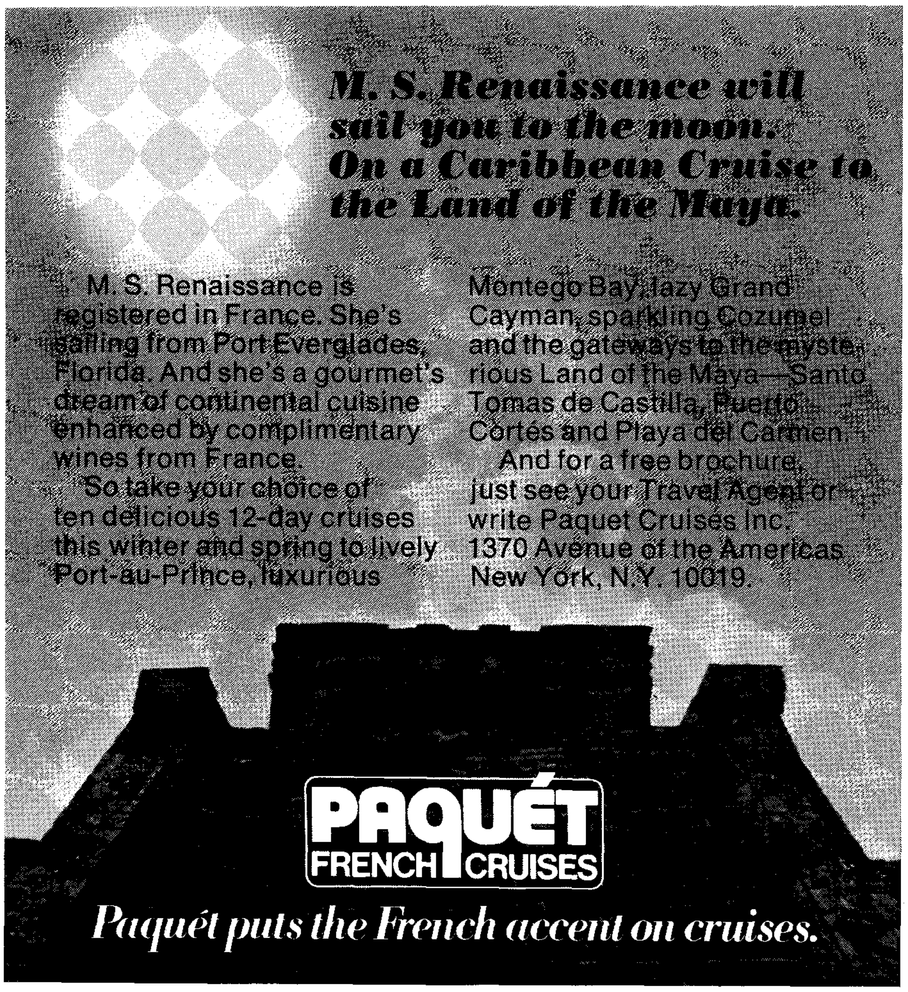
THE JUNIOR BACHELOR SOCIETY, by John A. Williams (Doubleday). In writing this novel about the thirtieth reunion of a group of upstate New York childhood friends and football teammates, Mr. Williams appears to have wanted to close the gap in literature about the black middle class single-handed. And he very nearly succeeds. In just under two hundred and fifty pages, he explores the lives of a politician married to a rich white woman, a bisexual concert singer who reminds people of Paul Robeson, a playwright, a publishing executive, a university professor, a restaurateur, and two comfortable suburban blue-collar workers, among others. Many of these people are interesting, but Mr. Williams is in such haste to push on to the next character's life that it becomes increasingly difficult to remember which details belong with which character. The book is also rather awkwardly paced and has strange lacunae. One gets to know almost nothing, for example, about the old coach, Chappie, whom the men have come together to honor, and very little more about the man they all rally around in the novel's rather Hollywoodish ending—a pimp who recently murdered a policeman. For all its flaws, however, the book does tug one along, and it provides many evocative glimpses of people who wear American culture like a coat made of a material that they're allergic to but need for warmth.

NOTE: Ann Beattie's "Distortions," a collection of short stories, many of which originally appeared in *The New Yorker*, has been published by Doubleday.

GENERAL

EZRA POUND, by Donald Davie (Viking). A recent addition to Viking's series called Modern Masters, this book manages to compress a wide range of perceptions into a thin hundred and twenty pages. Mr. Davie begins by defending the near silence into which Pound fell in his later years and the repentance it signified. Of the scorn expressed by friend and foe, Mr. Davie writes, "One gets the clear impression that for Pound to confess his faults [was] almost worse than having committed them." The critic then argues "that 'the modern' is by no means such a single and simple phenomenon as we like to suppose; that on the contrary an accredited champion of the modern like Pound turns out, when one looks, to be in all sorts of ways strikingly old-fashioned." For all his innovativeness, Pound was drawn to the European culture centered on Latin and the Romance literatures. Given his inclinations, "it was no accident that when the time came for Pound like most of his contemporaries to swerve into political aberrations, it should have been Italian fascism that trapped him, not German National Socialism or Russian communism." Mr. Davie is perhaps most interesting on Pound's debt to an obscure writer and thinker named Allen Upward; in a few brilliantly compressed pages, he shows how Upward's musings on the nature of ideas and the significance of a double vortex (curiously adumbrating Yeats' gyres and the double helix of Francis Crick and James Watson) are embodied in certain lines of the "Cantos." He then reveals rhythmic echoes in the "Cantos" that go back to Ben Jonson and forward to a Pound emulator, Basil Bunting, and develops these thoughts into an argument that pleasure is essential to poetry, and that poetry must be exposed not only to the "appropriation" of the scholar but to the "possession" of the amateur. The book, though not easy to follow, is worth the effort.

THE GREEK ADVENTURE: LORD BYRON AND OTHER ECCENTRICS IN THE WAR OF INDEPENDENCE, by David Howarth (Atheneum). A cautionary story (though true as gospel) for romantic revolutionaries, which reaches high levels of both horror and farce. Mr. Howarth shows us the beginnings of the Greek war of independence, in 1821, as a routine peasant revolt against the long-established Turkish rule, accidentally elaborated into a struggle for power and booty among various Greek "brigand klephts, armatoli, primates, tribal chiefs, bishops, sea captains, and phanariots." As a result of a lofty misreading of this squabble by a body of "classical scholars, idealists, poets, romantics, and radical politicians all over Europe" who called themselves Philhellenes, hundreds of volunteers journeyed eagerly to Greece, where almost all of them (including, of course, Byron) died, disillusioned, of wounds or disease. The farce emerges from the ineptness of all concerned in every phase of the interminable war (it dragged on for almost eleven years and never really ended), and the horror arises from the massacres and tortures, the greed and corruption, and what Byron called an endemic incapacity for veracity. Mr. Howarth is a brilliant writer, full of grace and wit and solid common sense, and his assessment of Byron's celebrated role is hard to fault: "But try as I may, I cannot find that his expedition or his death did any tangible good to the cause of Greece. While he was



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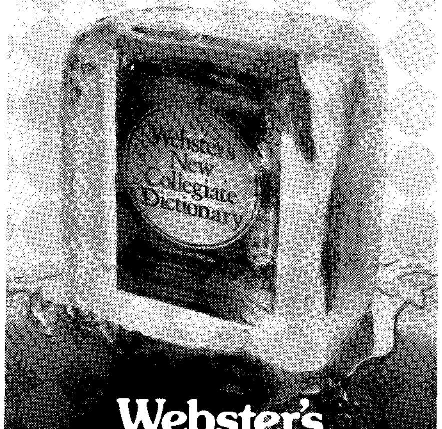

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there, they scrambled for his money, but when he was dead and the money was gone they never (so far as I can discover) gave *him* another thought until after the war; there was too much else to do." An exceptional book. Illustrations.

Lewis Carroll: Fragments of a Looking-Glass, by Jean Gattégno, translated from the French by Rosemary Sheed (Crowell). Mr. Gattégno, an authority on Carroll, has arranged several dozen biographical and critical notes in a clever musical form: first an "overture," then thirty-seven "variations" in alphabetical order from "Alice" to "Zeno's Paradox," then a "coda." The seemingly arbitrary order of the "variations" allows a number of slight pieces to stand on their own modest feet and spreads out Carroll's talents in all their wonderful variety. Either under his pseudonym or as Charles Lutwidge Dodgson, he was mathematics tutor, clergyman, author, major nonsense writer, minor serious poet, inventor of games and puzzles, theatre buff, photographer, logician, lifelong bachelor, worshipper and immortalizer of little girls, hater of little boys, eminent Victorian. Conservative in his opinions, he glossed over his attraction to unsullied females with an assurance that came dangerously close to humbug, yet all his prudery and his piety and his quirks seem to have been essential to his art, to his spirit of innocent playfulness. Mr. Gattégno writes with diffidence and exactness, and he admirably helps us to appreciate his subject's genius.

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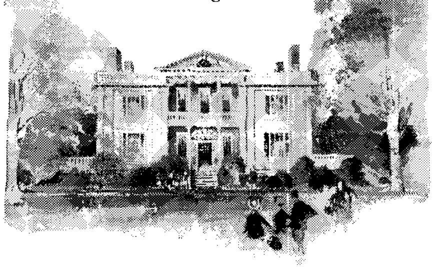

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